

MODERN COMICS

OCTOBER
No. 90

10¢

Blackhawk
defeats a
MOUNTAIN EMPIRE
OF DEATH!

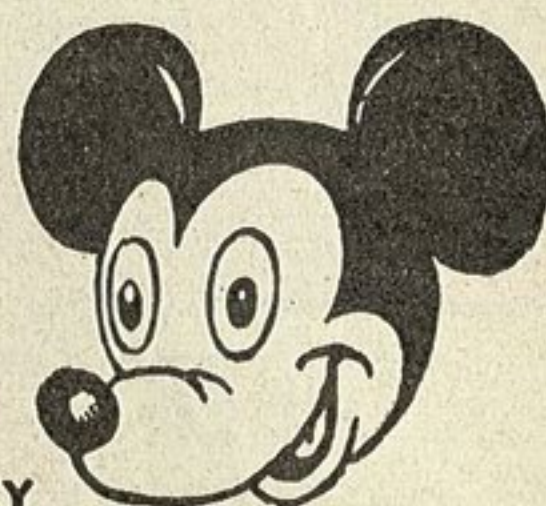
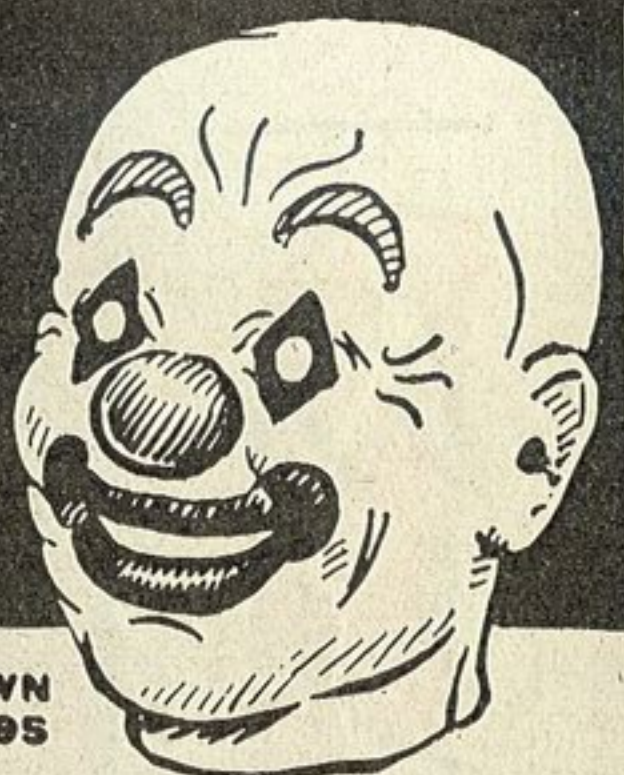




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

CLOWN
\$2.95



MICKEY
MOUSE
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney
Prod.)

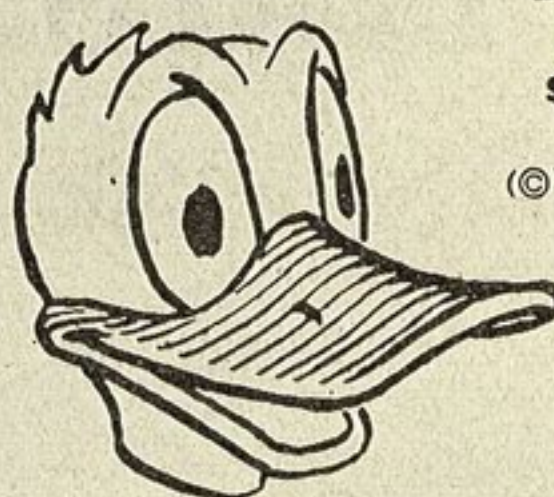
SATAN
\$2.95



Minstrel
(Black Face)
\$2.95

DONALD
DUCK
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney
Prod.)



MASKS AVAILABLE

IDIOT MONKEY LADY KILLER
CLOWN OLD MAN OLD LADY 4 EYES
TRAMP SATAN BLACK FACE
MONSTER MAN SOPHISTICATED LADY

All masks above are \$2.95 each

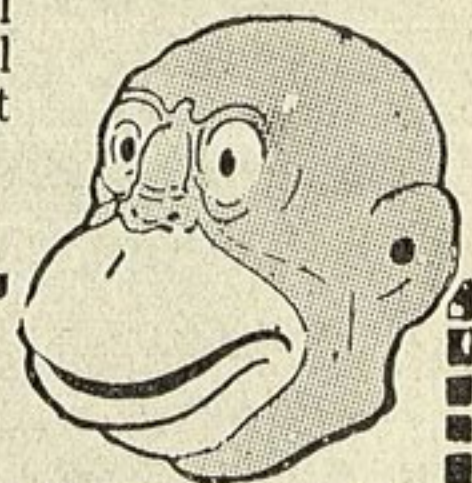
MICKEY MOUSE MINNIE MOUSE
DONALD DUCK at \$3.95 each

Special Santa Claus at \$4.95

IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

MONKEY \$2.95



**SEND
NO MONEY!**

**RUSH
COUPON
NOW**

Just mail coupon. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, INC.

6044 Avondale Avenue, Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Illinois

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc., 6044 Avondale Ave.,
Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Ill.

Send me the Masks checked Below

- ☐ Idiot ☐ Monkey ☐ Lady Killer
☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man
☐ Sophisticated Lady
☐ Mickey Mouse
☐ Minnie Mouse
☐ Donald Duck
☐ Santa Claus

- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage
() Ship postpaid, Payment in full enclosed herewith

NAME _____
(Print Plainly)
STREET _____
CITY _____ Zone _____ State _____

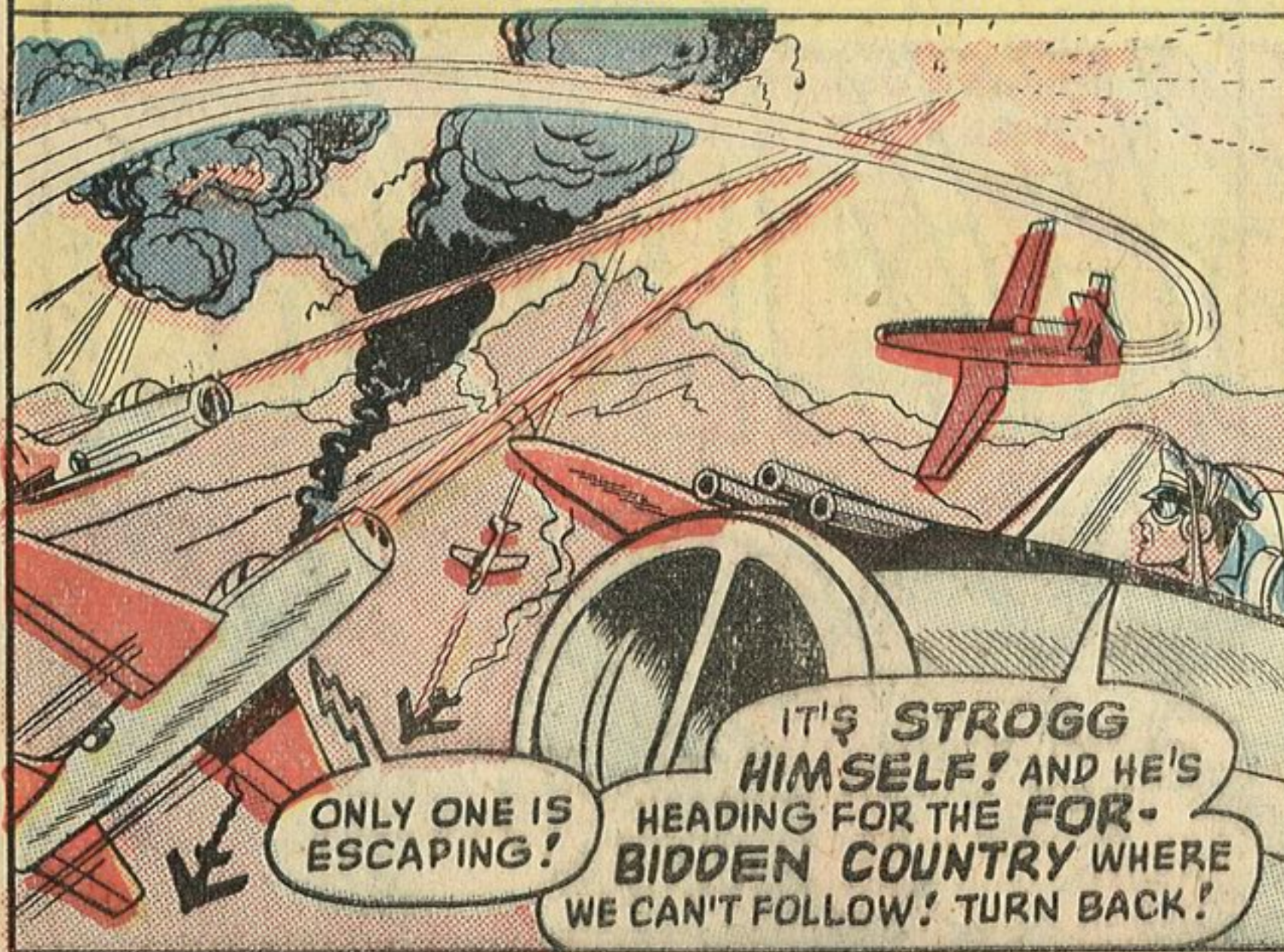
BLACKHAWK



BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS LAY THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY!
AND **STROGG**, THE INTERNATIONAL SCOUNDREL, HAD FLED THERE TO BUILD HIMSELF A REGIME OF TYRANNY, LIES AND PERIL!

ONLY THE BLACKHAWKS COULD PENETRATE THE UNKNOWN FASTNESS IN PURSUIT OF THEIR CONSTANT AND CERTAIN PREY, FROM WHICH THEY SEEK TO RID THE WORLD... EVIL AND INJUSTICE!

The END OF A HARD-FOUGHT AND IMPORTANT AIR BATTLE...



ONLY ONE IS ESCAPING!

IT'S STROGG HIMSELF! AND HE'S HEADING FOR THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY WHERE WE CAN'T FOLLOW! TURN BACK!

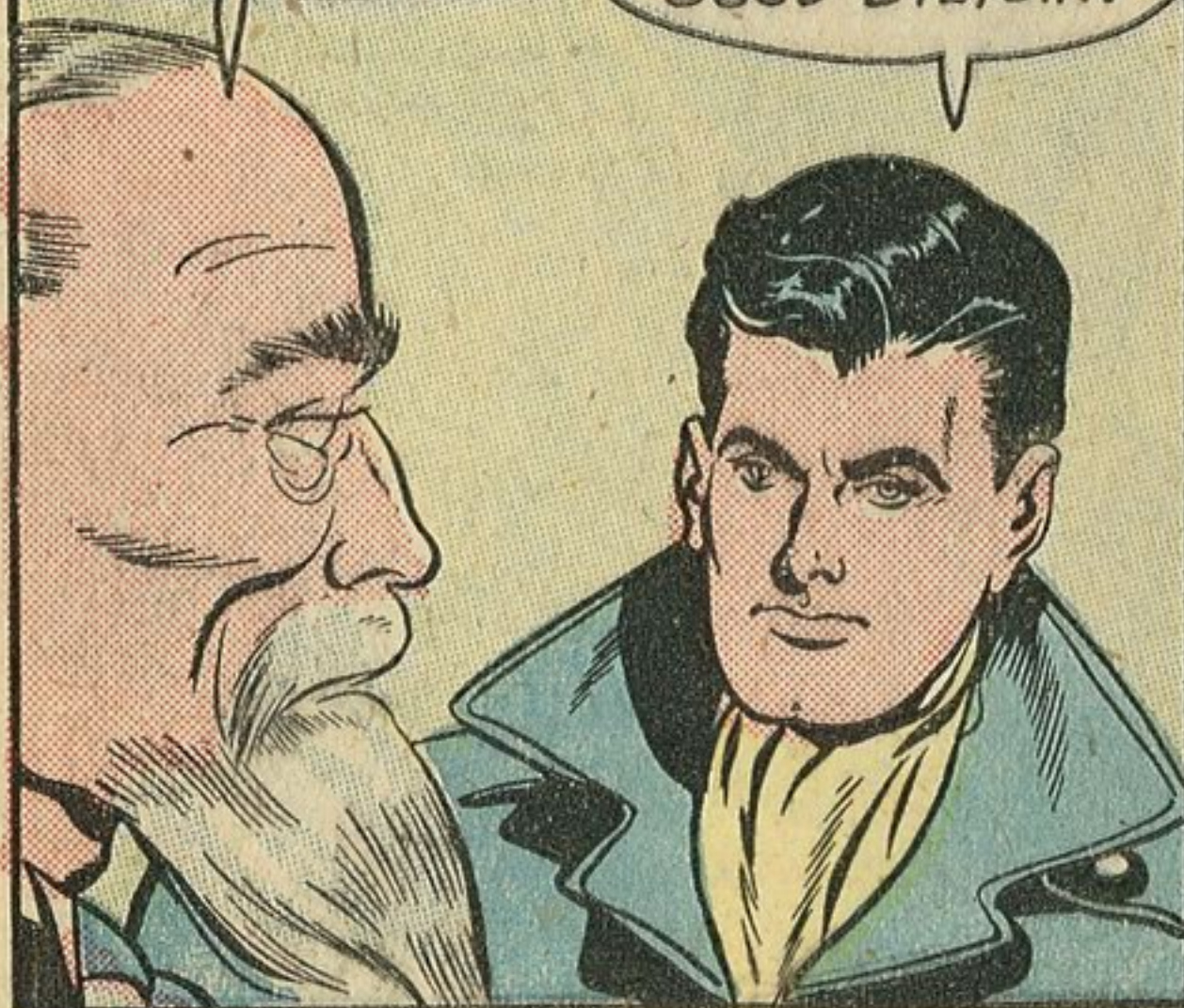
Soon... WE CAUGHT STROGG'S CREW OF INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS IN MIDAIR... SHOT THEM DOWN... BUT STROGG ESCAPED, SIR! CROSSED THE MOUNTAINS INTO THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY!

AND A SCORE OF TREATIES FORBID FOREIGNERS FROM ENTERING THERE! PROBABLY THE SAVAGE INHABITANTS WILL DESTROY HIM!



BUT IF HE SURVIVES AND RETURNS TO THE OUTER WORLD...

WE'LL OBSERVE THE BORDERS FOR JUST SUCH A POSSIBILITY! GOOD-BYE, SIR!



THEN, WEEKS LATER...

I COME TO YOUR FORBIDDEN BORDERS WITH THE RIFLES AND AMMUNITION YOUR RULER SENT FOR!

AND I AM HERE TO PAY FOR THEM! BUT DO NOT ENTER OUR LAND!



THE JEWELS OF THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY! GLAD AM I THAT YOU HAVE REOPENED TRADE WITH OUR PACK TRAINS!

WAIT FOR FURTHER ORDERS FROM US... AND KEEP ABSOLUTE SILENCE!

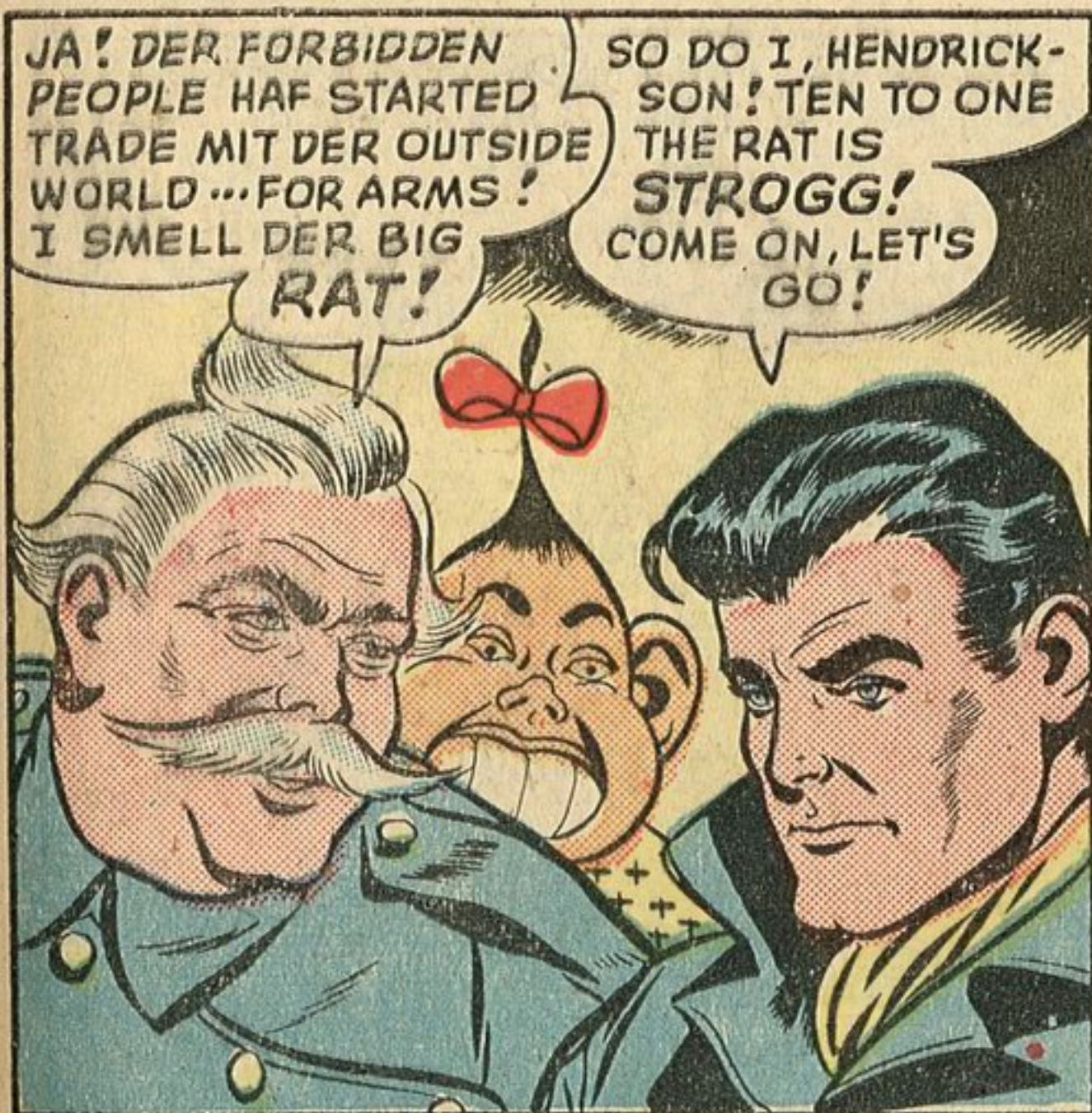


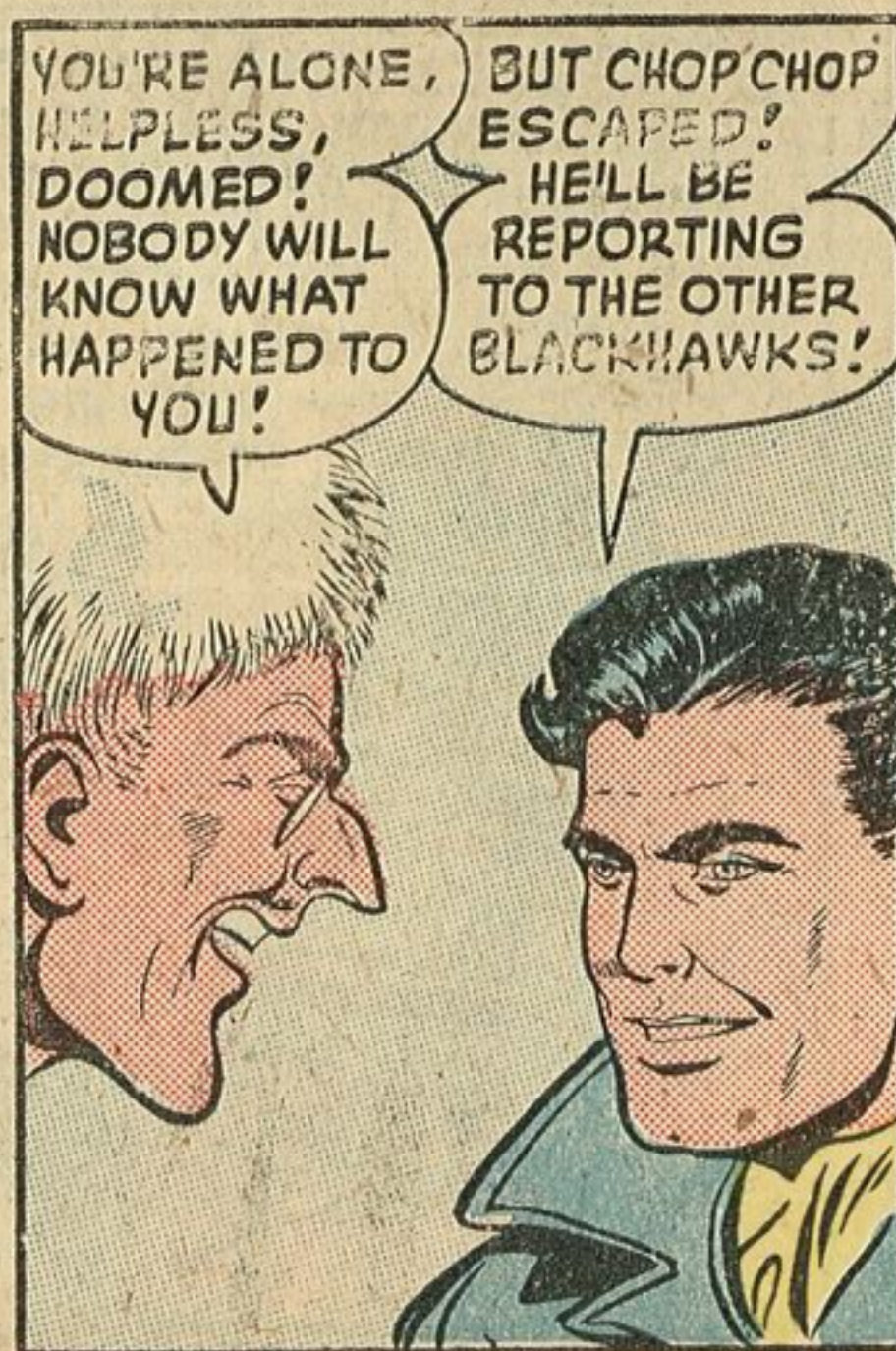
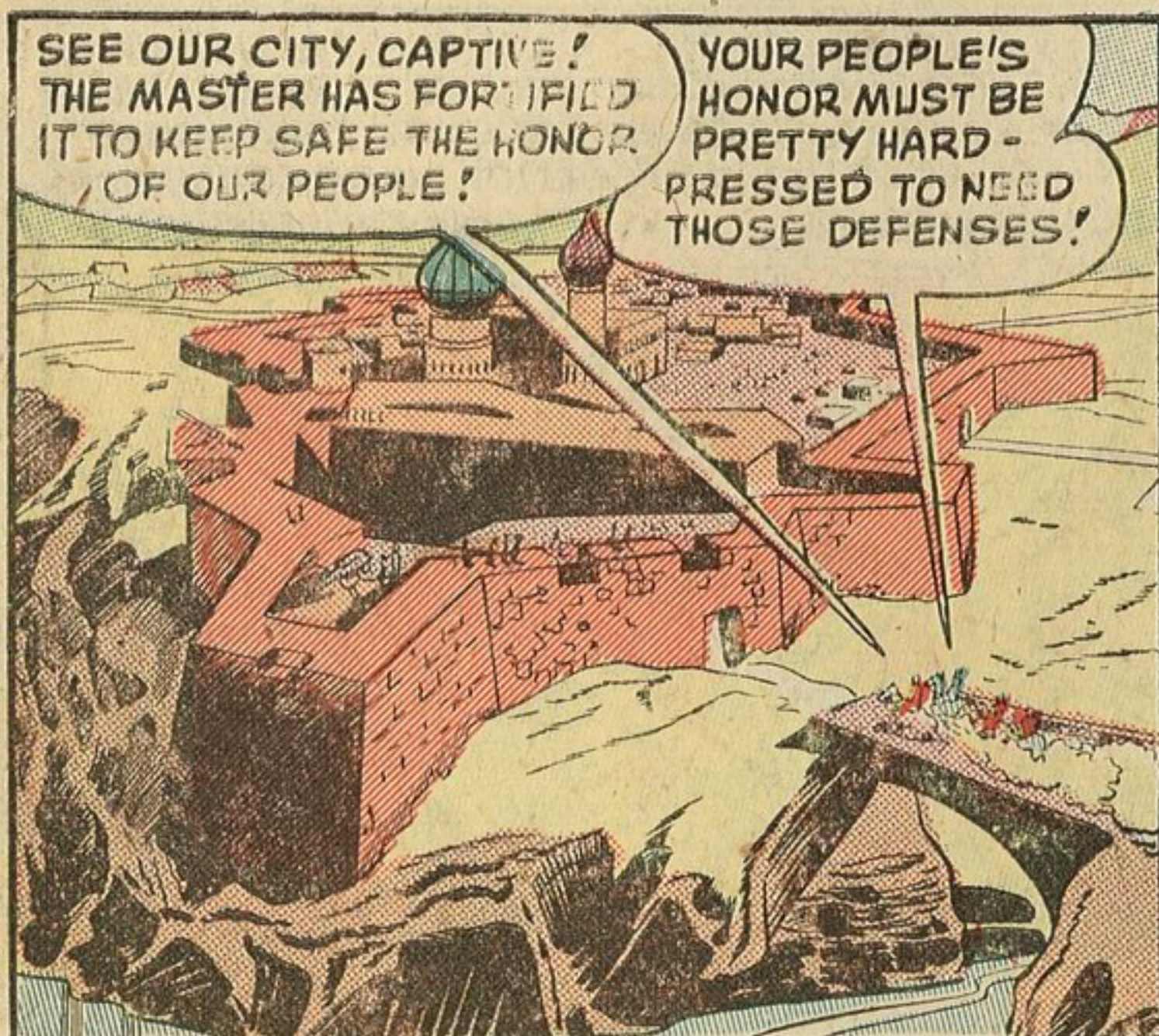
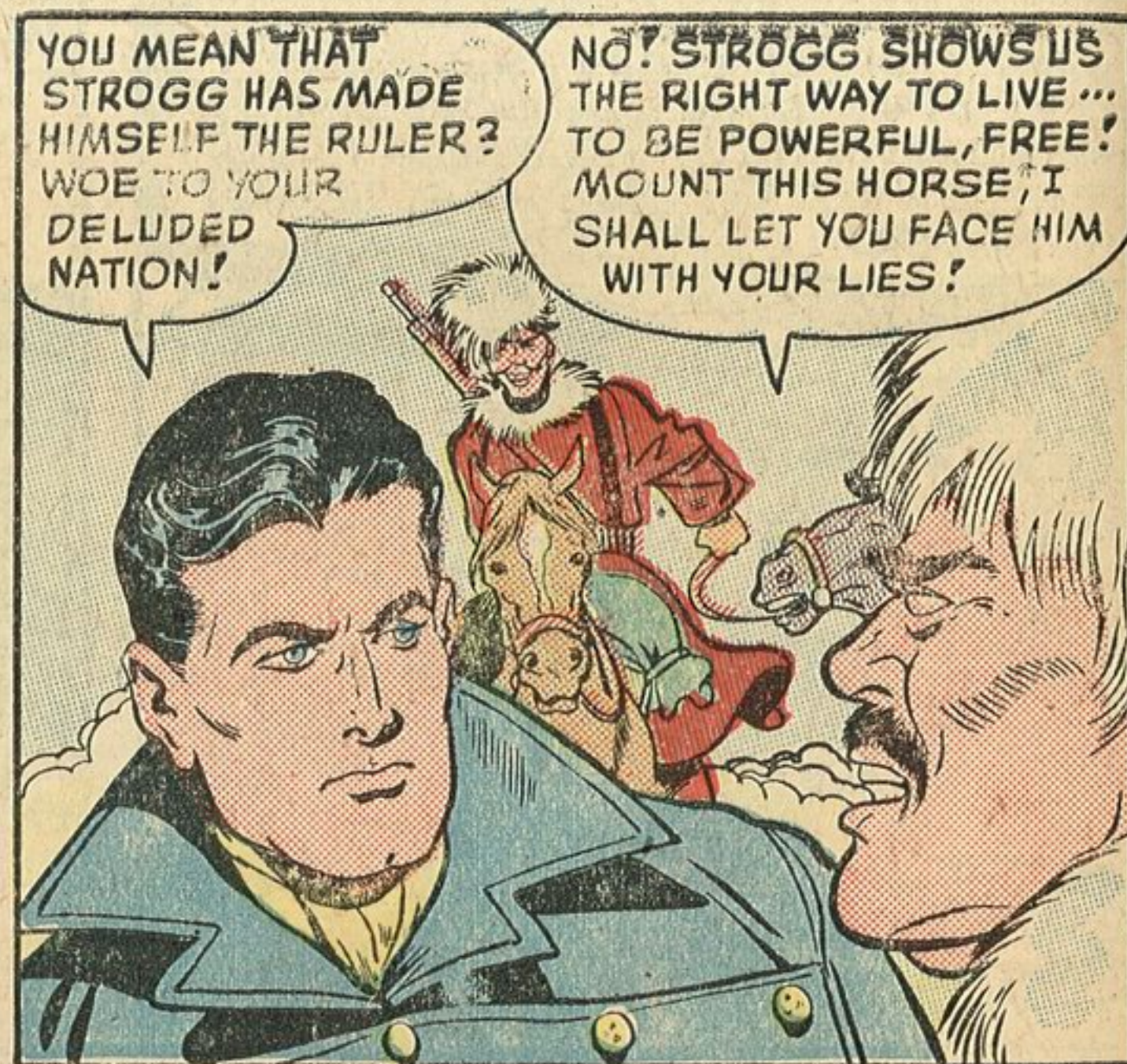
THAT AFTERNOON...

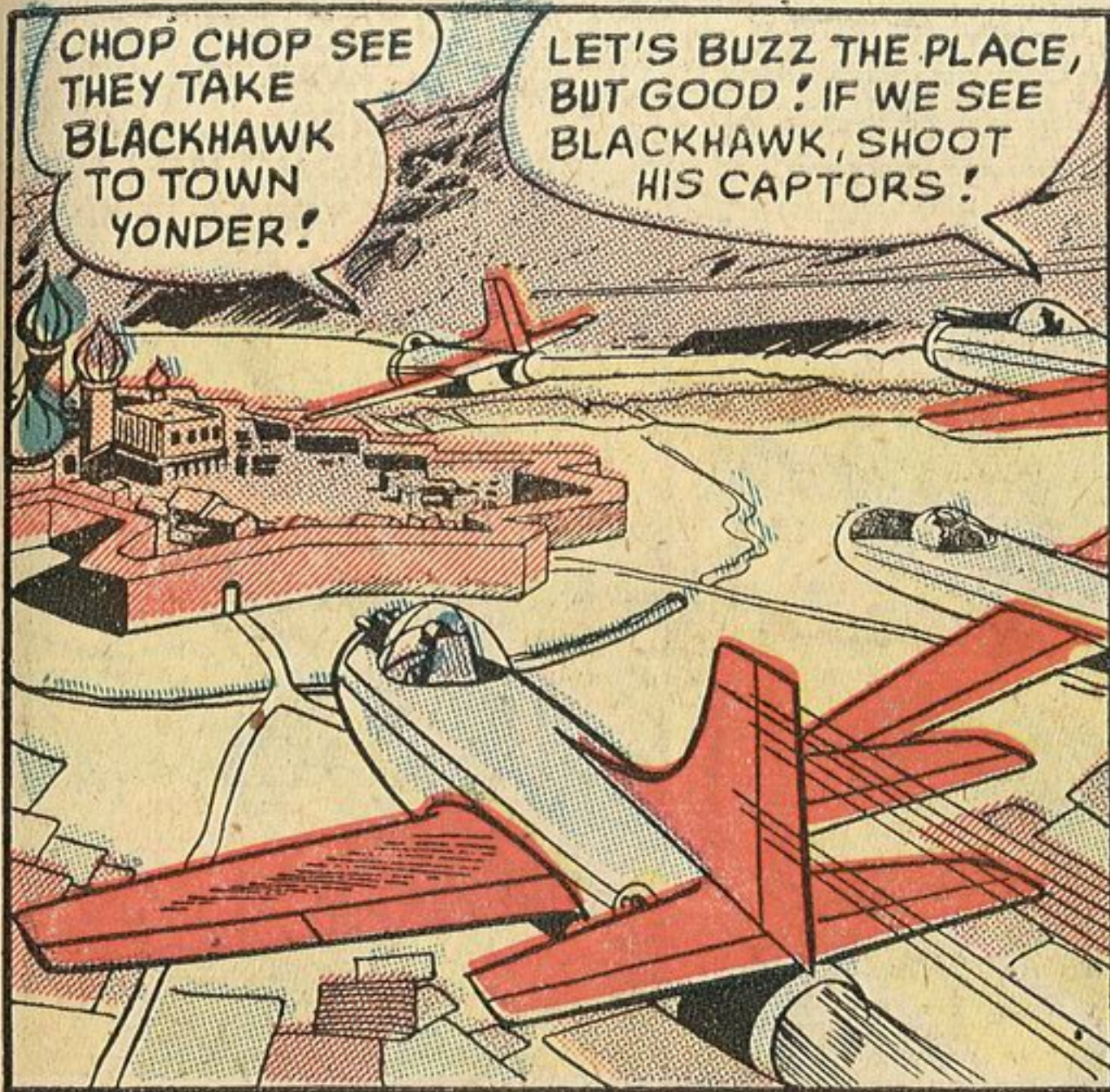
MORE WINE... AND TAKE THIS FOR YOUR PAY!

YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL GEMS, MY FRIEND!

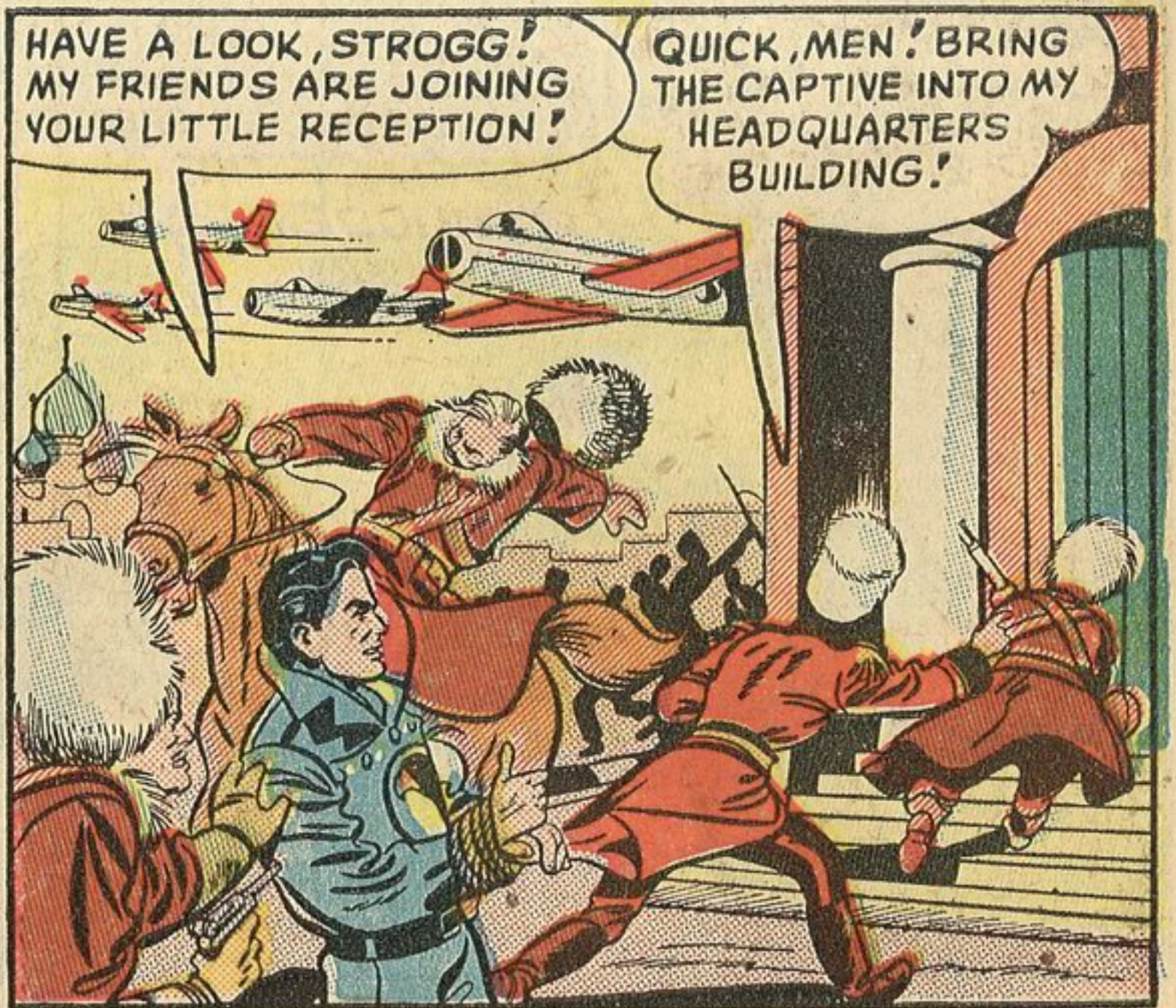








LET'S BUZZ THE PLACE, BUT GOOD! IF WE SEE BLACKHAWK, SHOOT HIS CAPTORS!



QUICK, MEN! BRING THE CAPTIVE INTO MY HEADQUARTERS BUILDING!



WE RECOGNIZE YOUR VOICE, STROGG! IF YOU KILL BLACKHAWK, YOU WON'T LIVE TO BOAST OF IT!



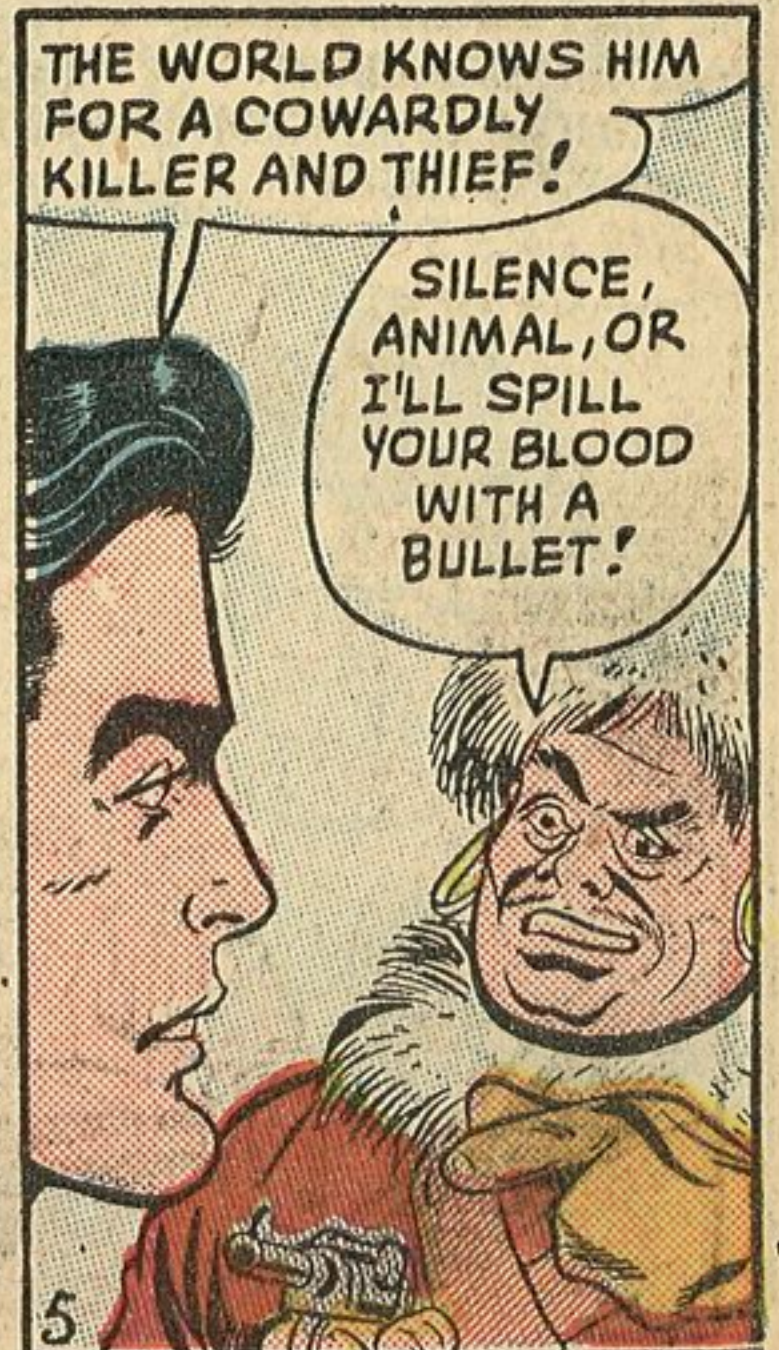
IT'S CHECKMATE FOR THE MOMENT, MEN! LET'S LAND ON THAT BIG LEDGE YONDER!



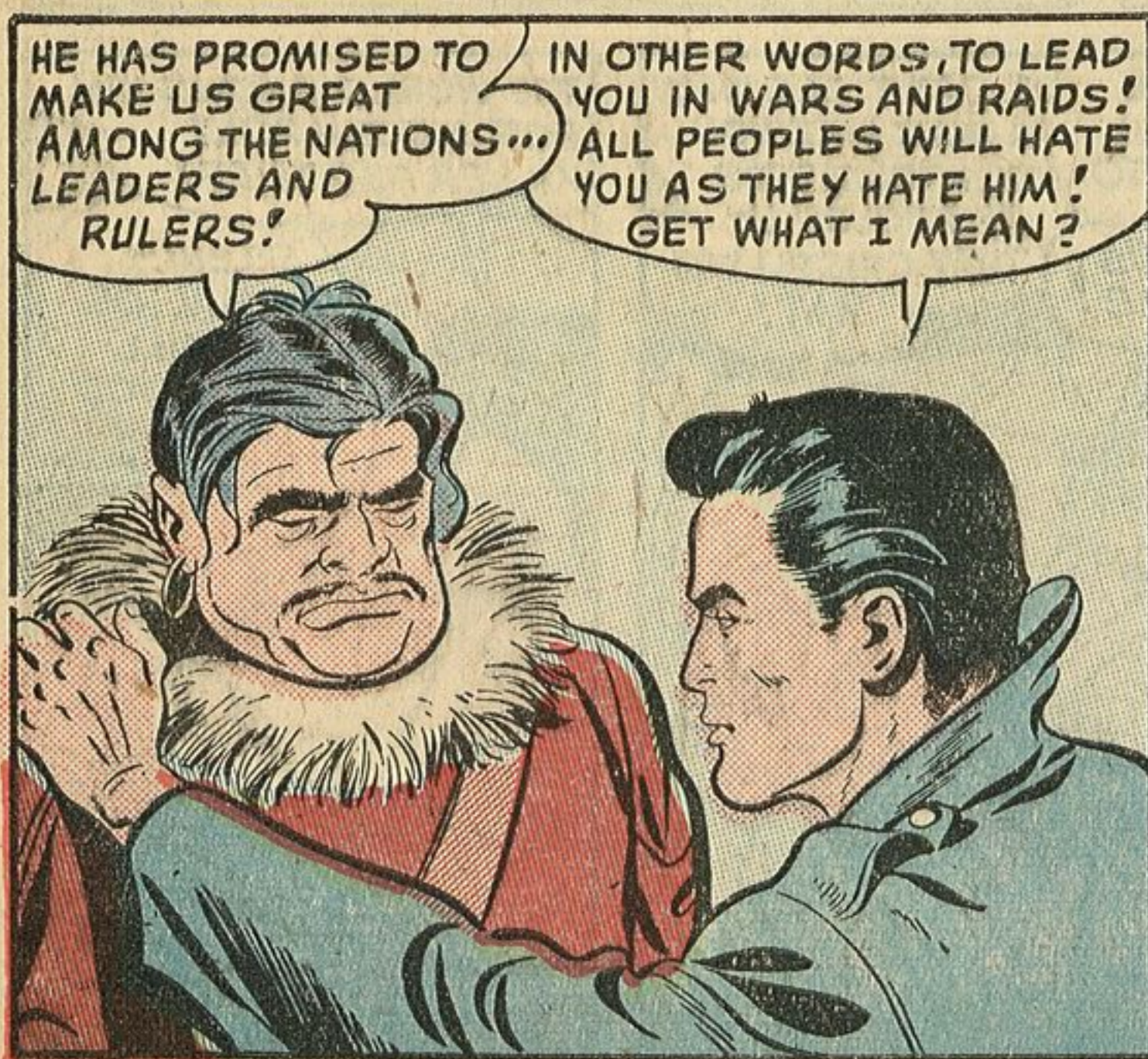
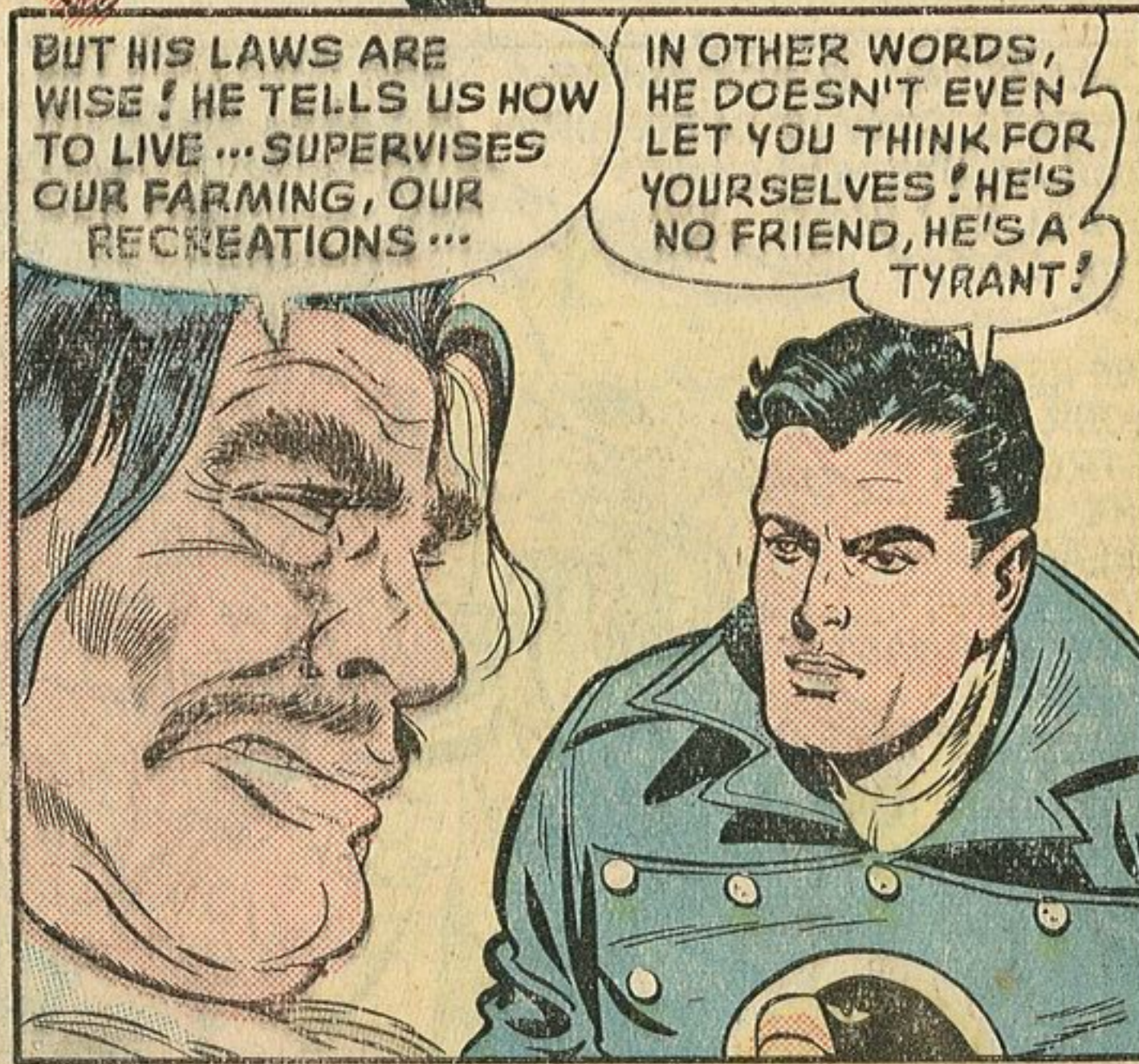
DOWN INTO THE CELLAR, YOU!

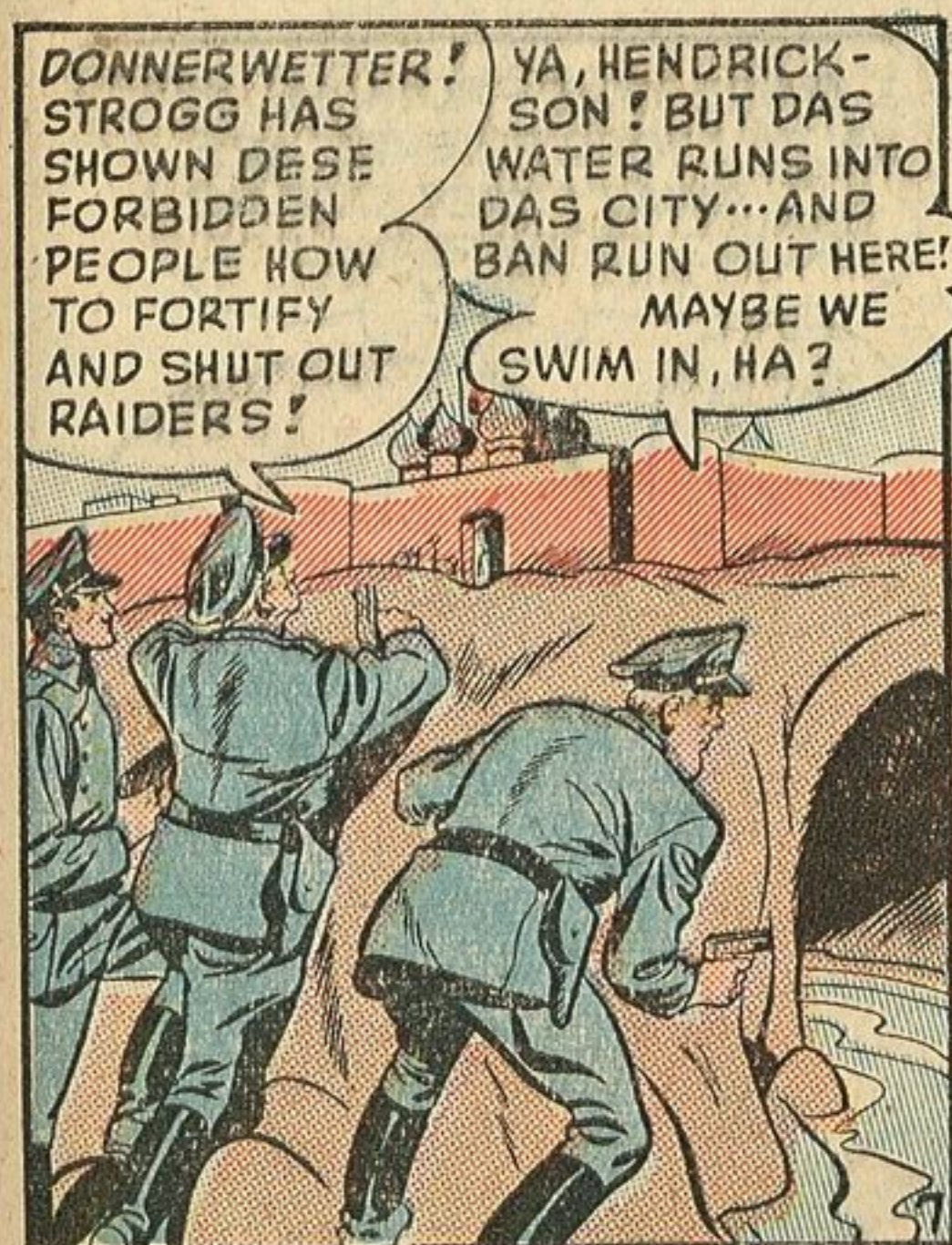
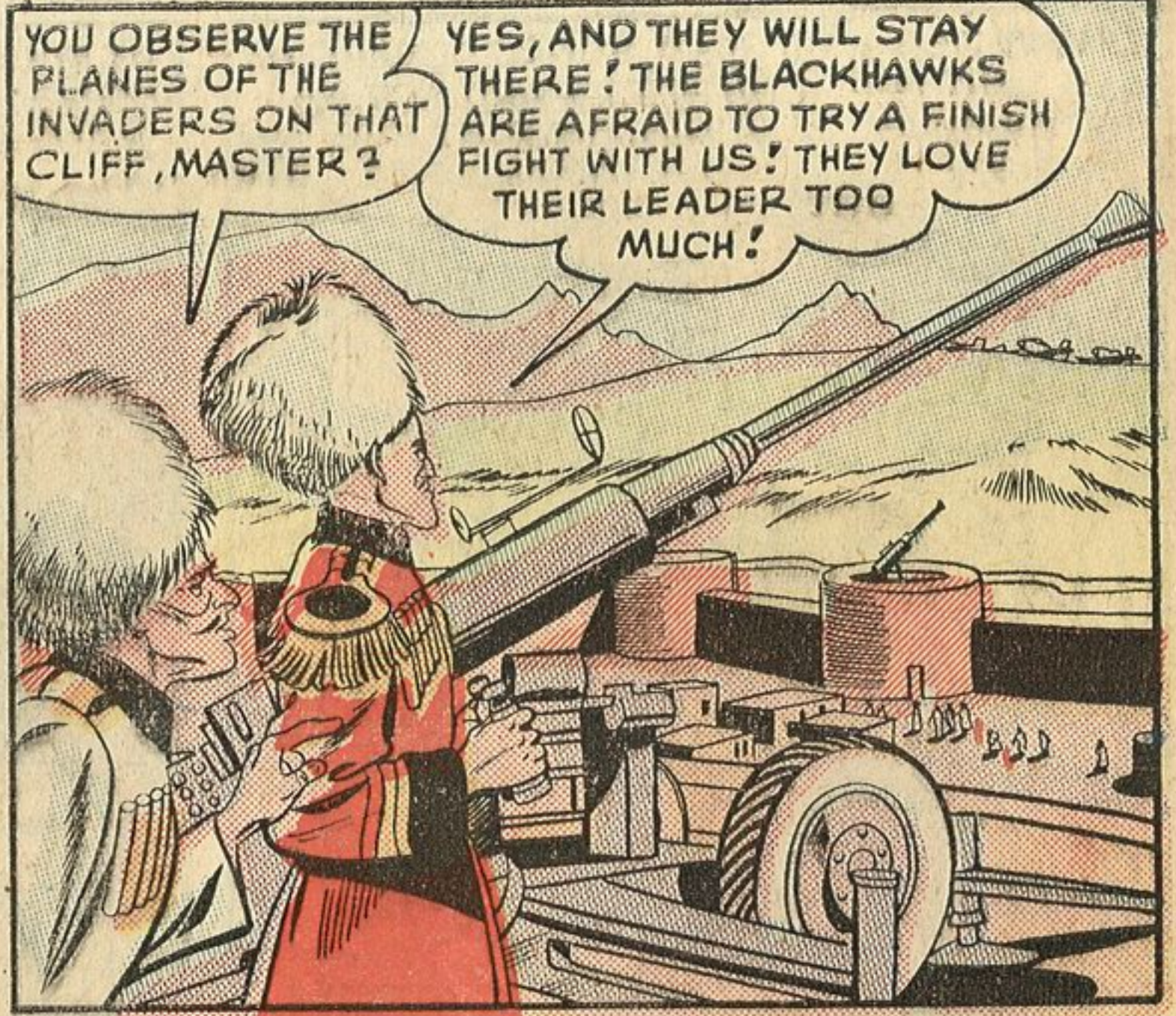
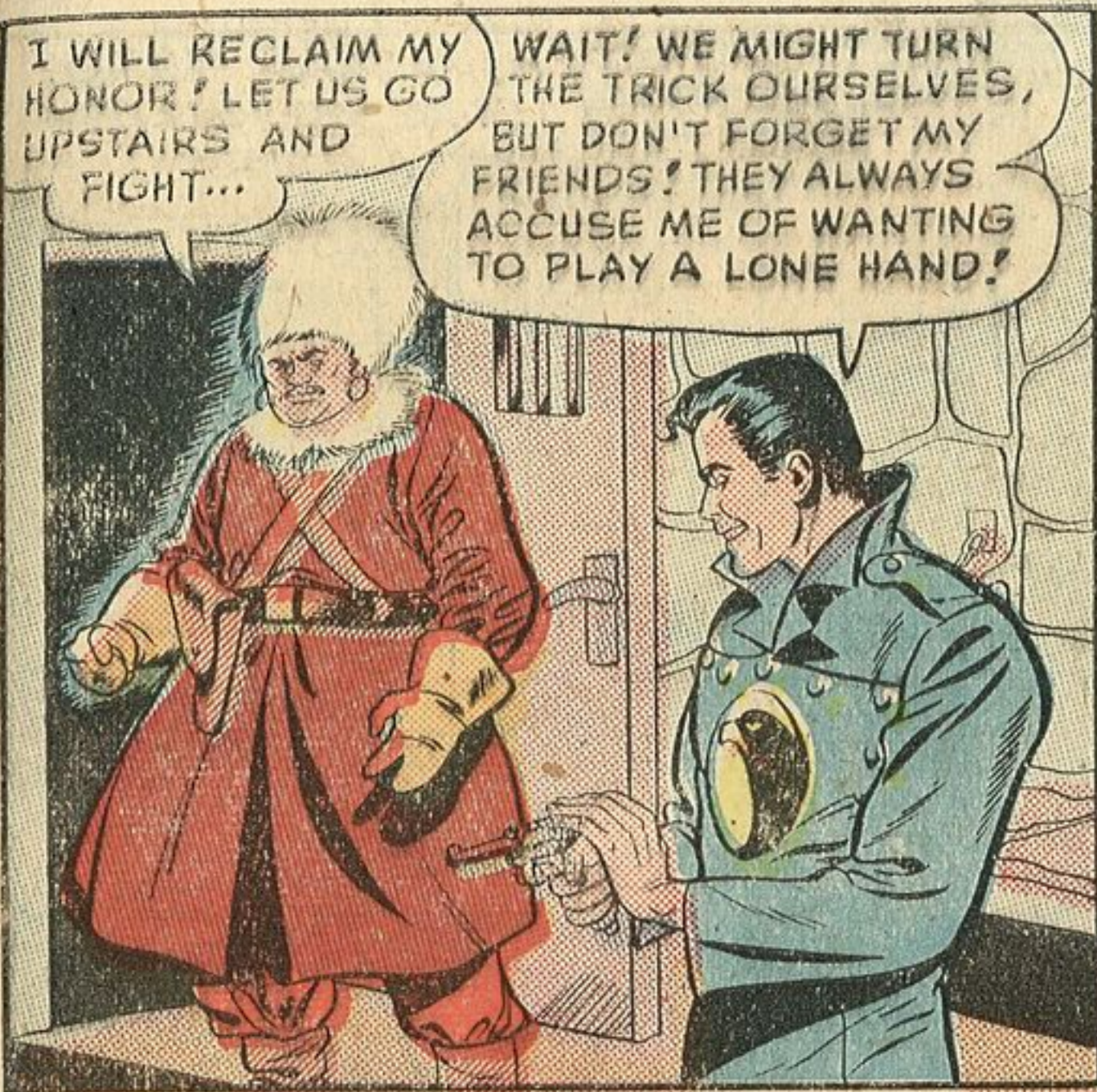


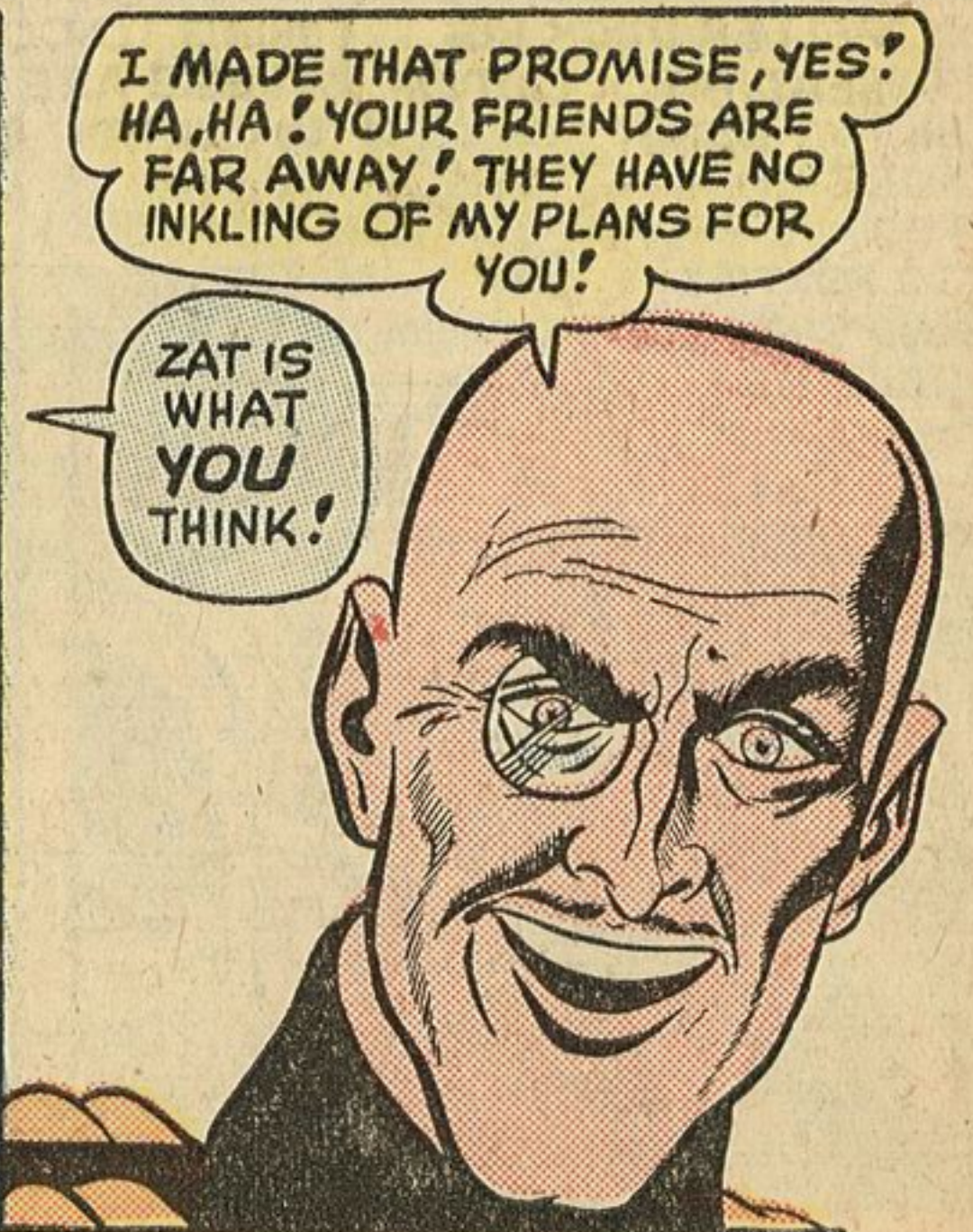
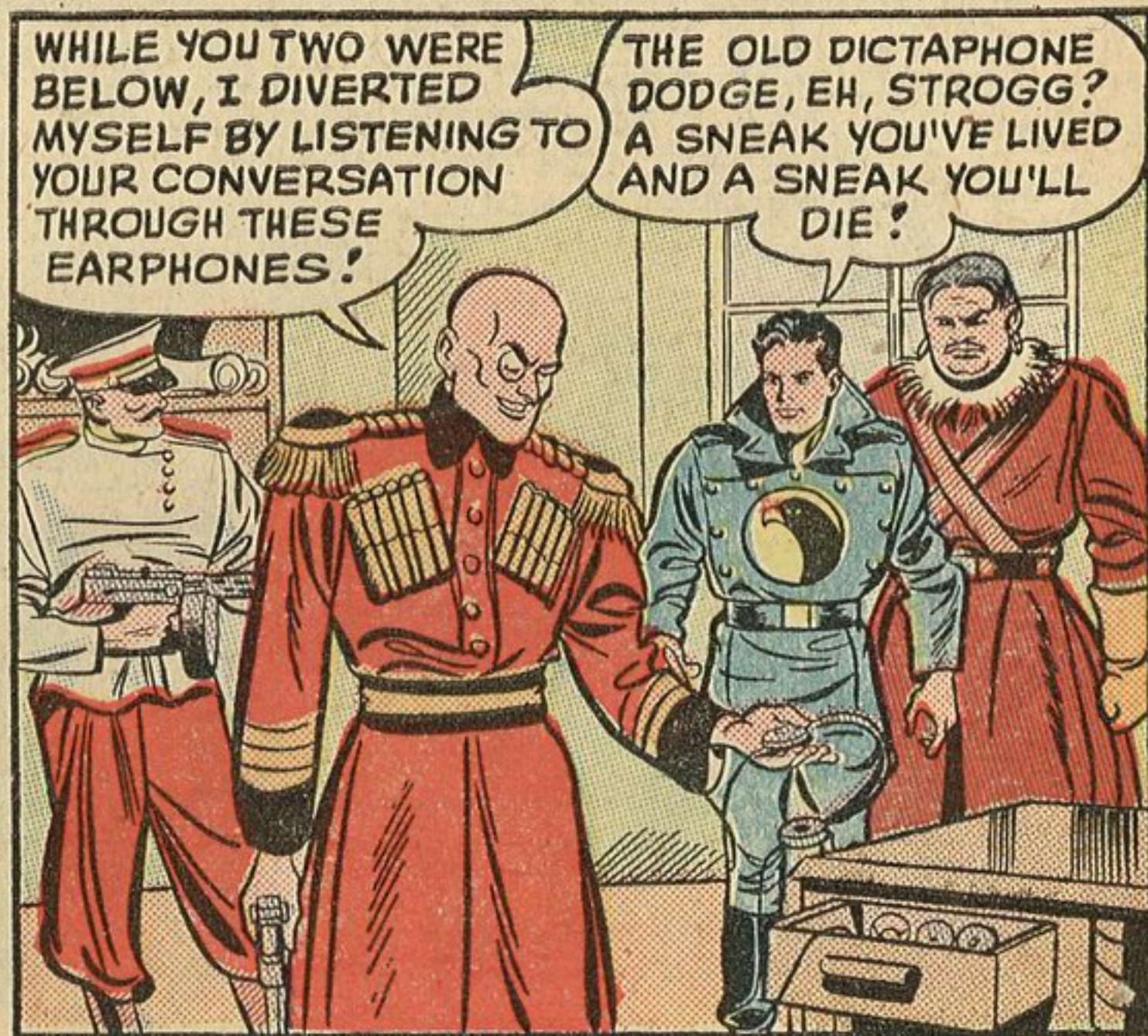
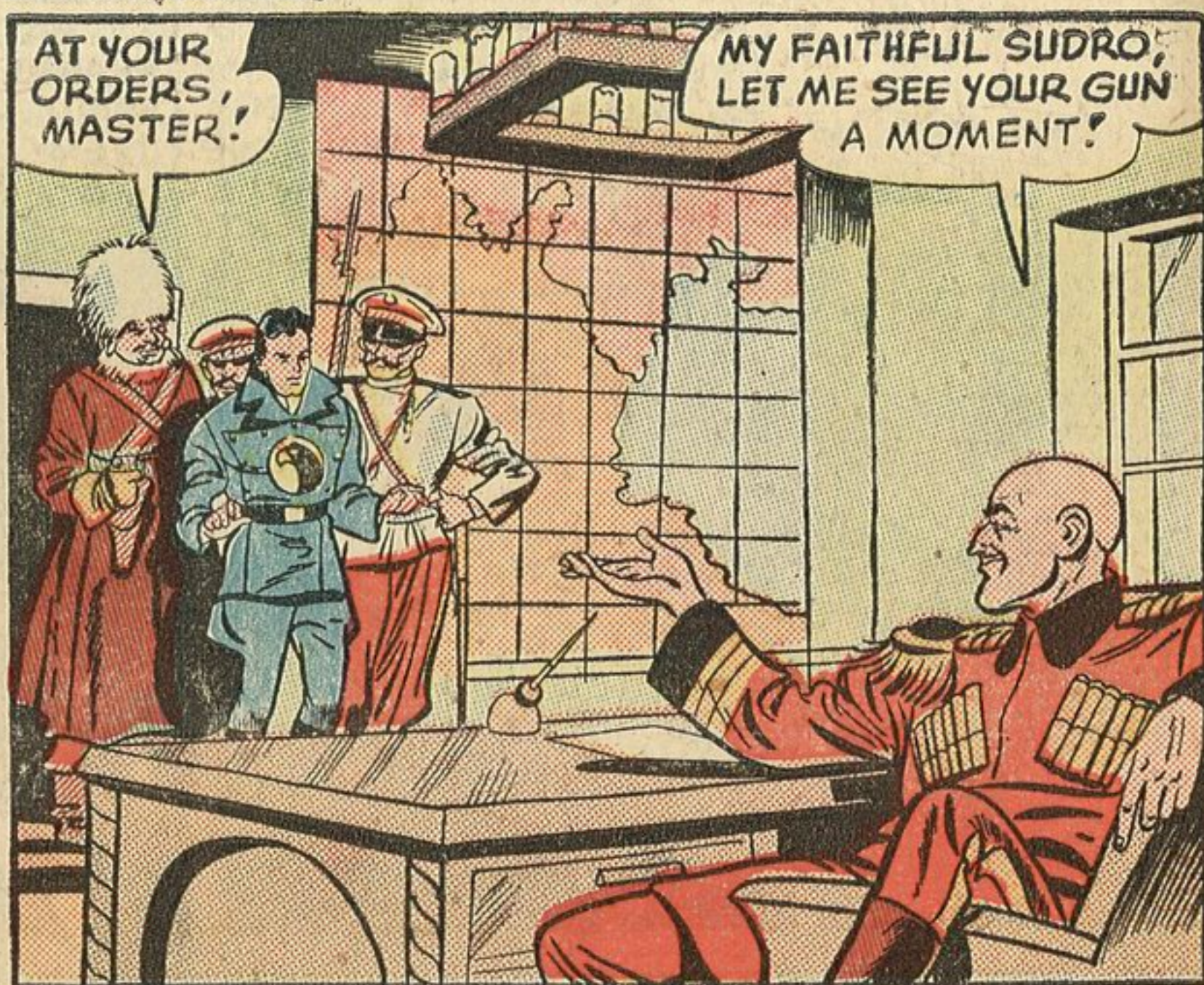
I CAN'T SEE WHY A MAN LIKE YOU CONTINUES TO BE FOOLED BY THAT CHISELLING RAT!

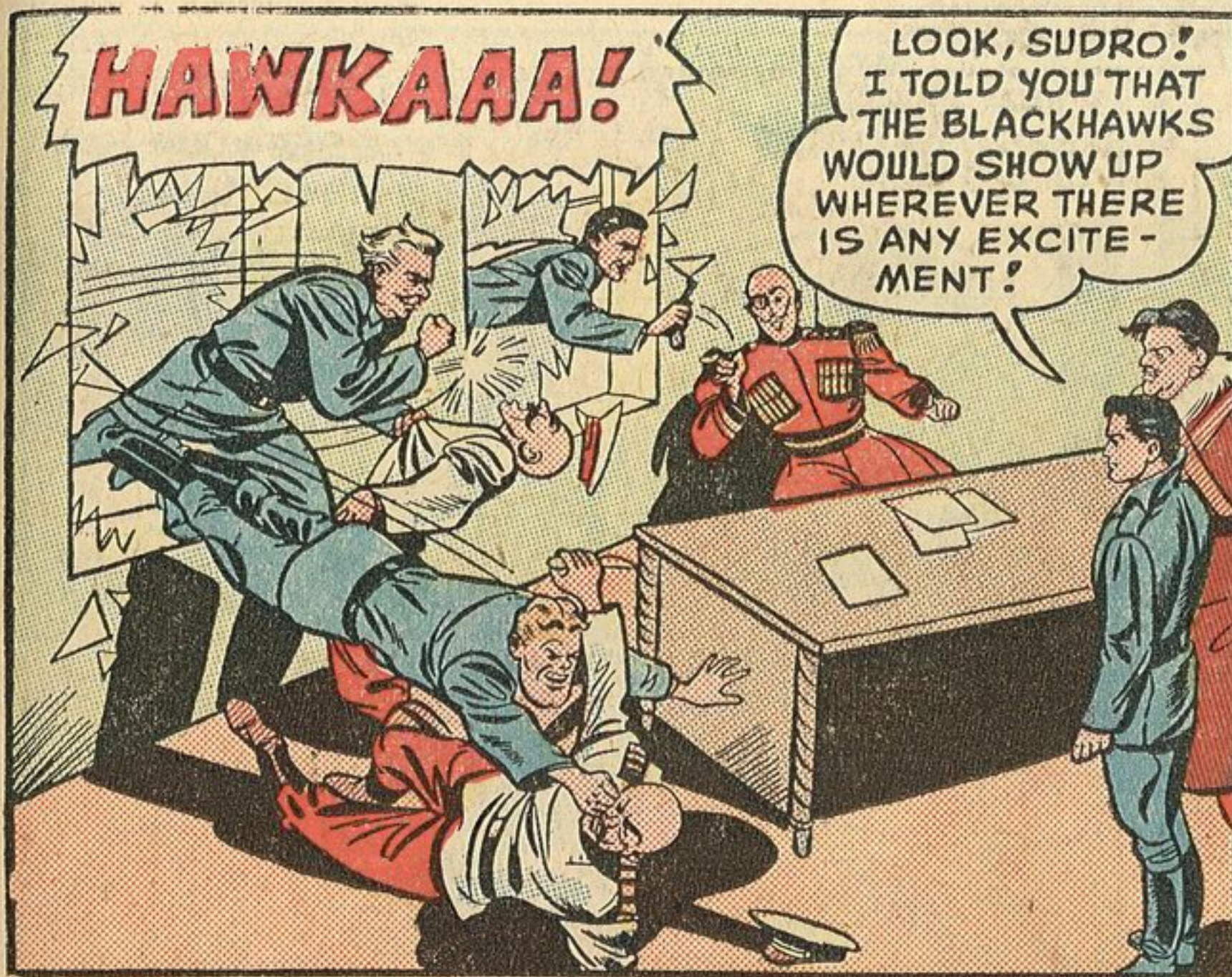


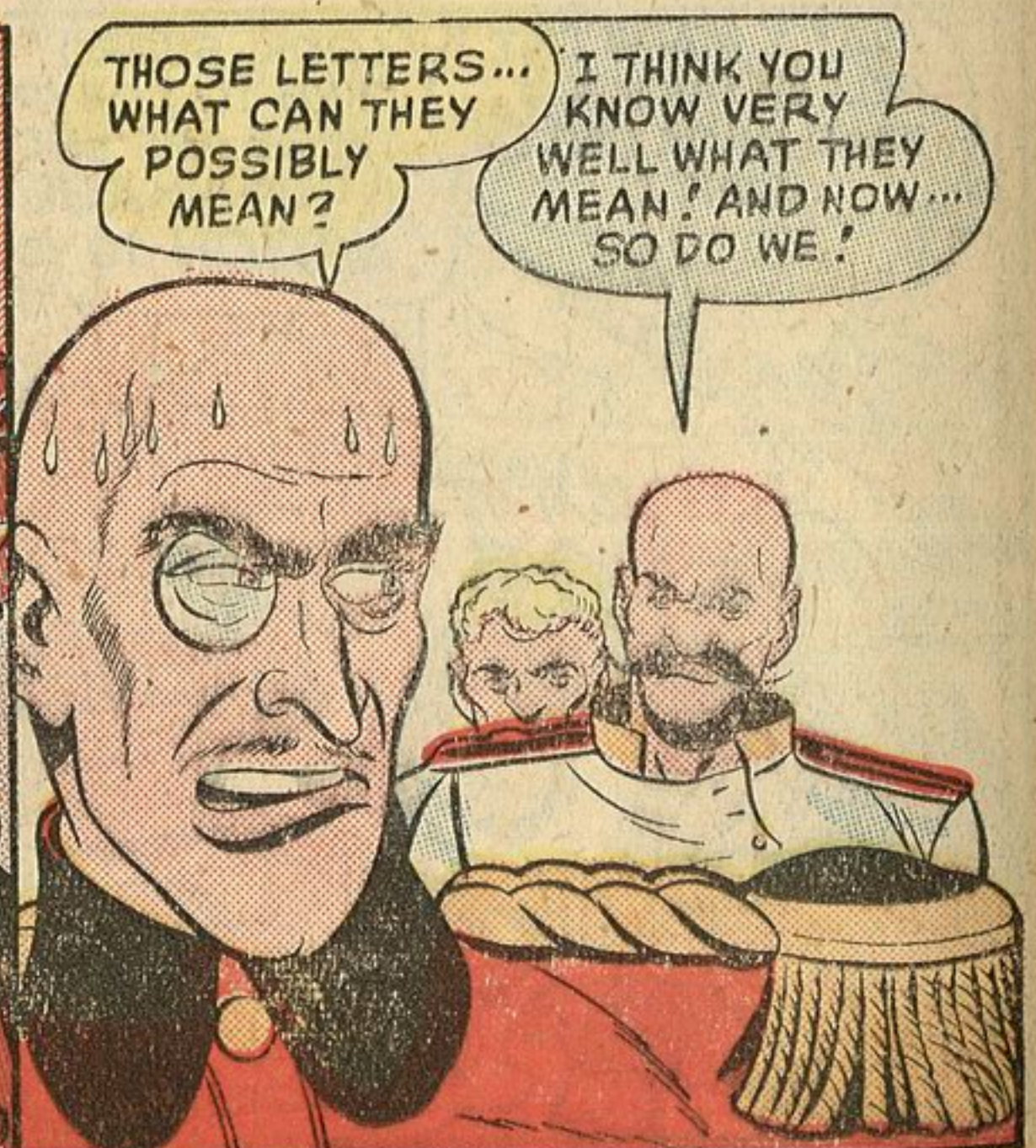
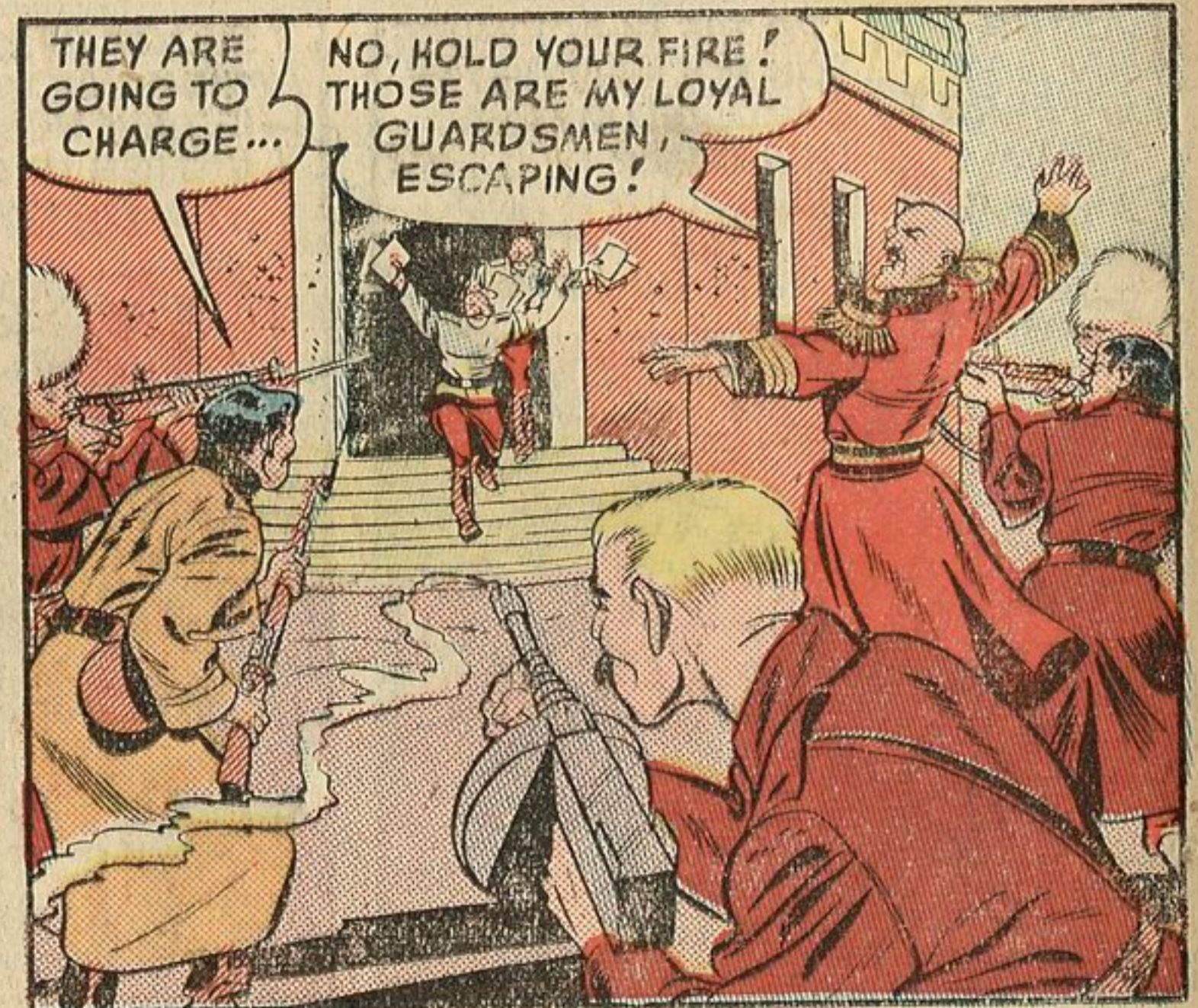
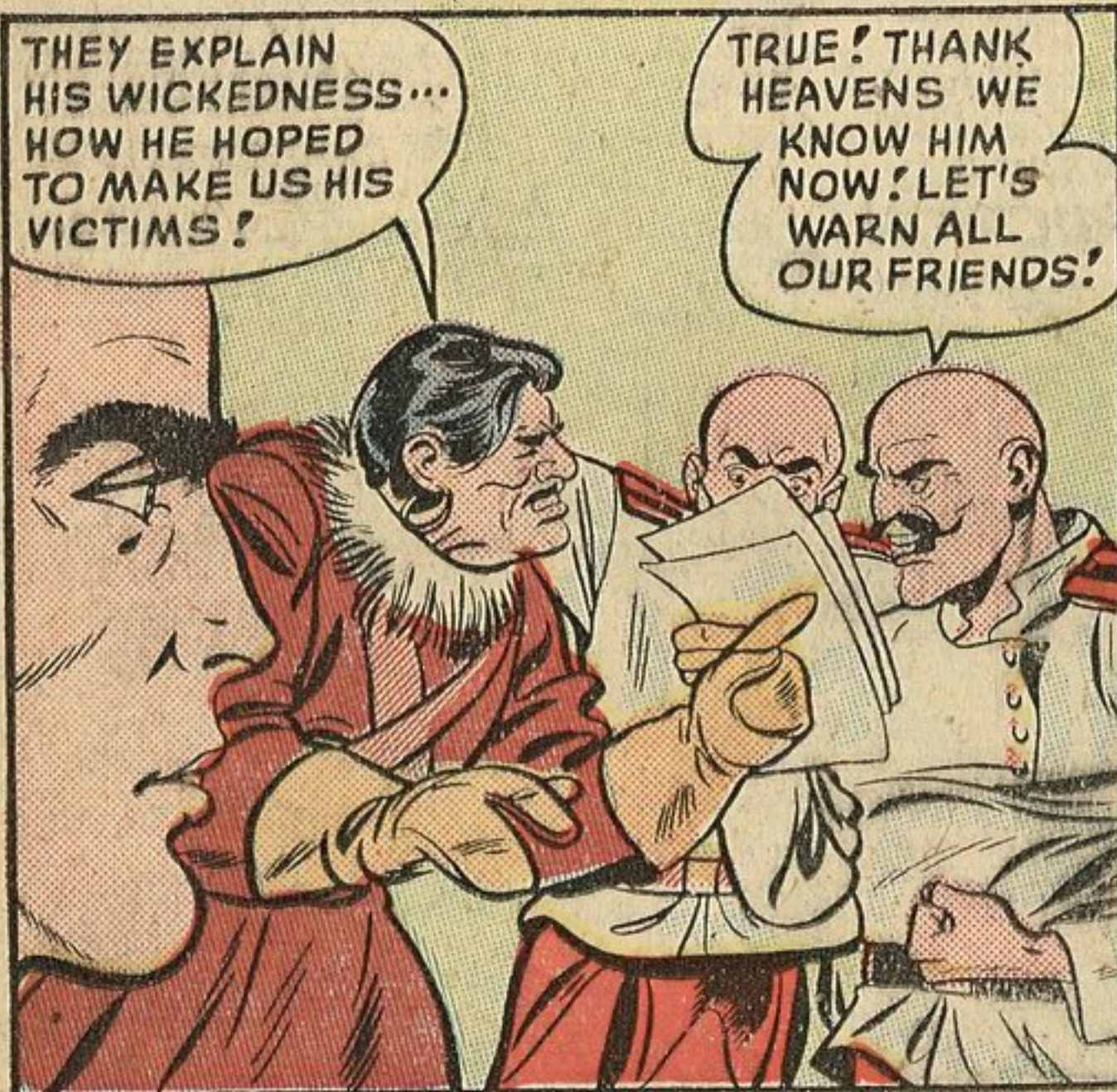
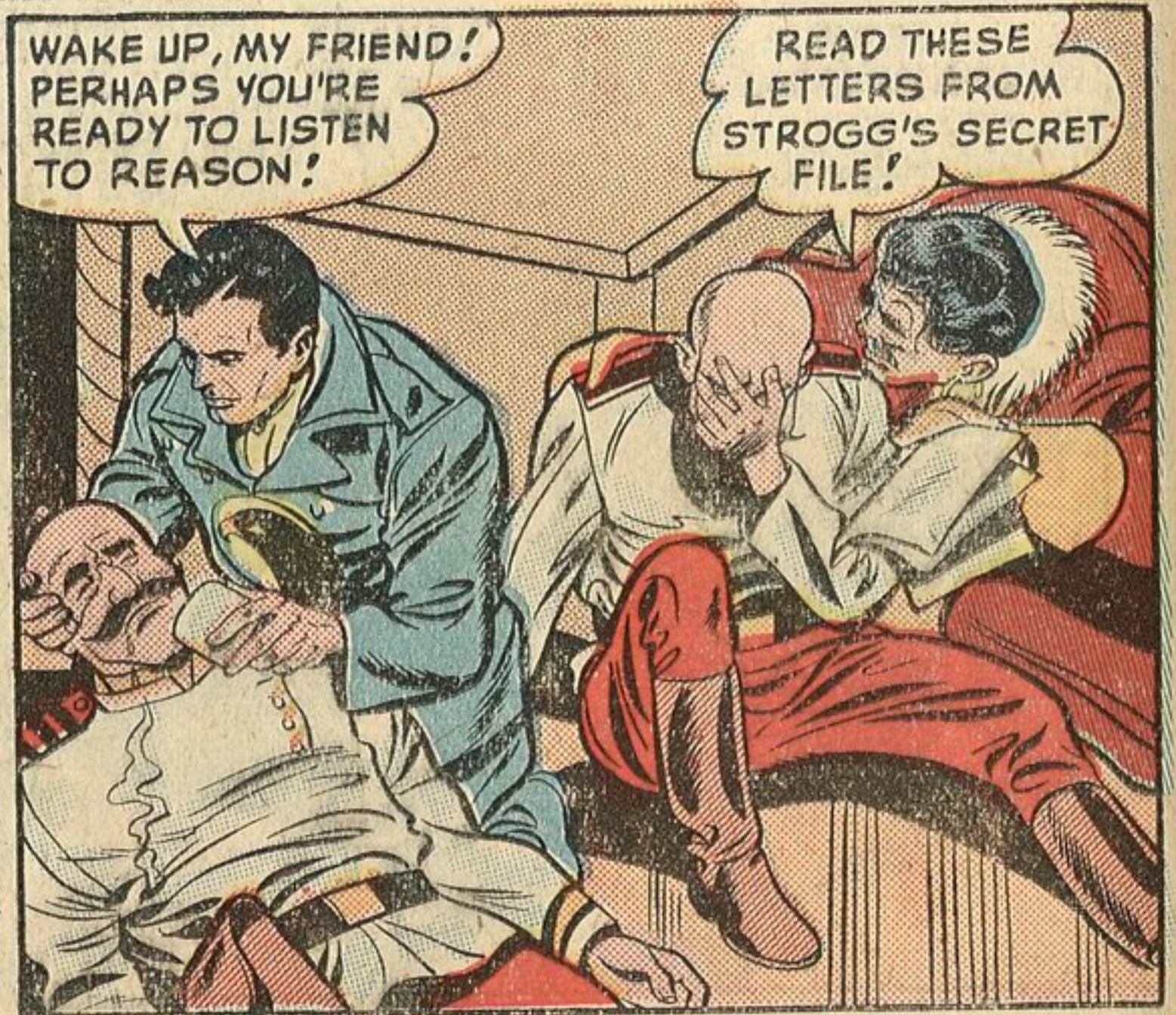
SILENCE, ANIMAL, OR I'LL SPILL YOUR BLOOD WITH A BULLET!

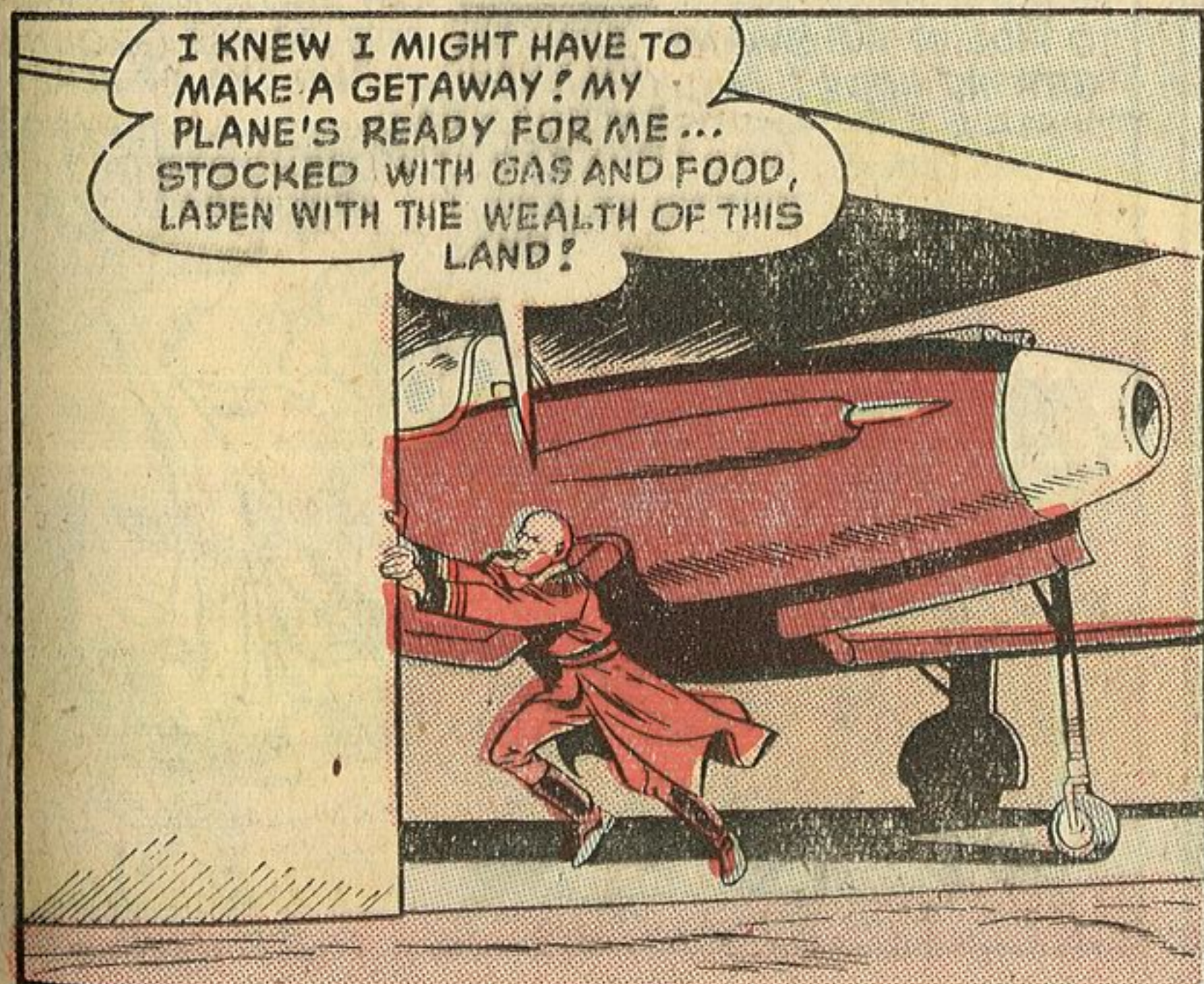
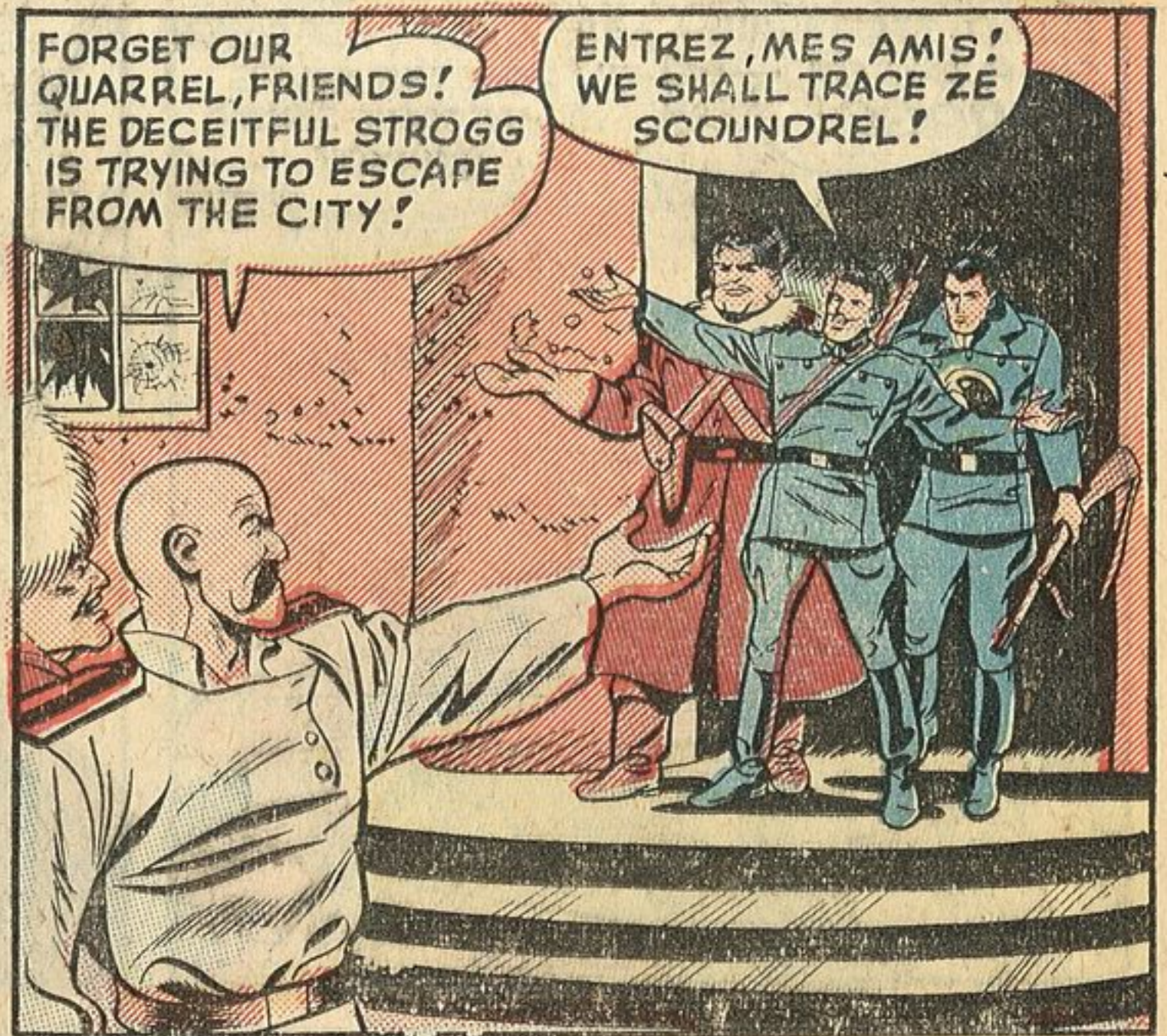


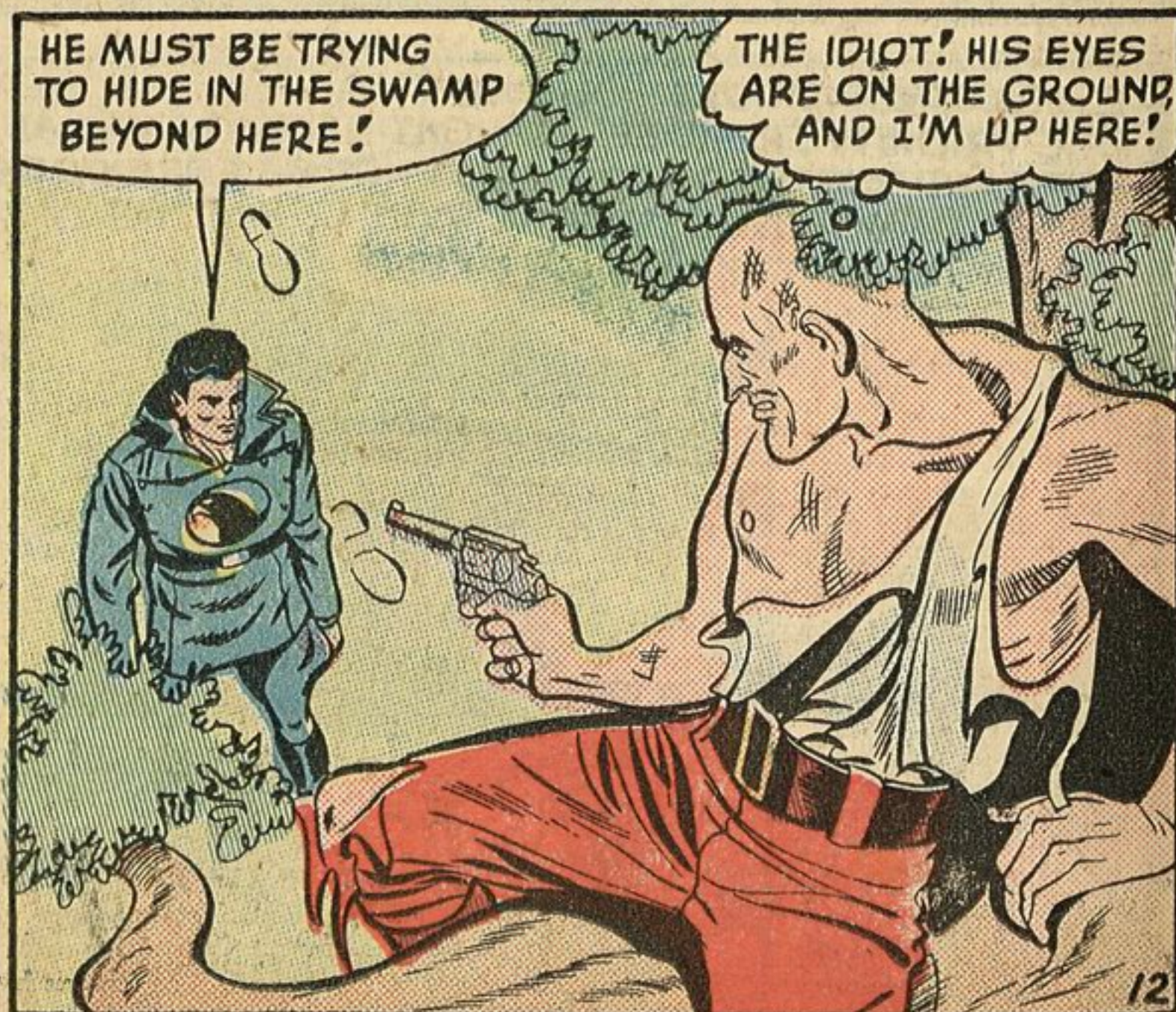
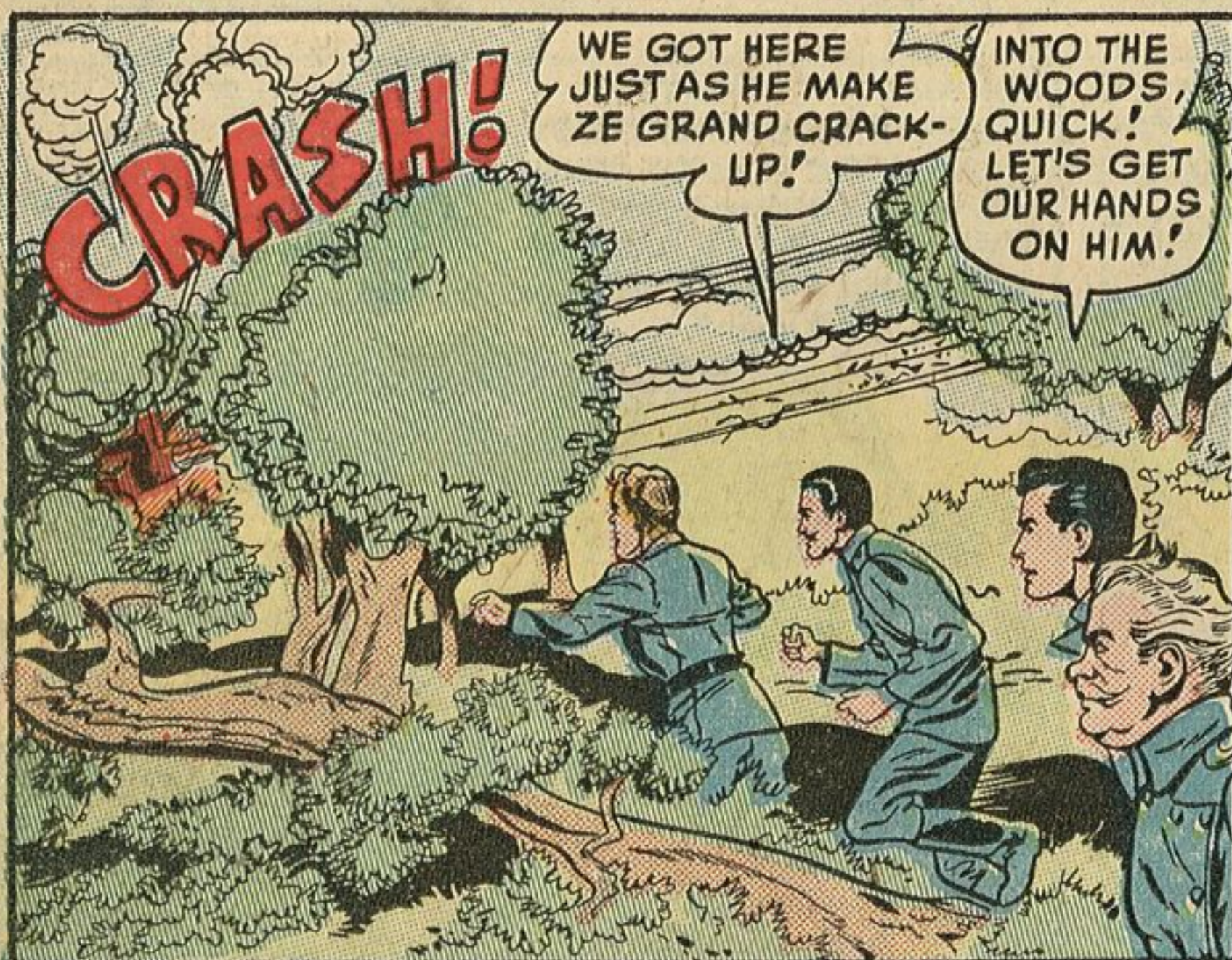
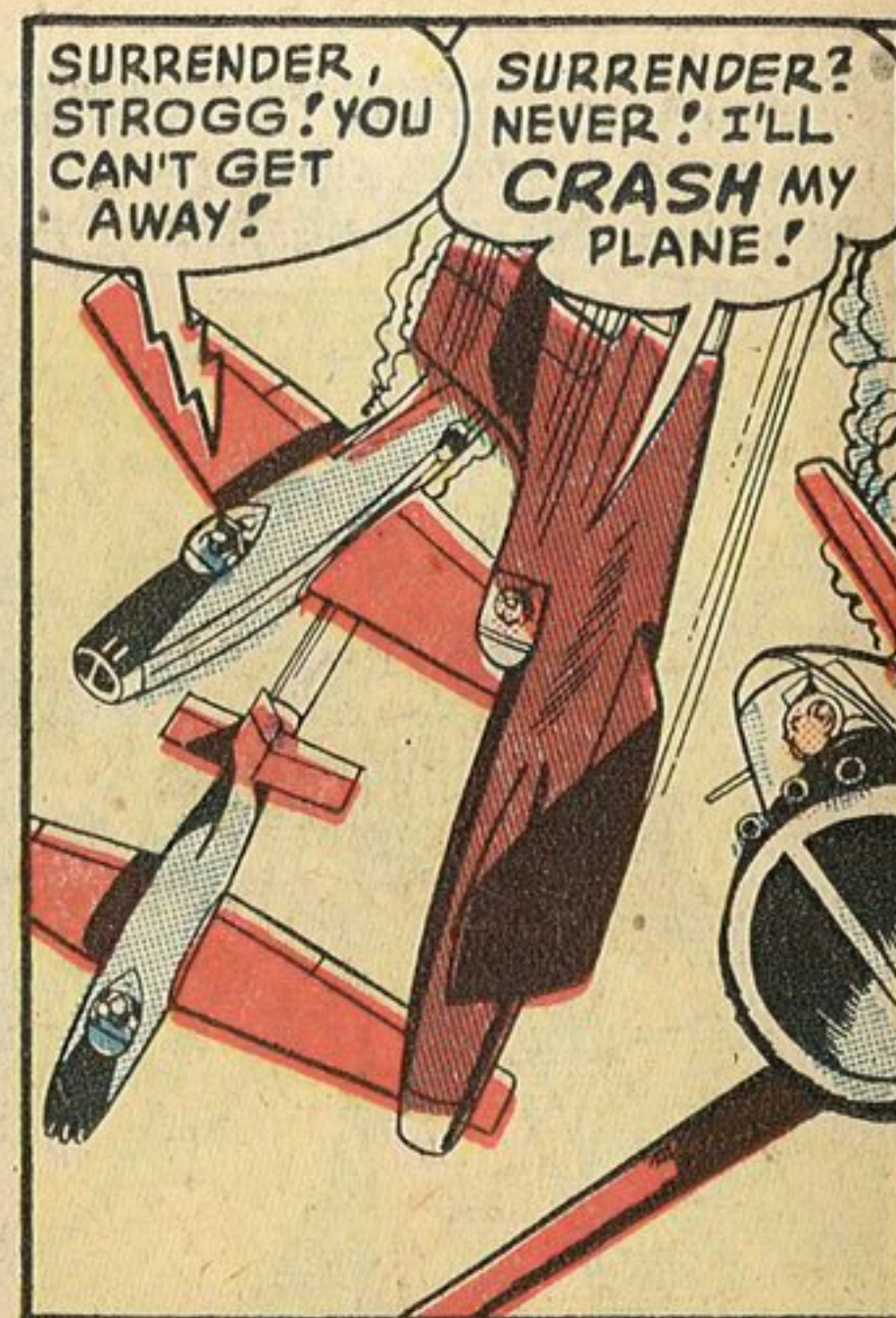


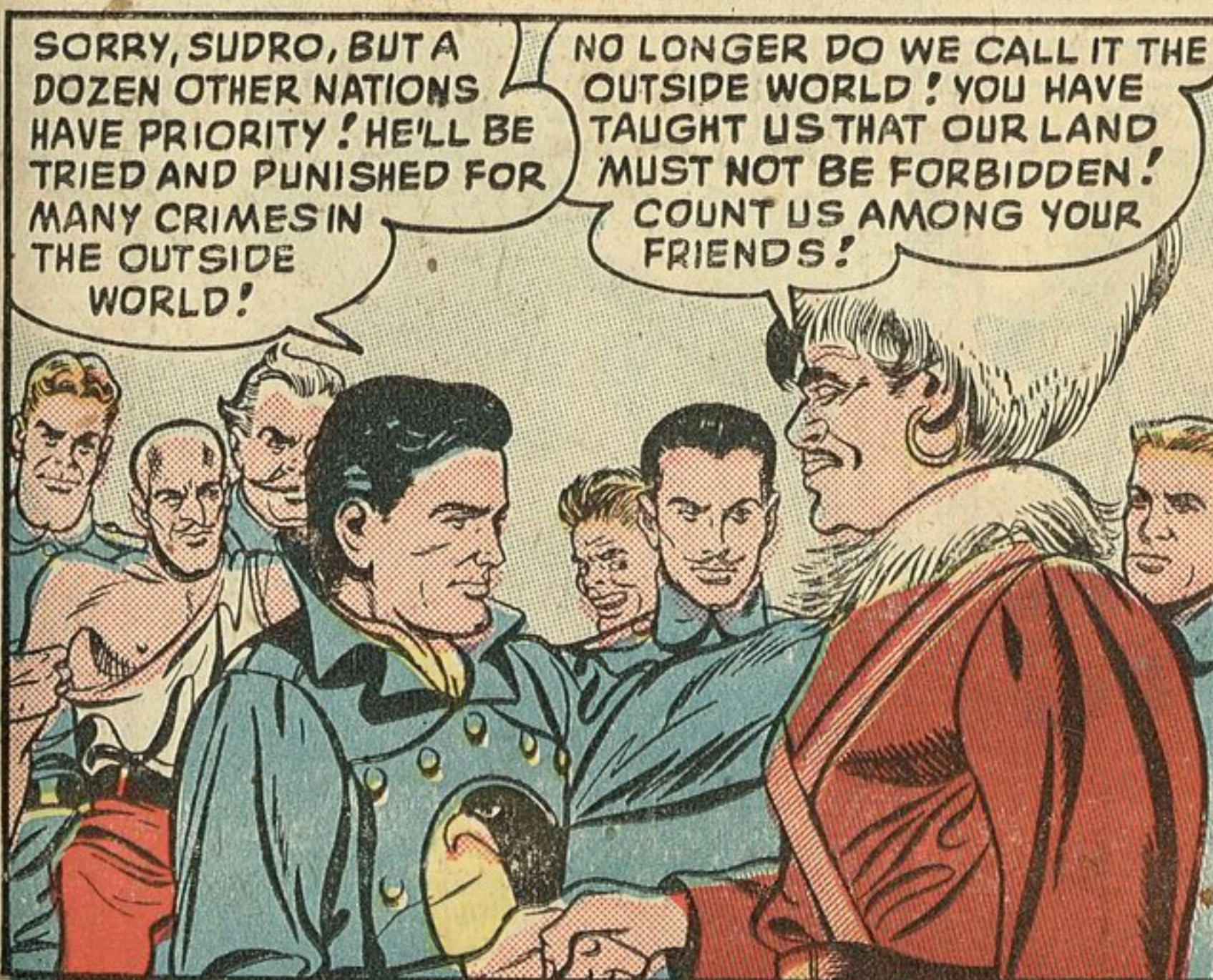
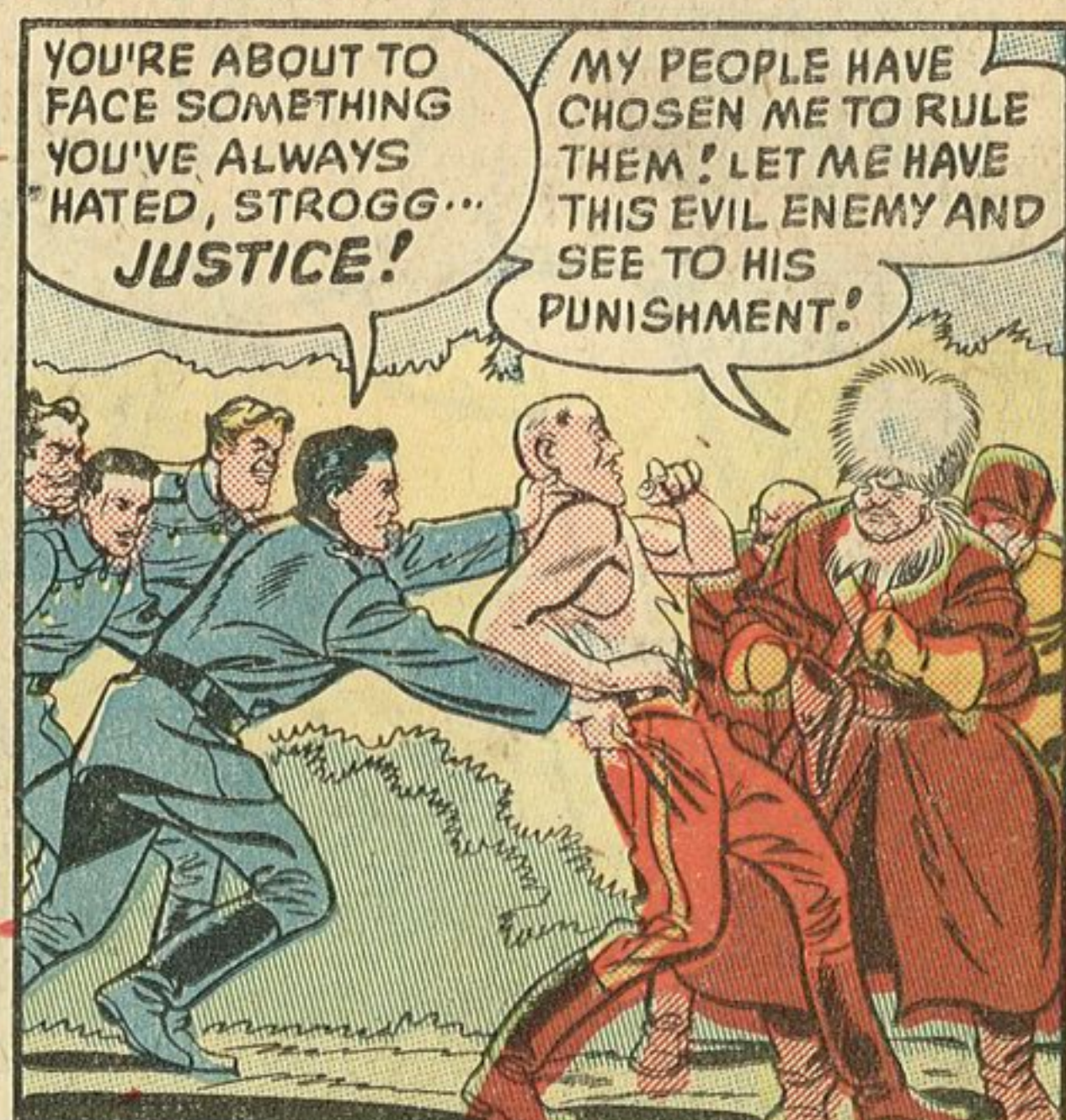
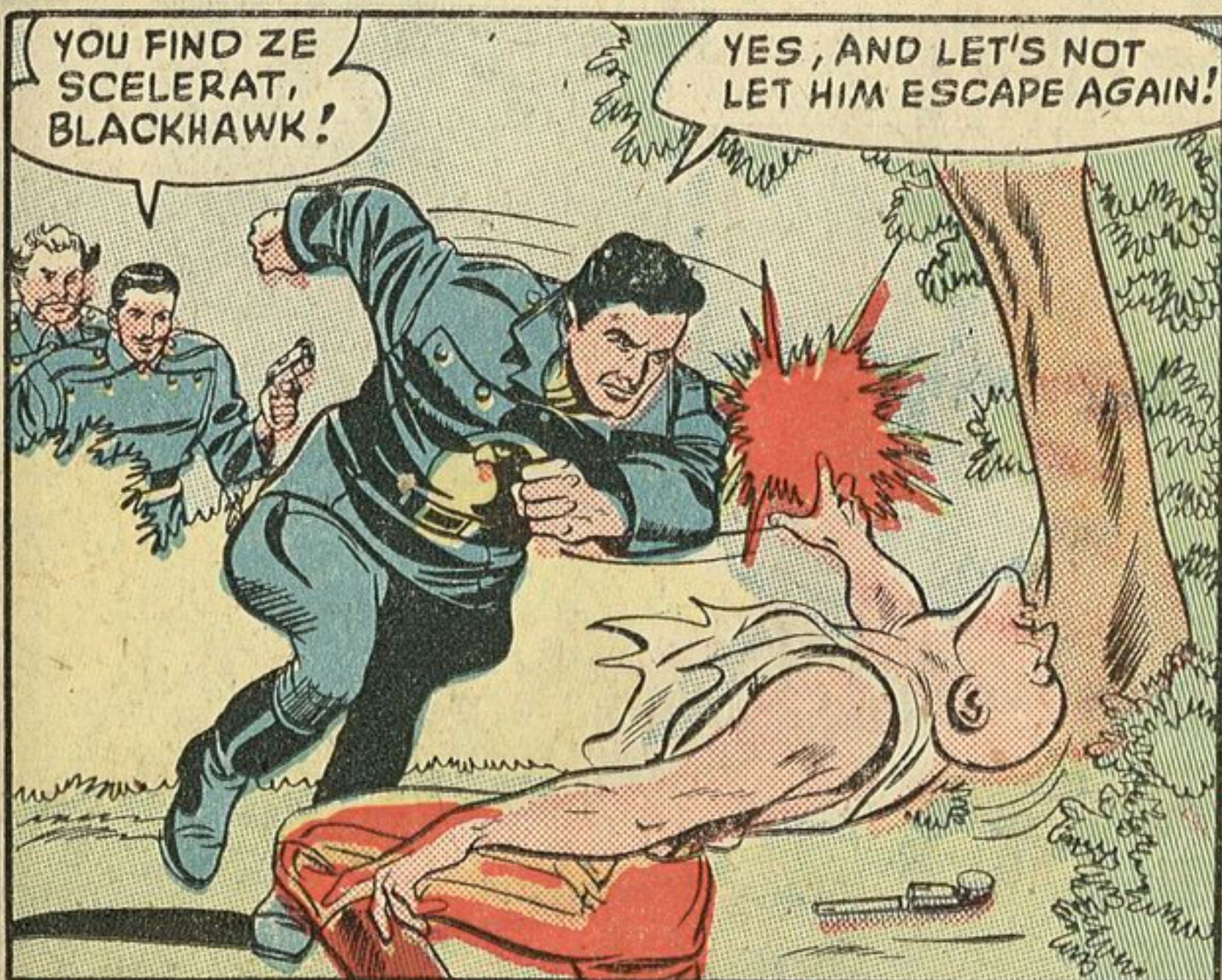
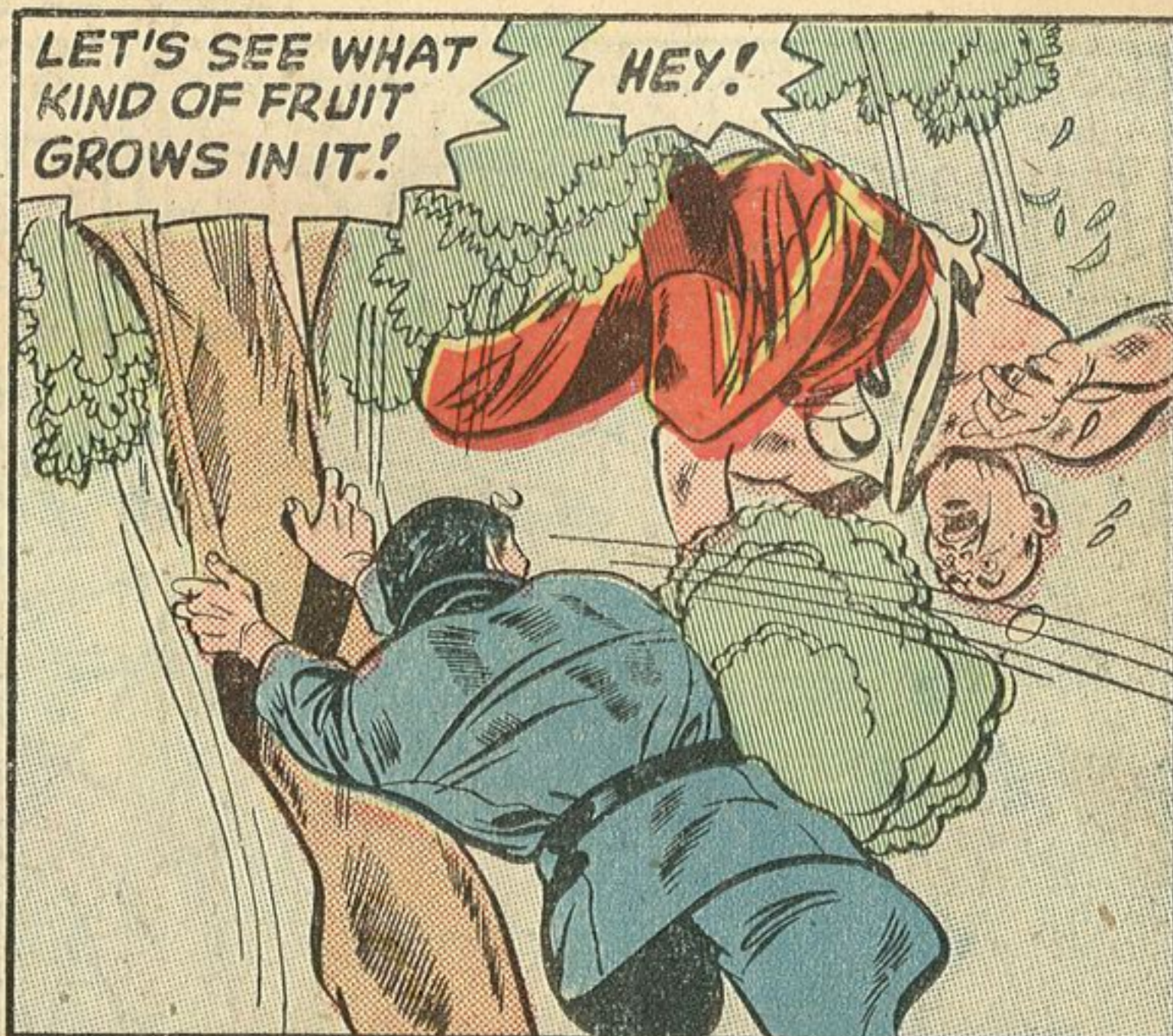




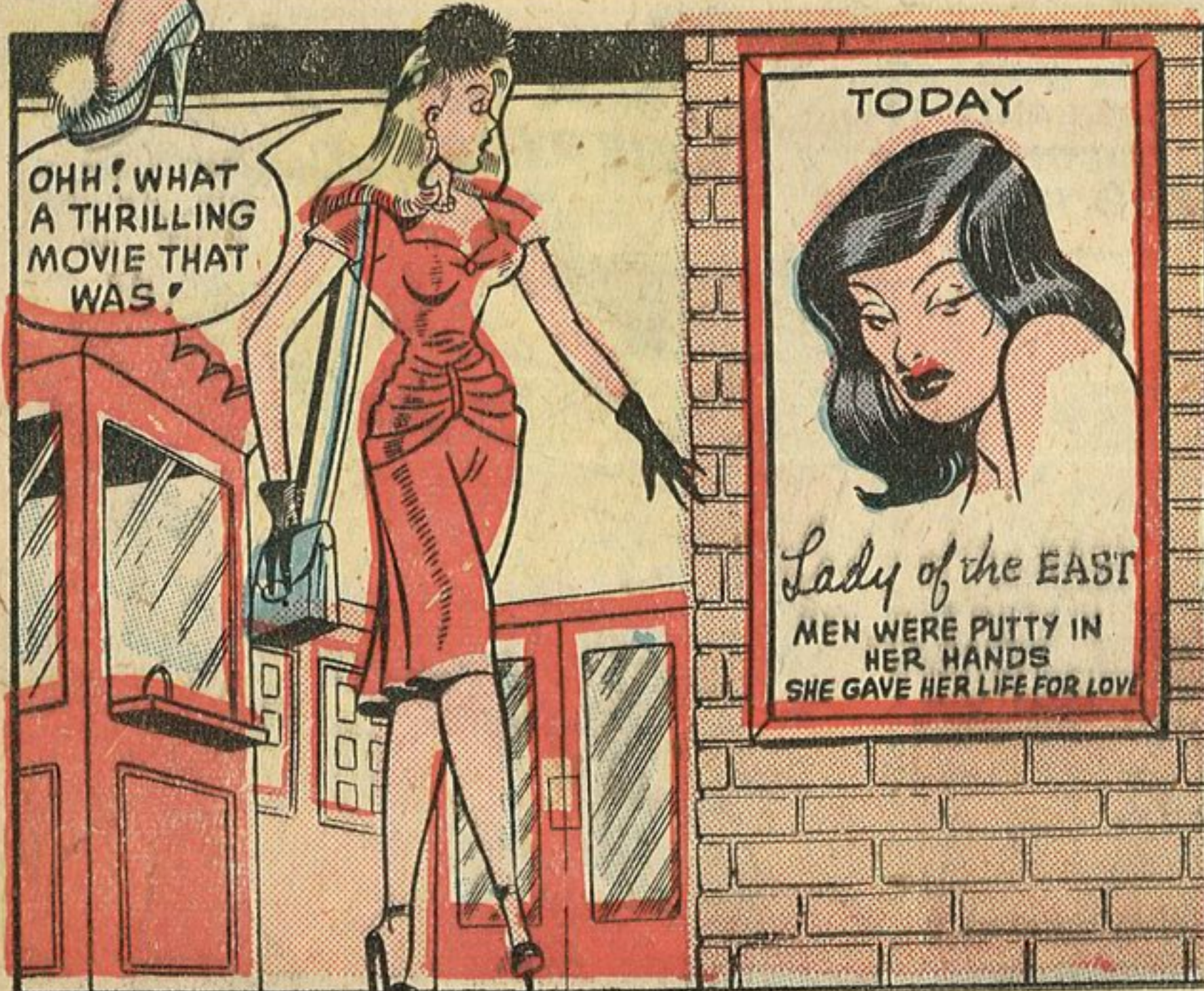
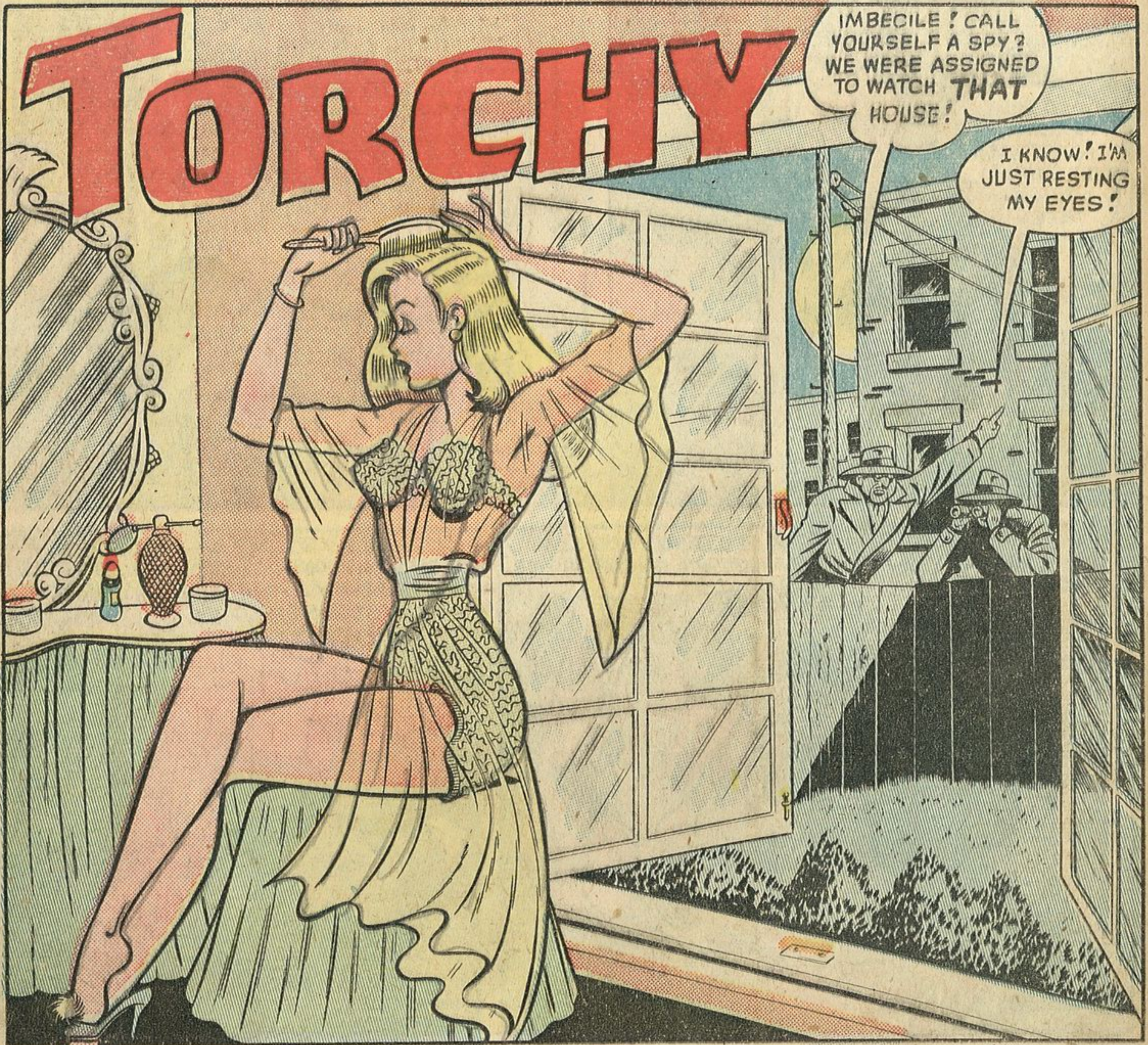


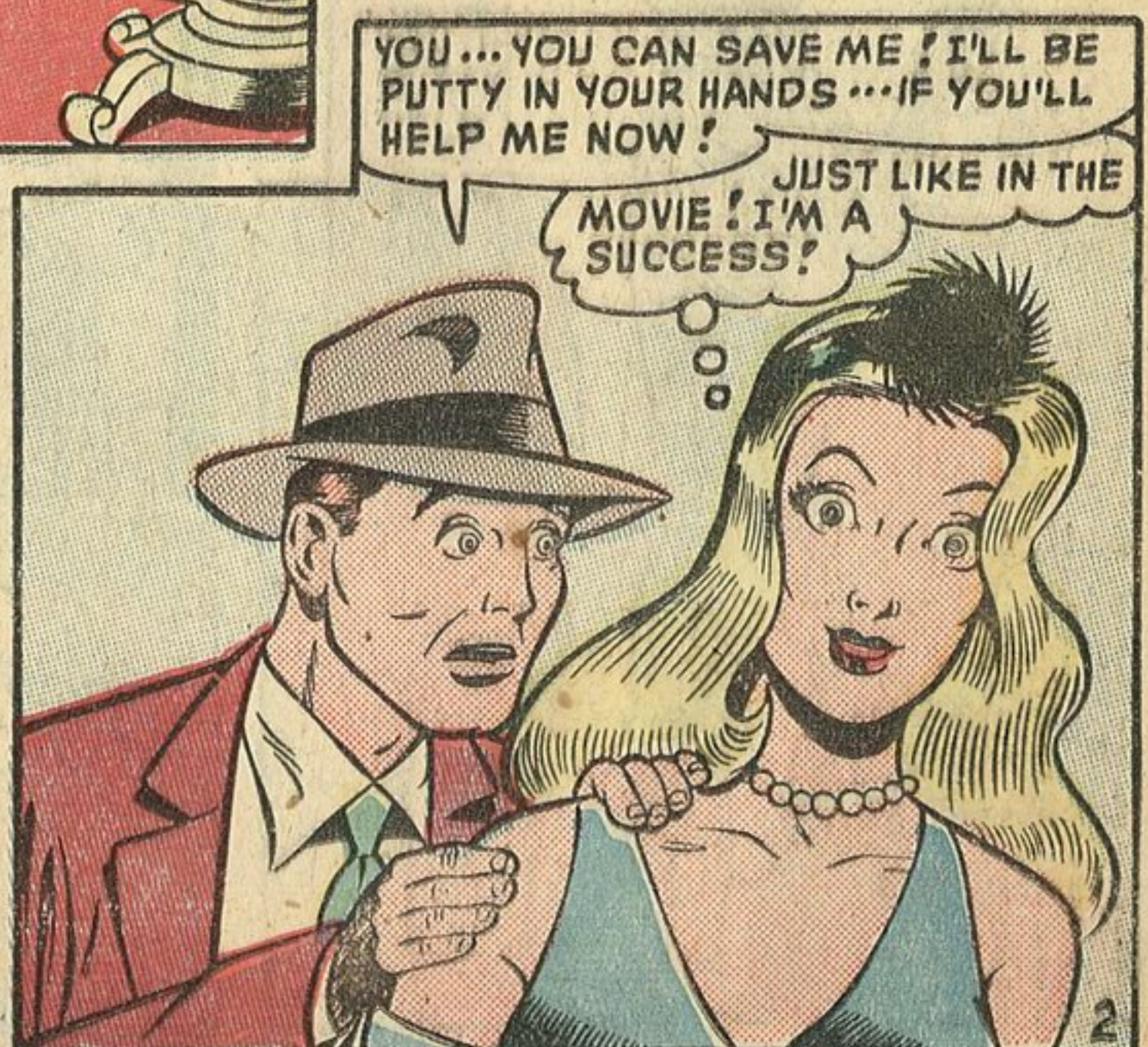
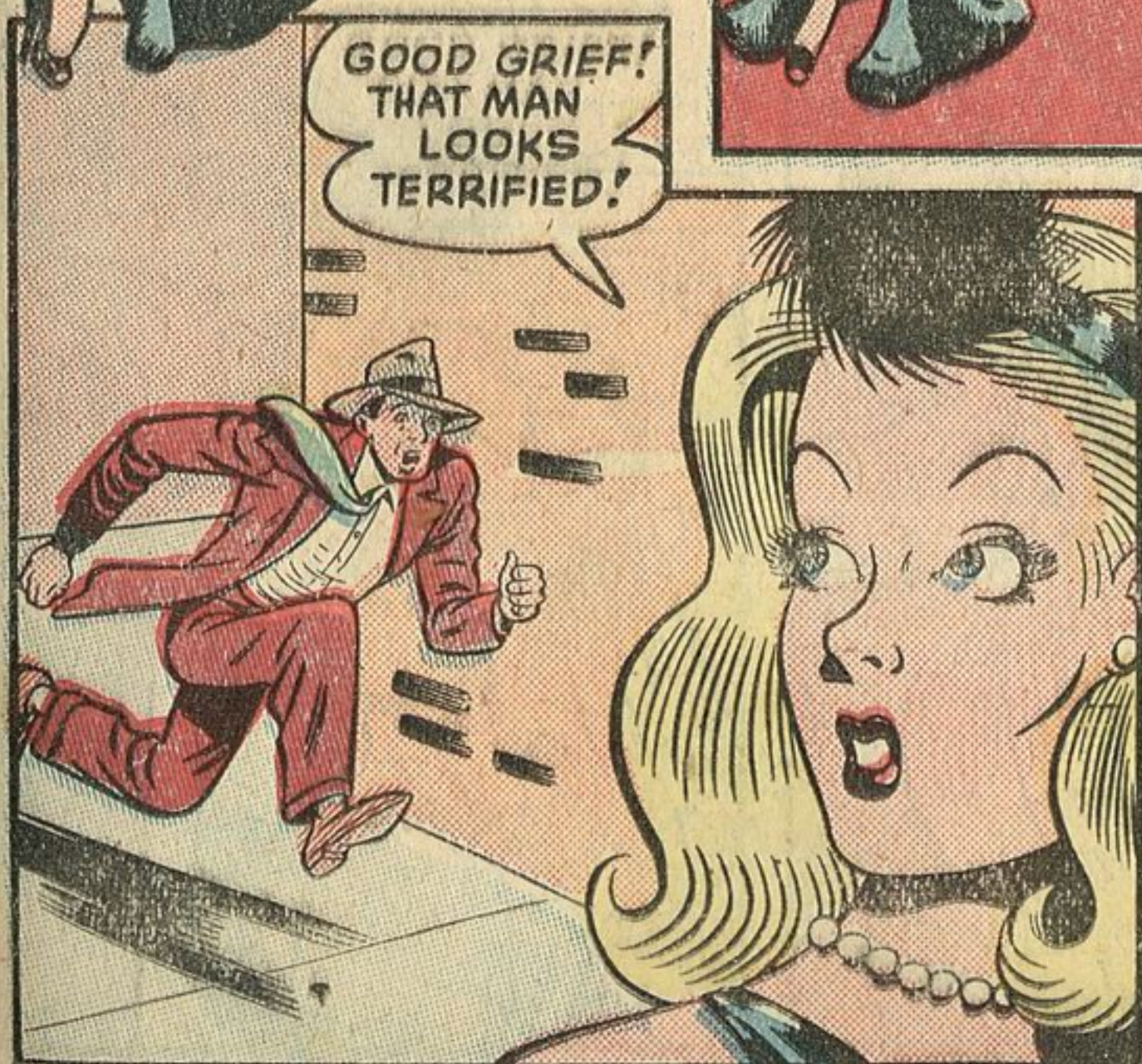
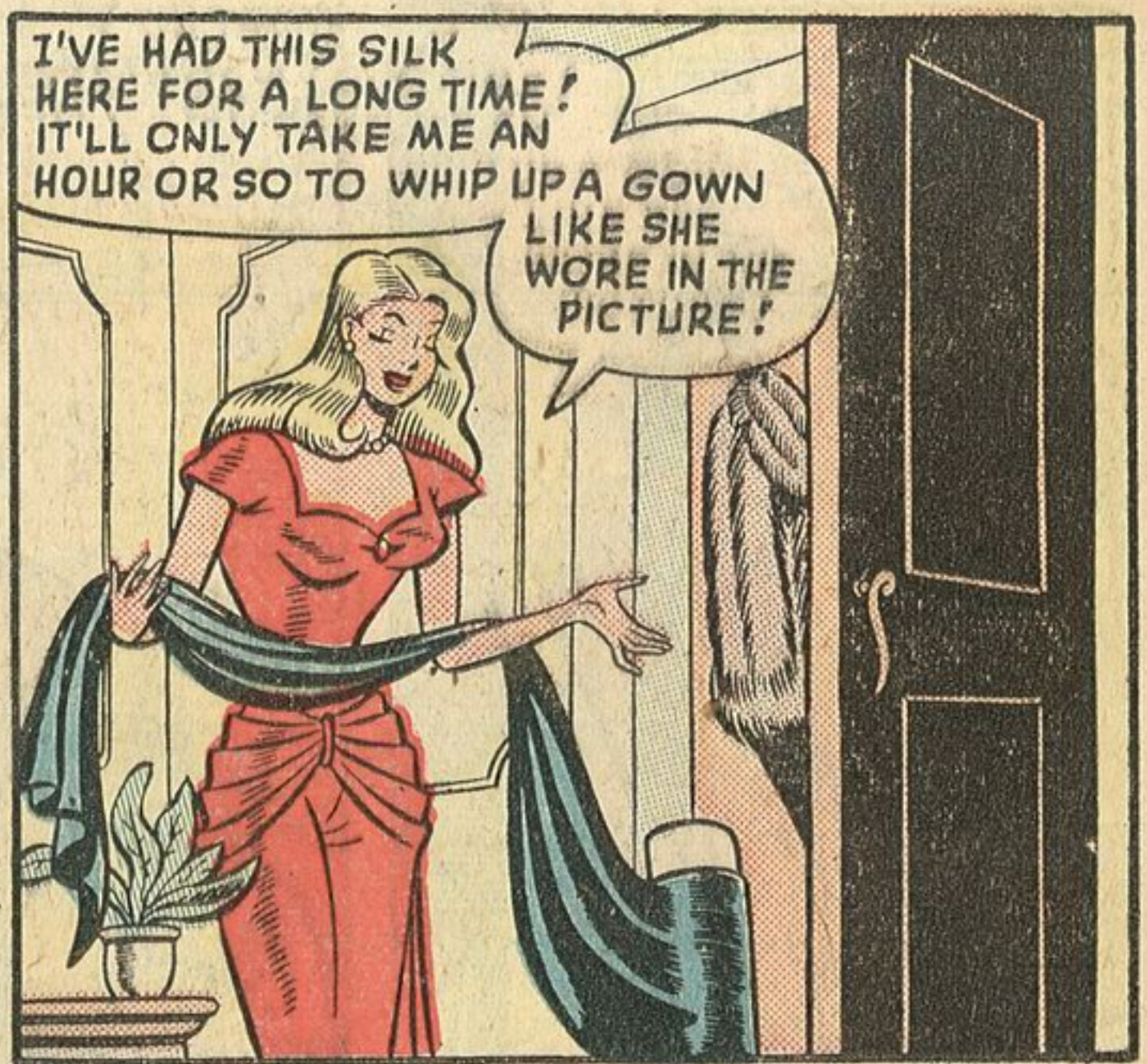
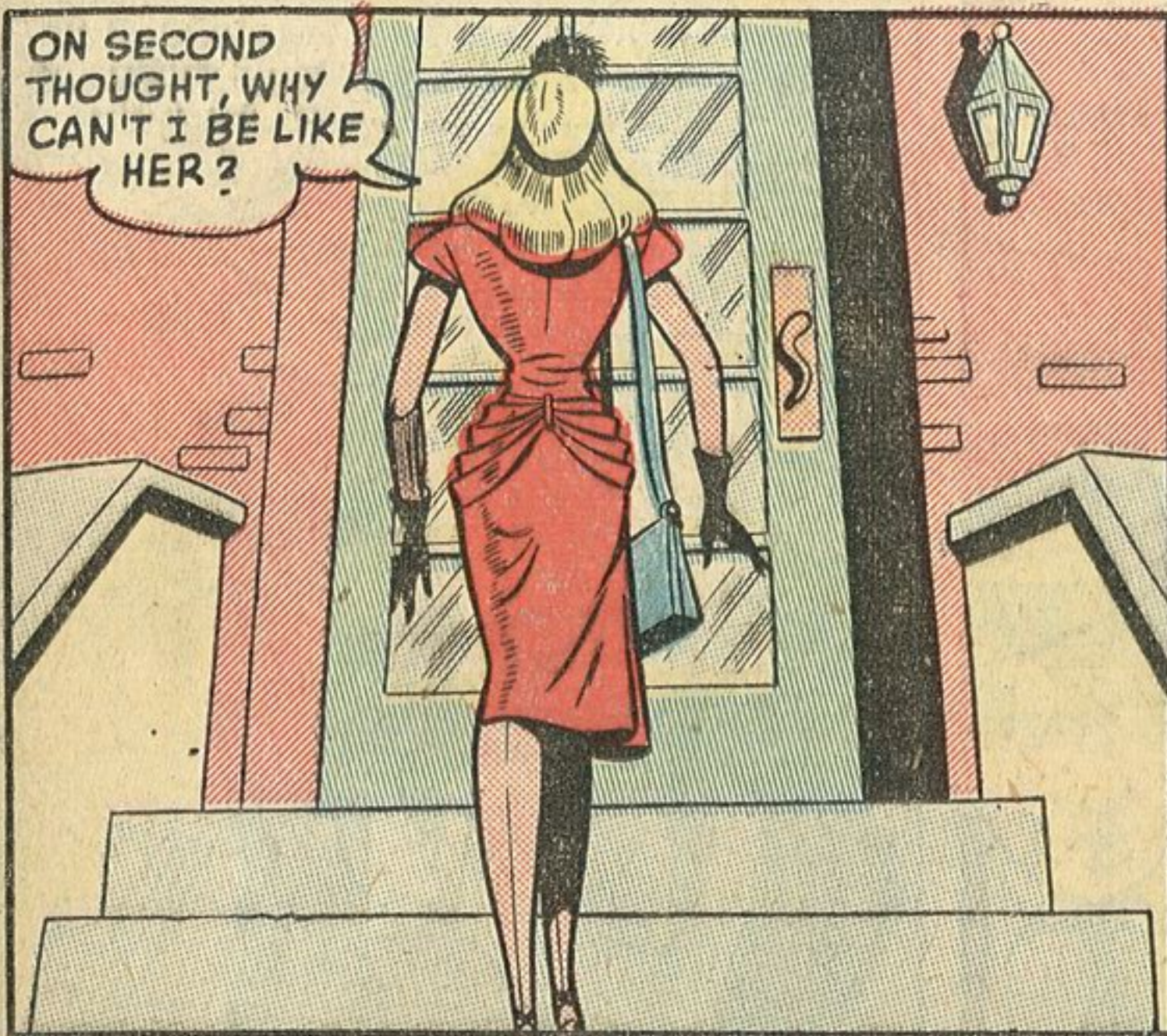


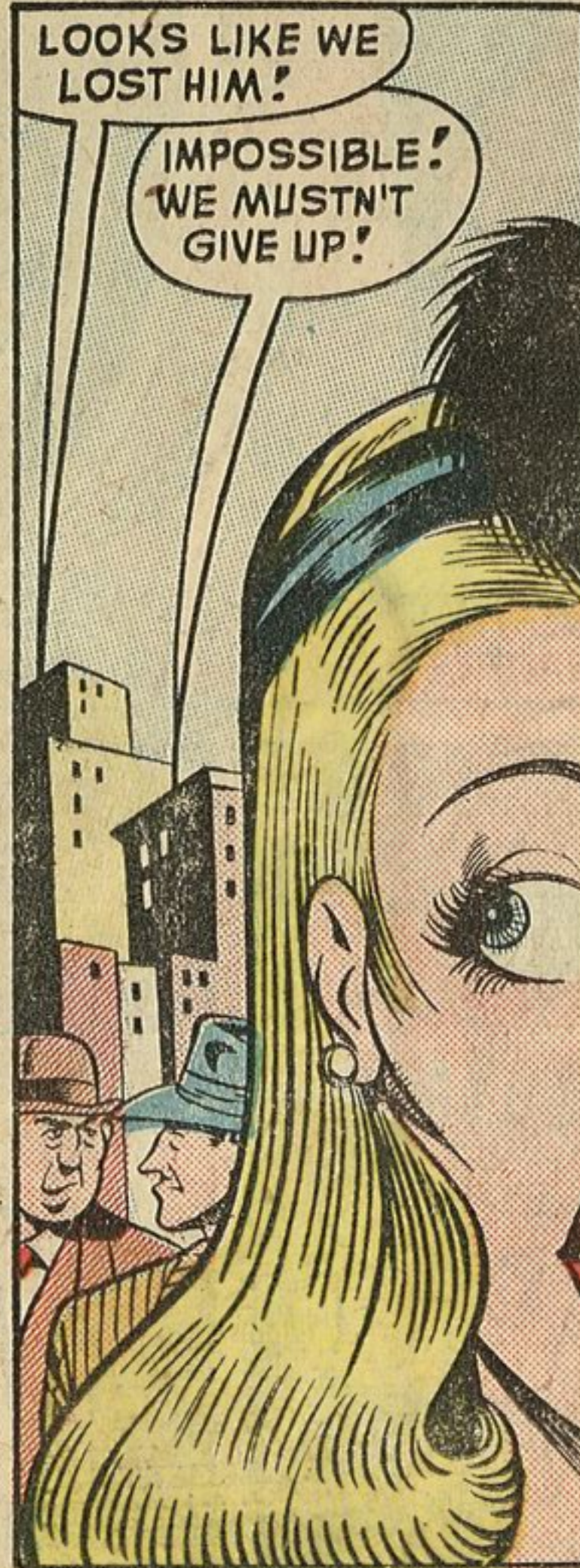
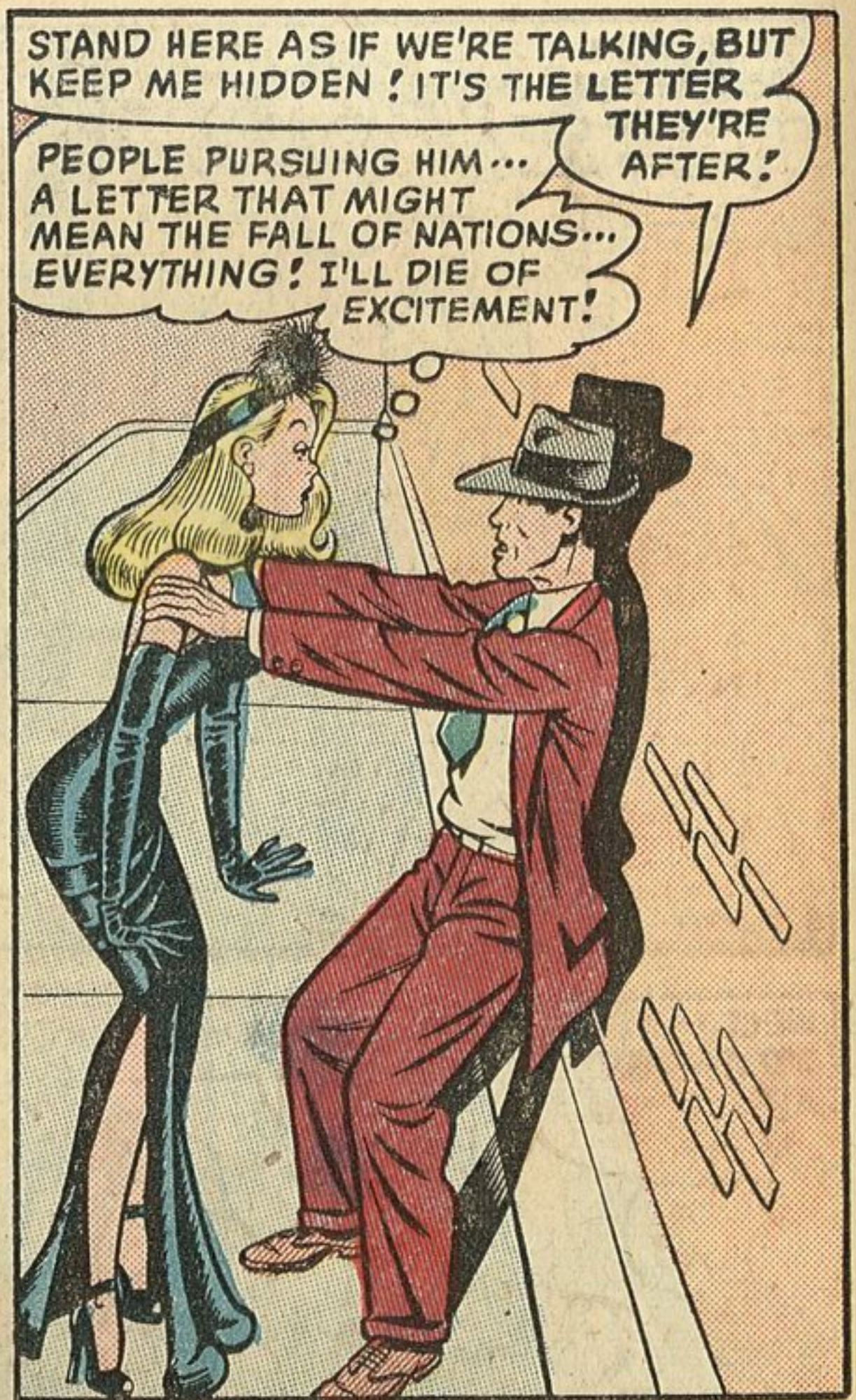
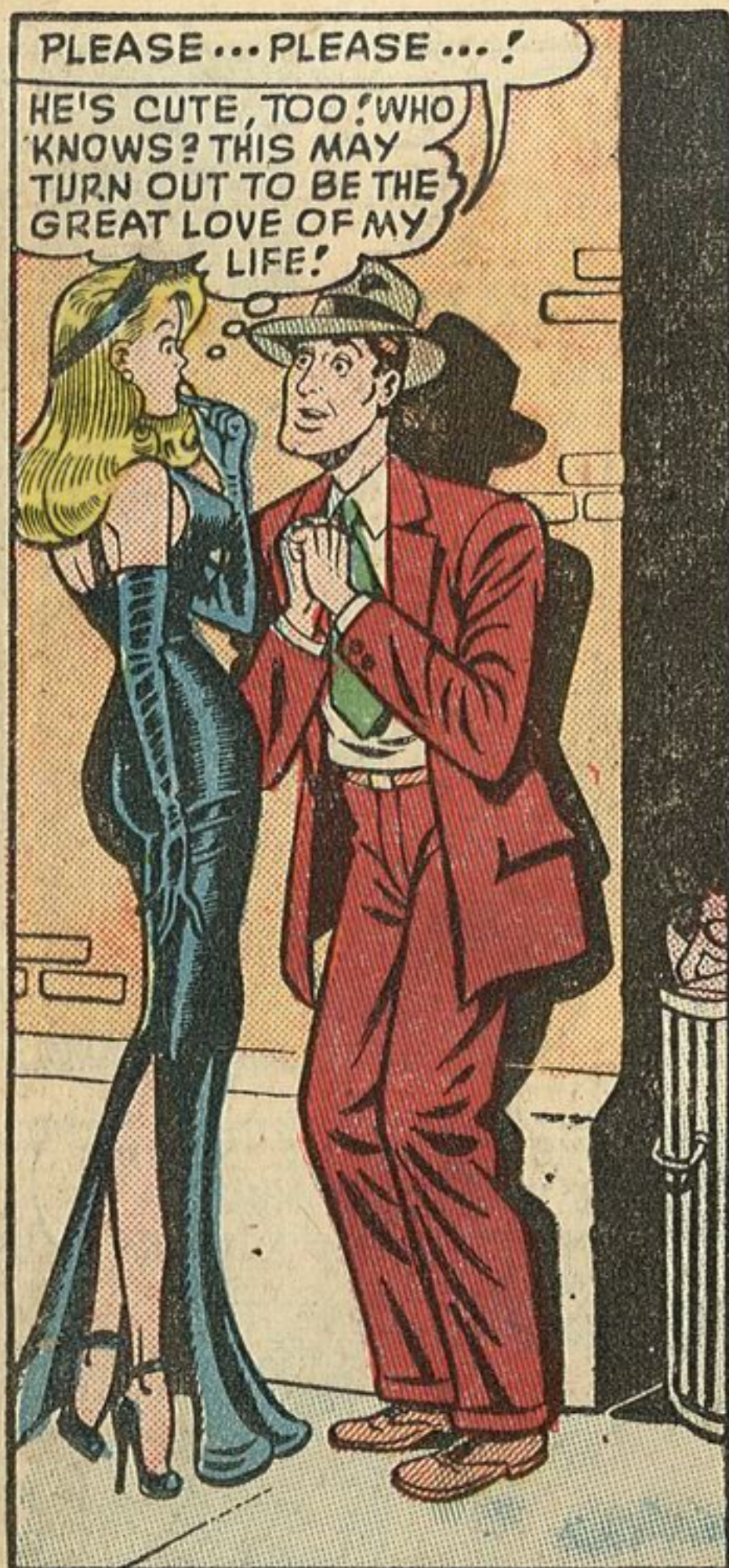


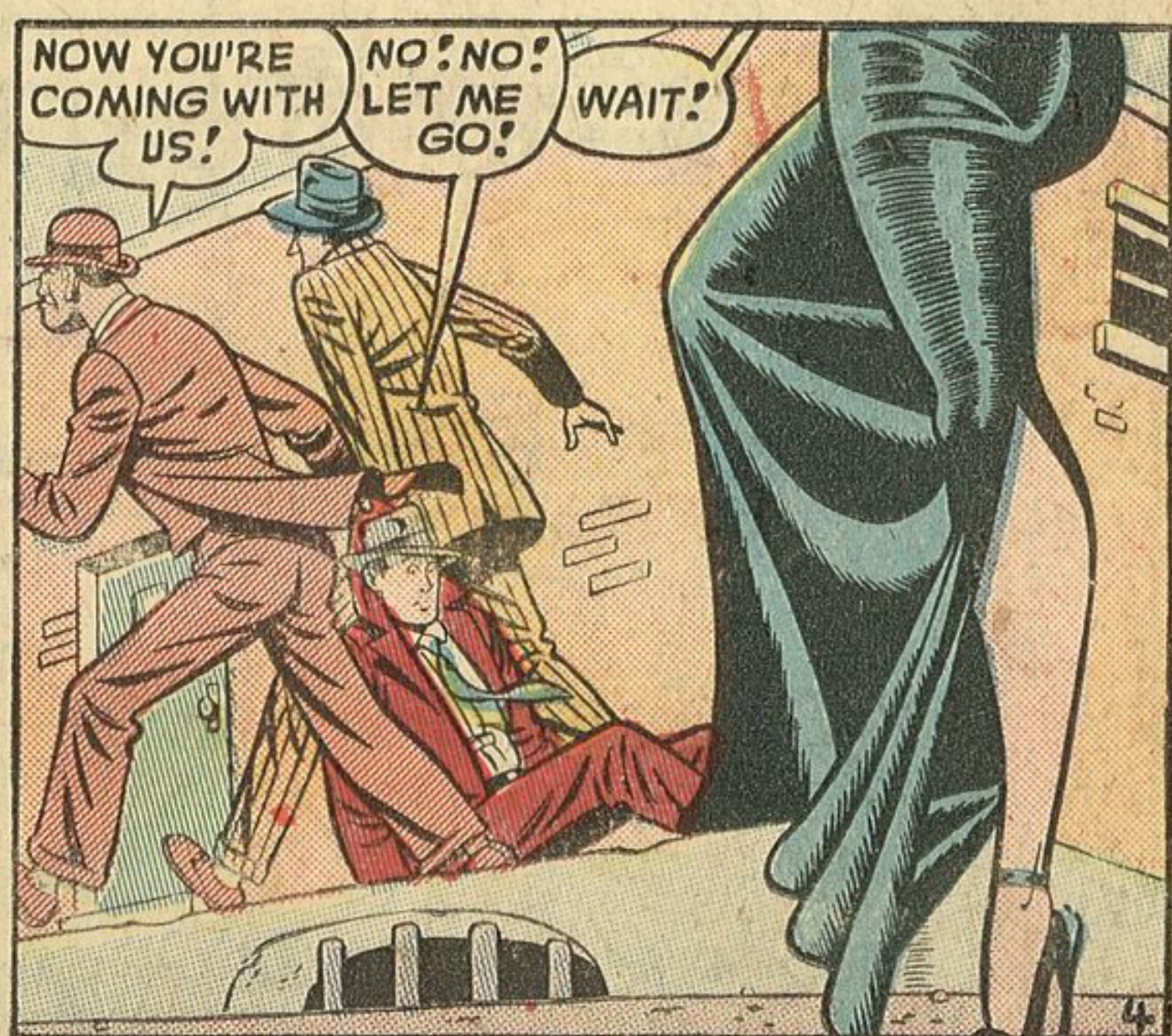
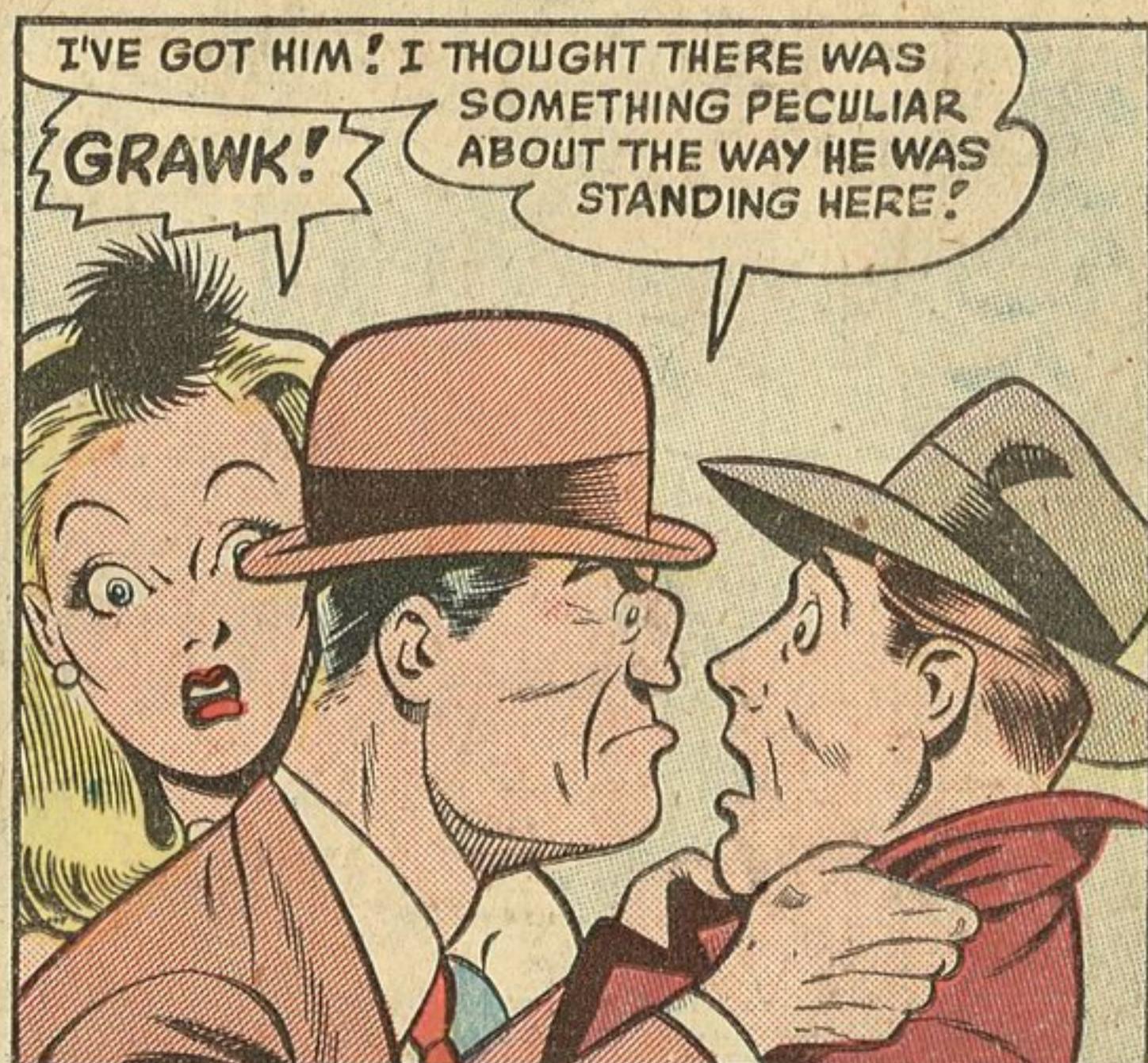


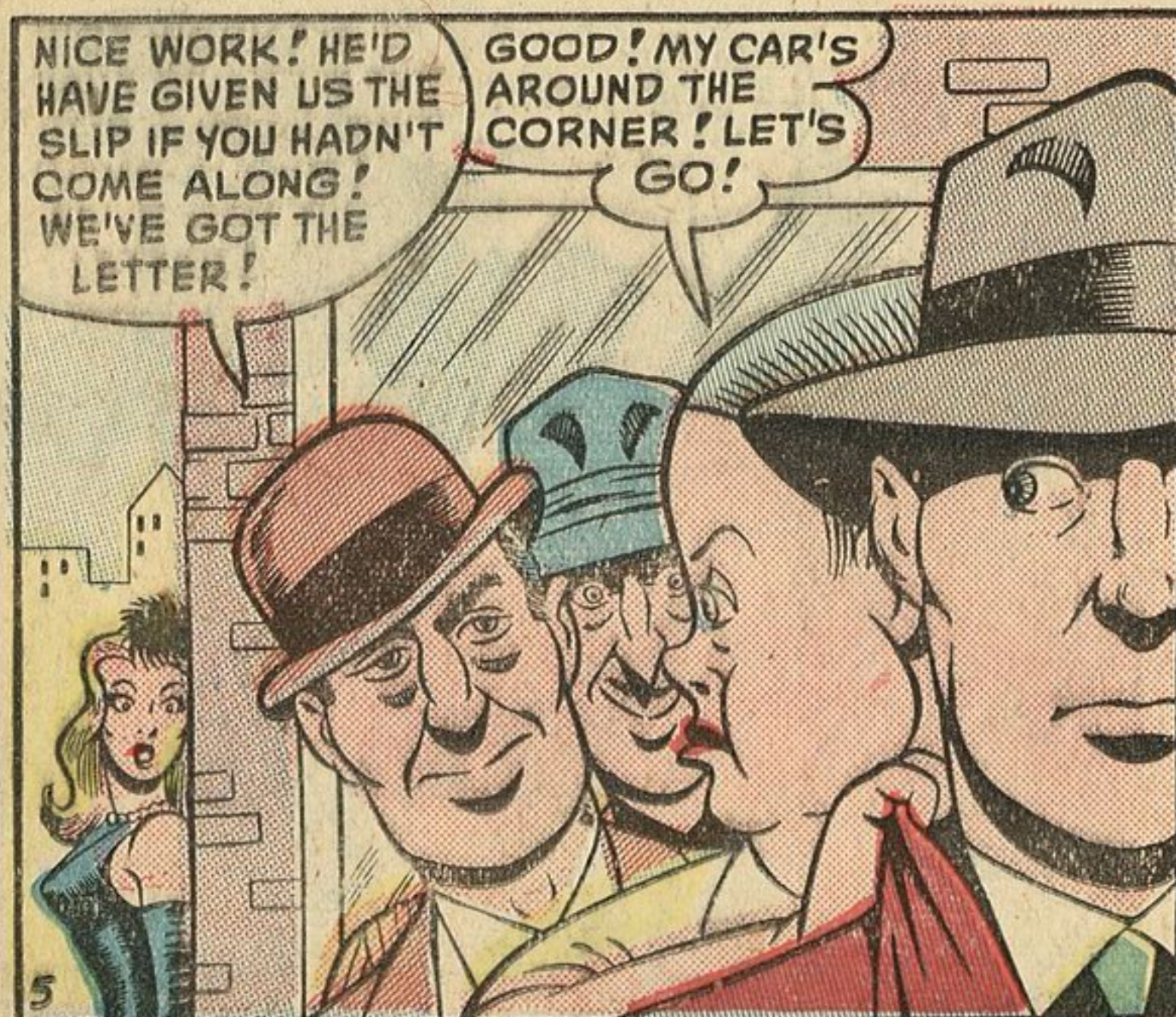
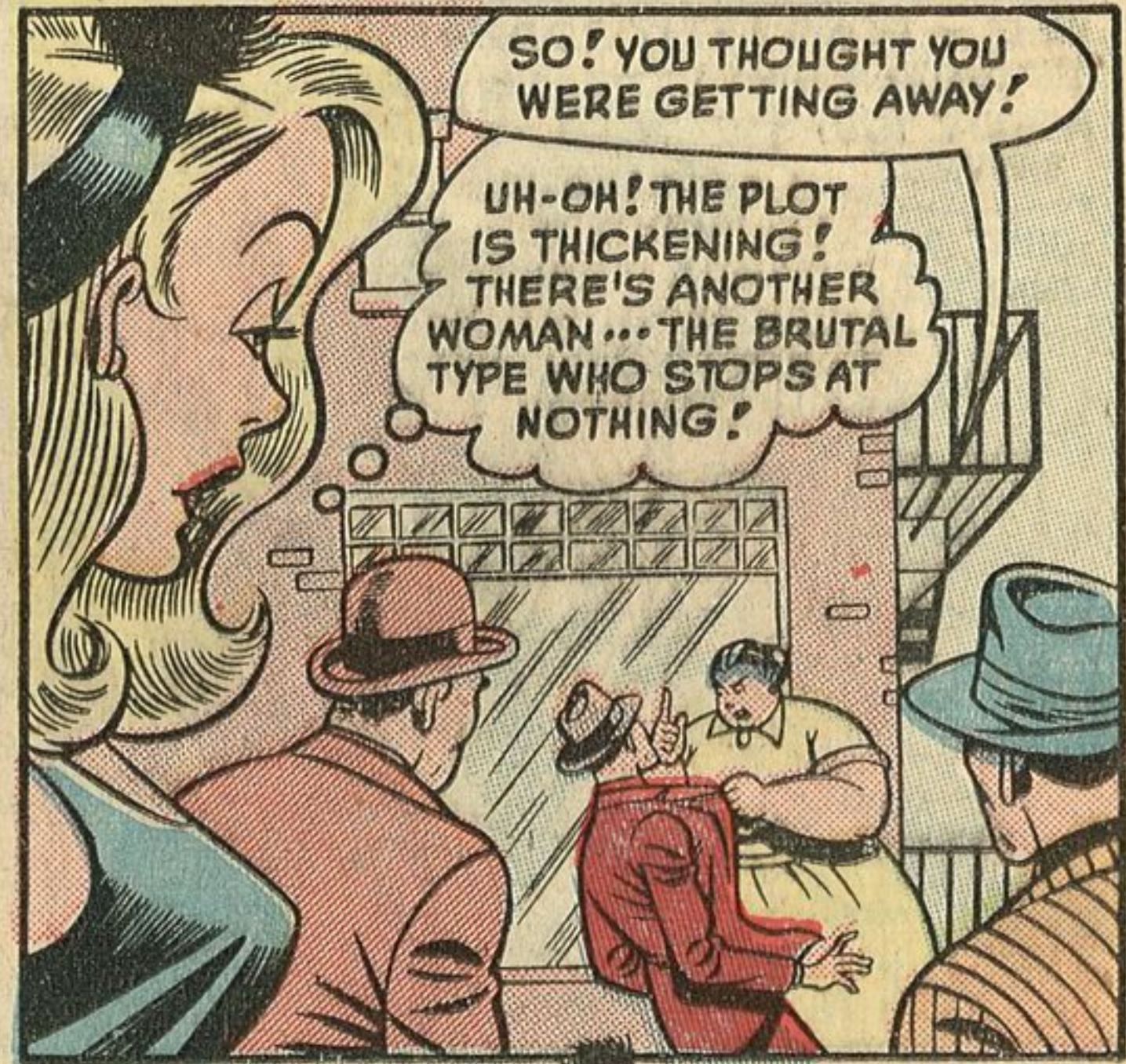
TORCHY

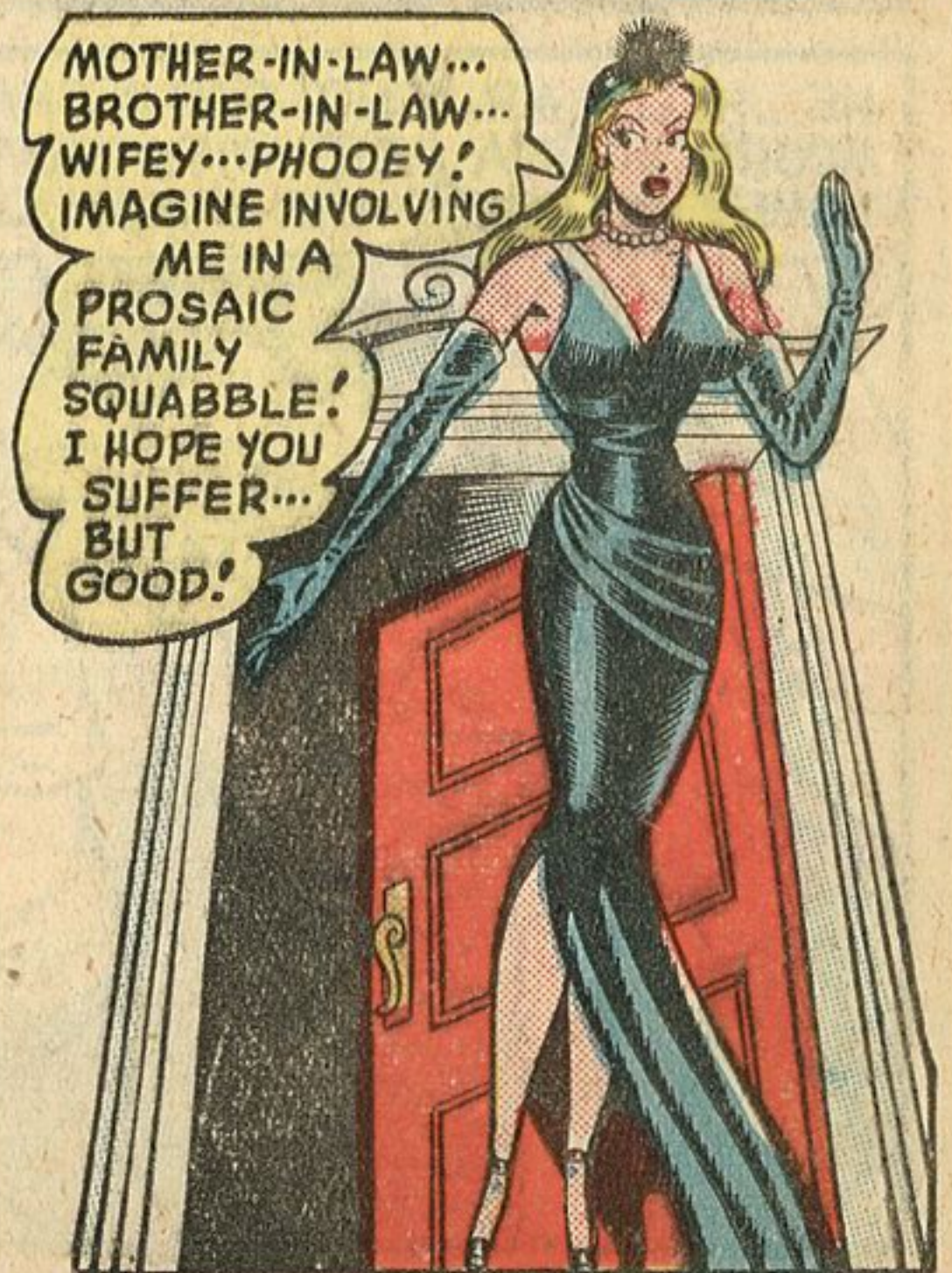
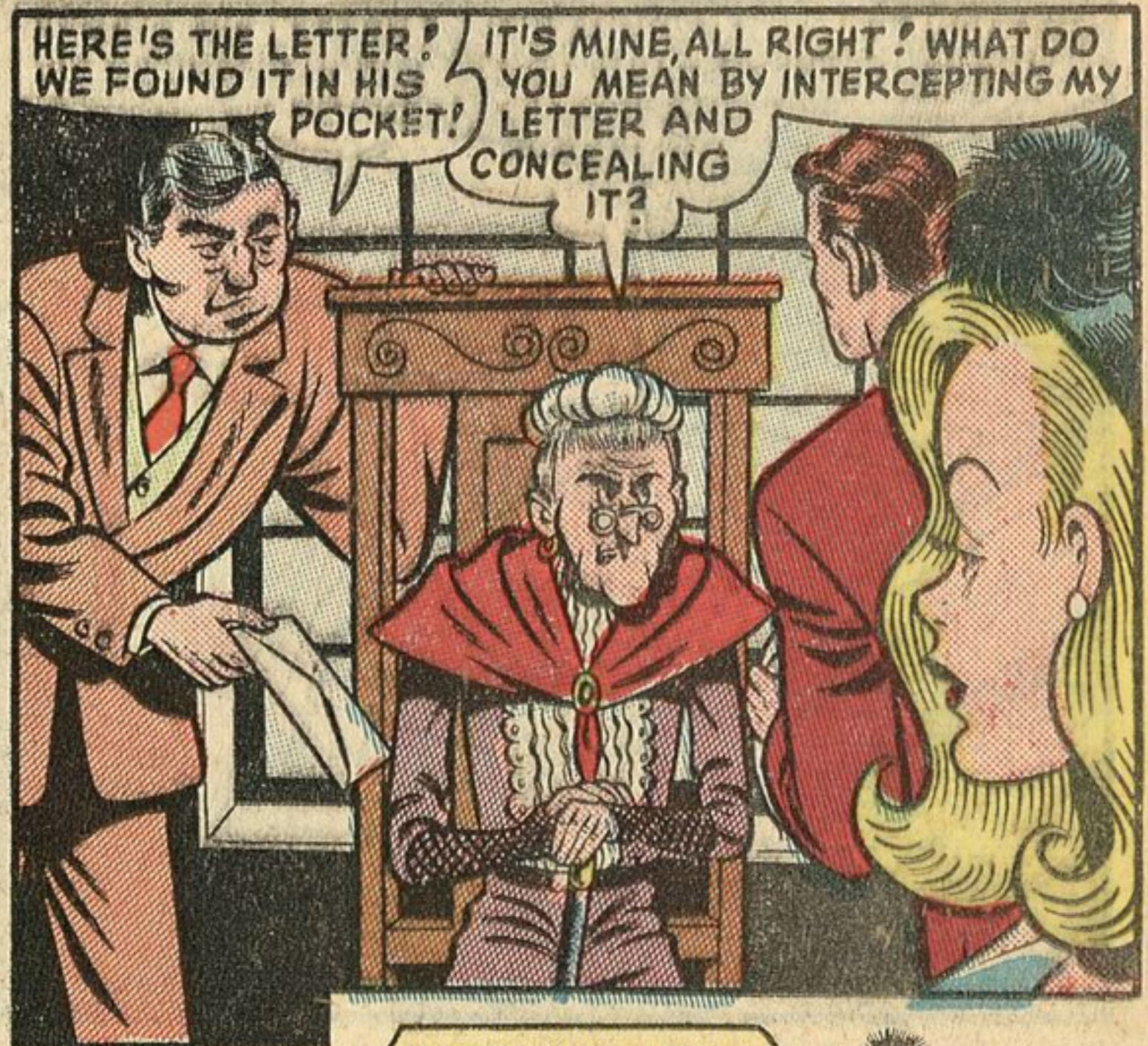
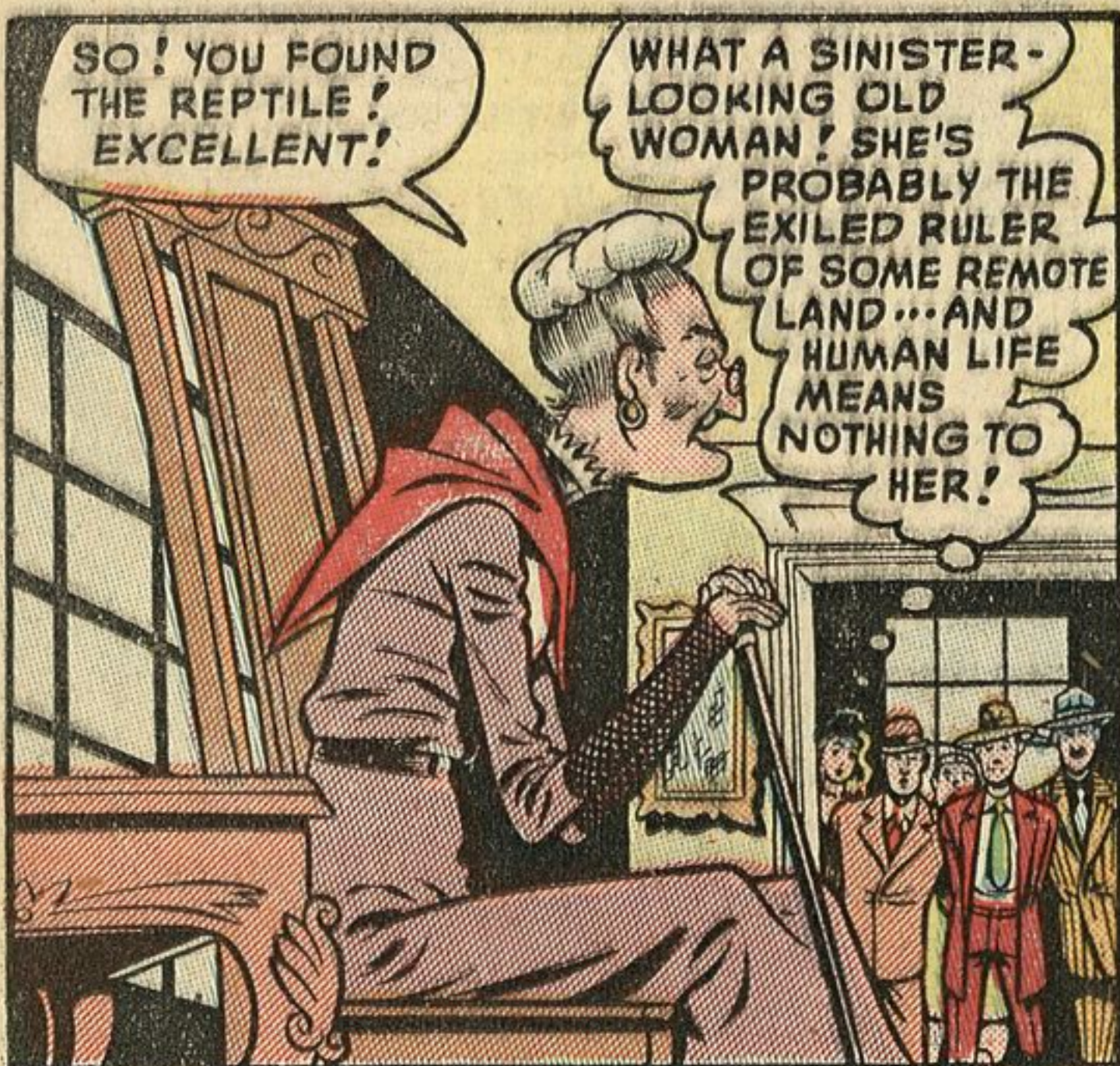
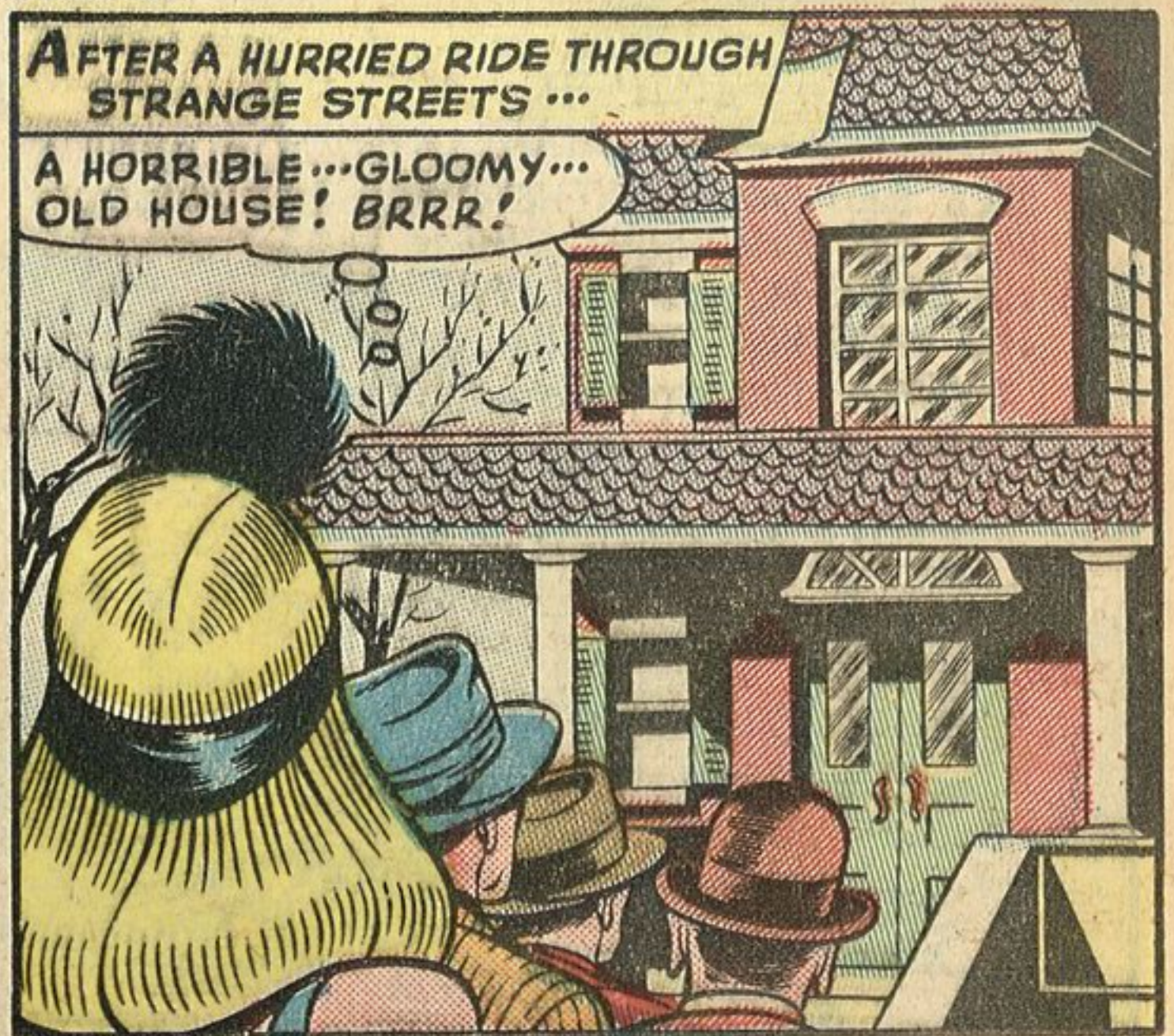




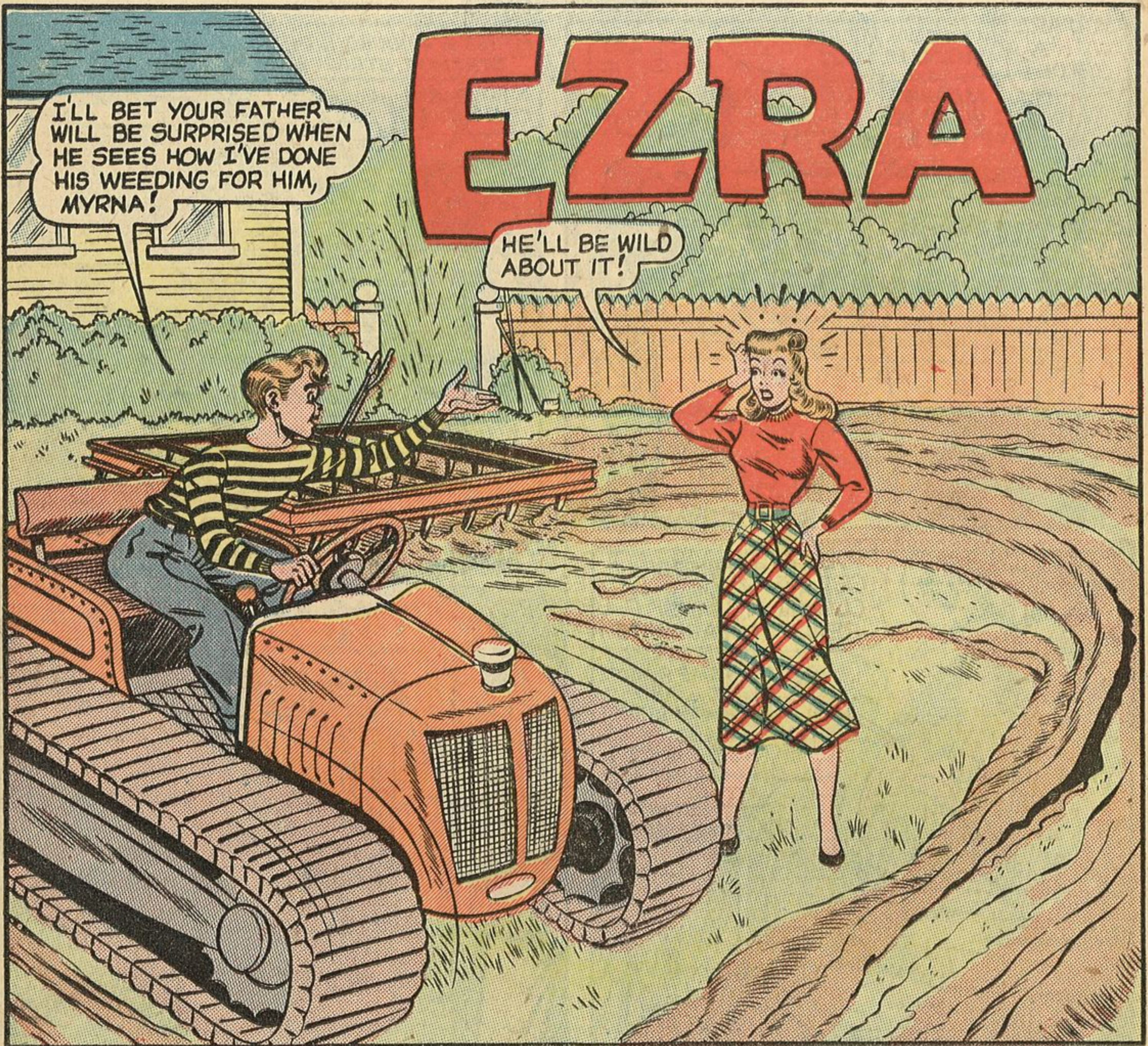






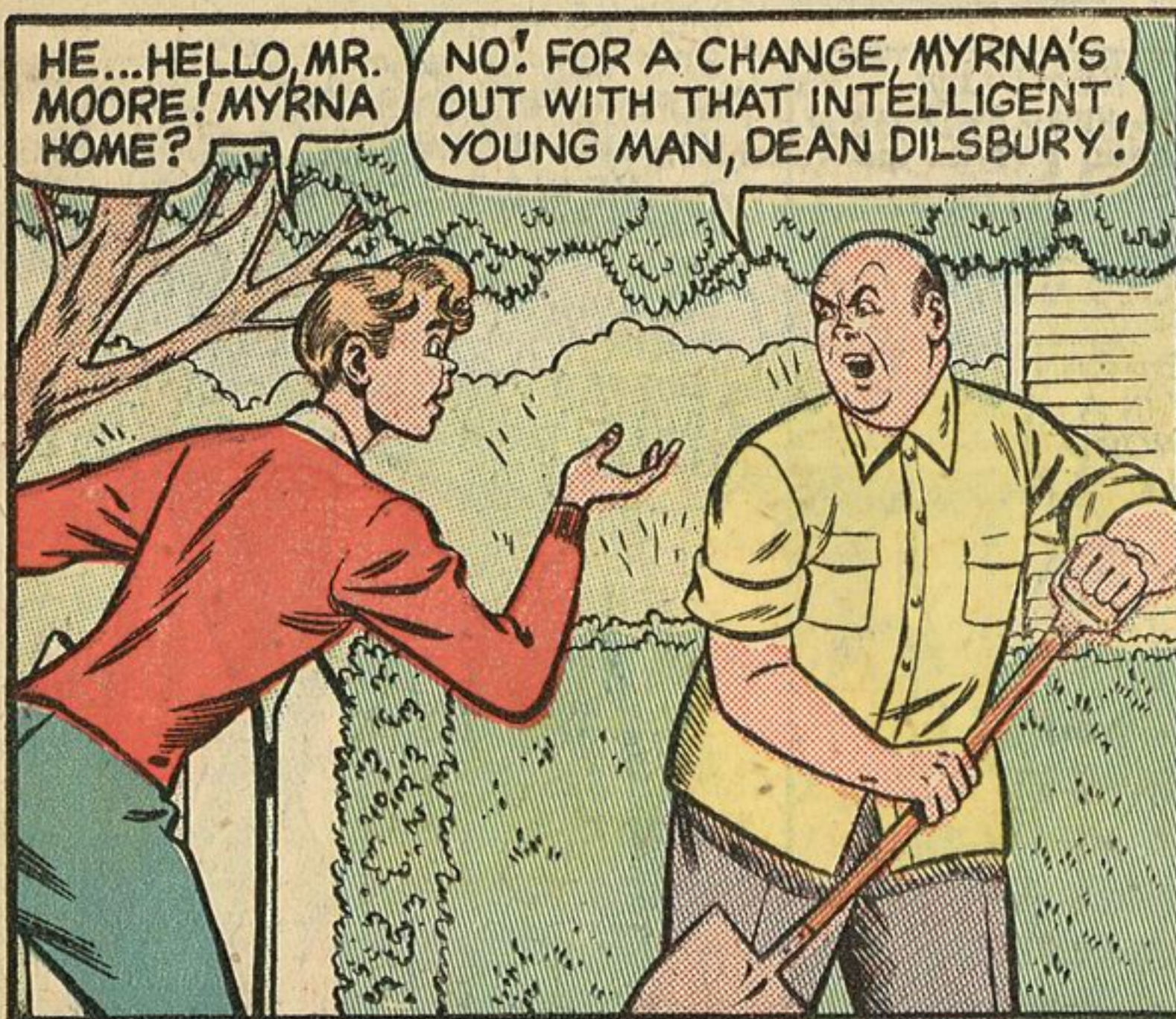


EZRA



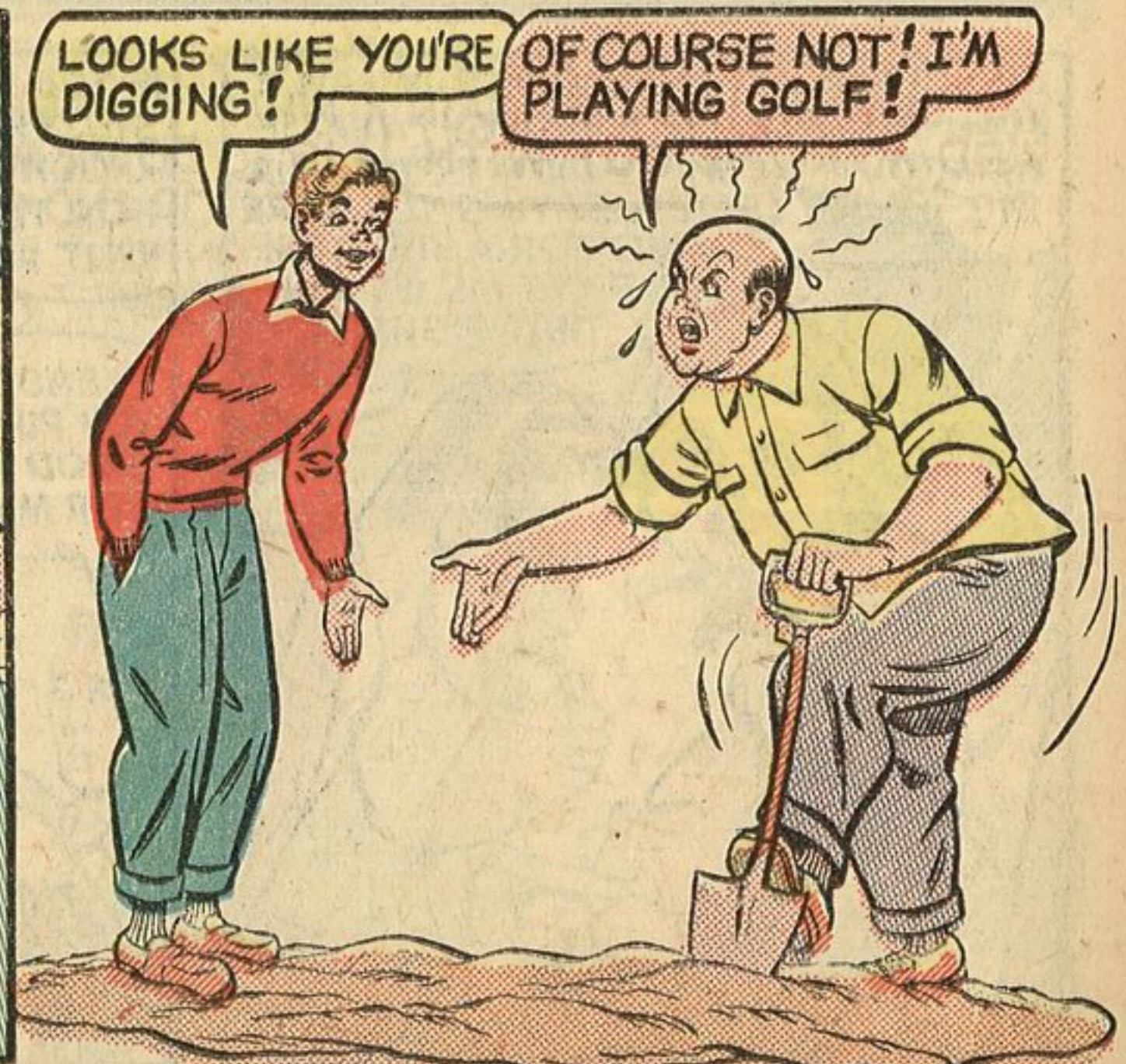
I'LL BET YOUR FATHER
WILL BE SURPRISED WHEN
HE SEES HOW I'VE DONE
HIS WEEDING FOR HIM,
MYRNA!

HE'LL BE WILD
ABOUT IT!



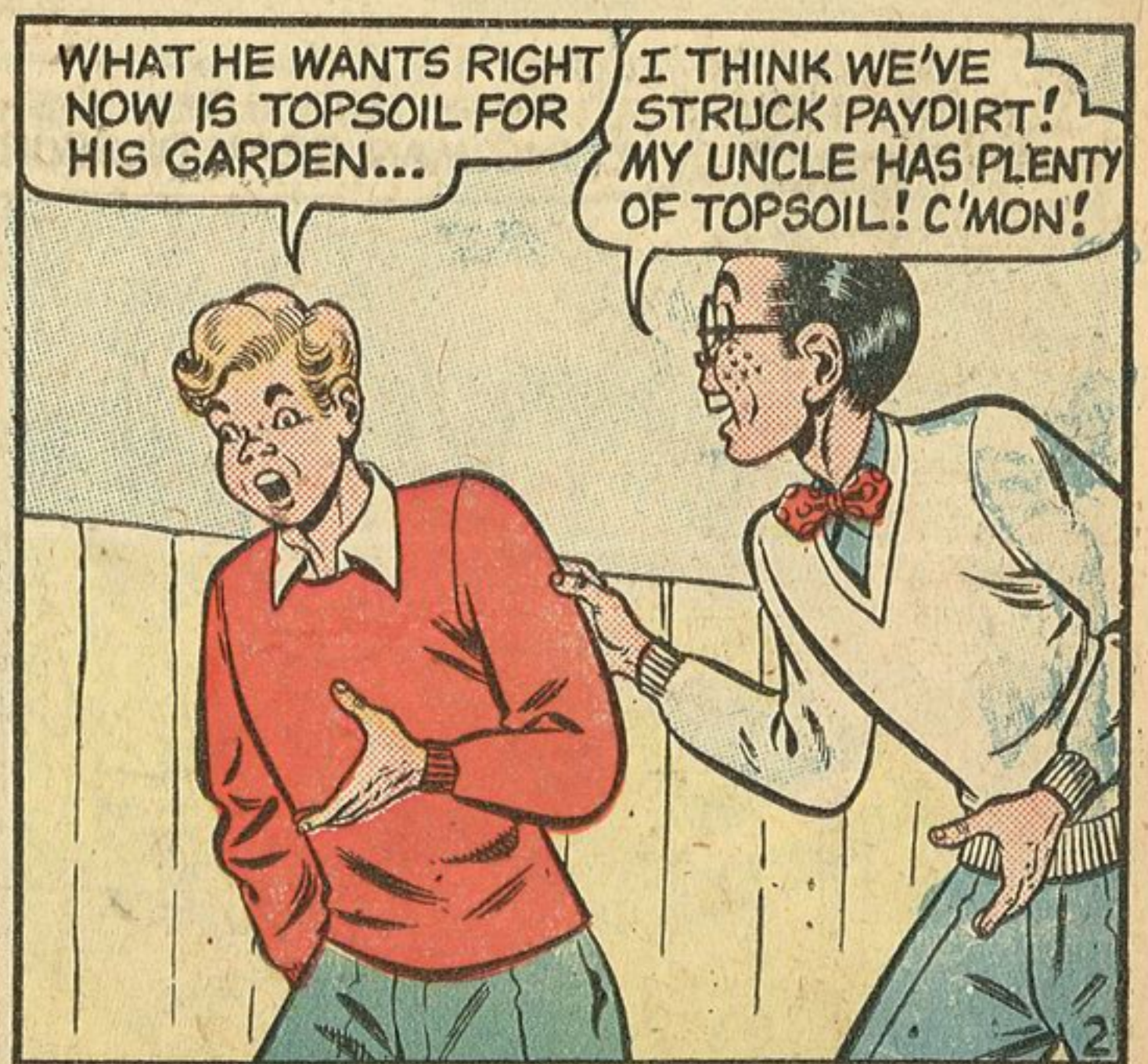
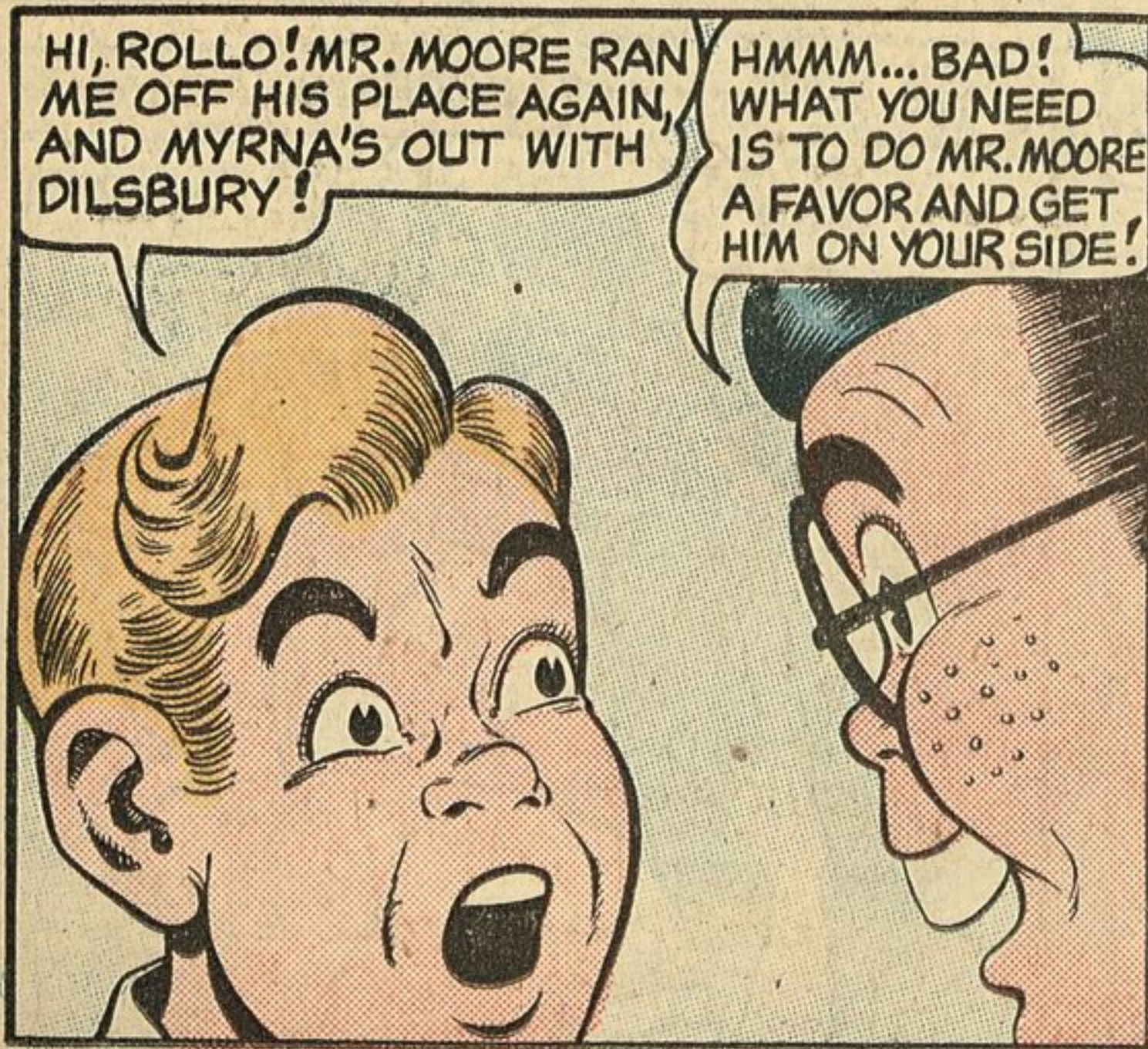
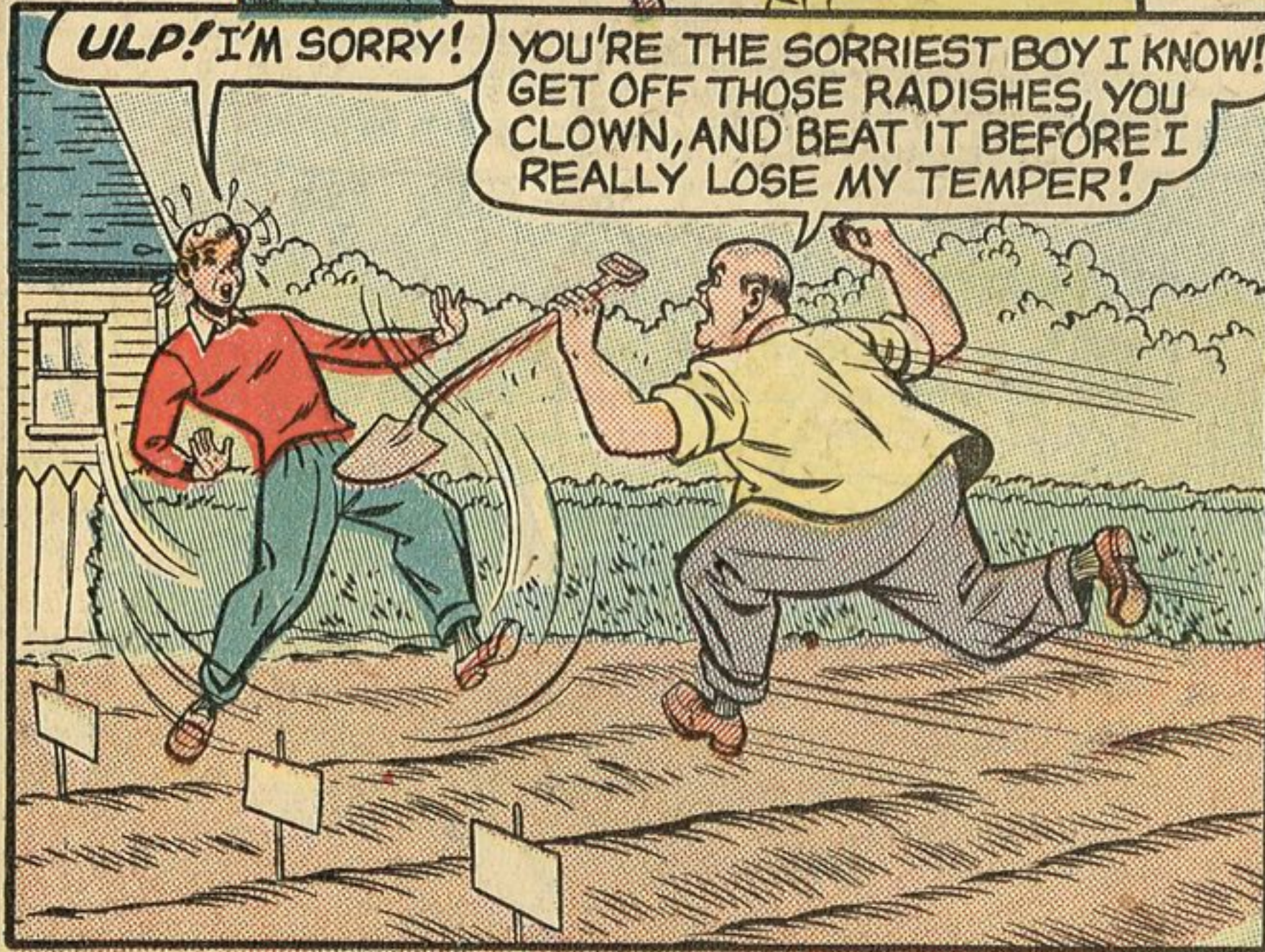
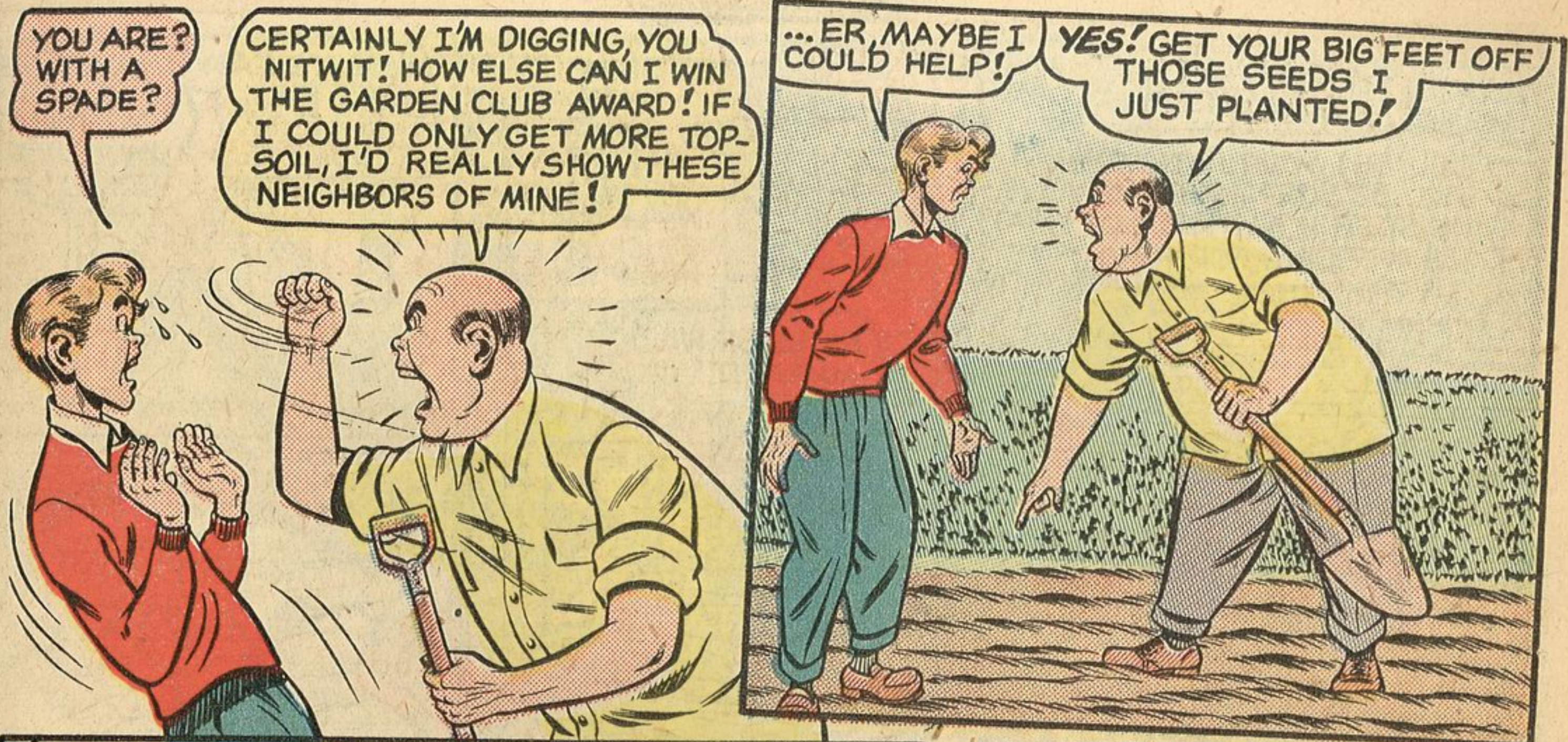
HE...HELLO, MR.
MOORE! MYRNA
HOME?

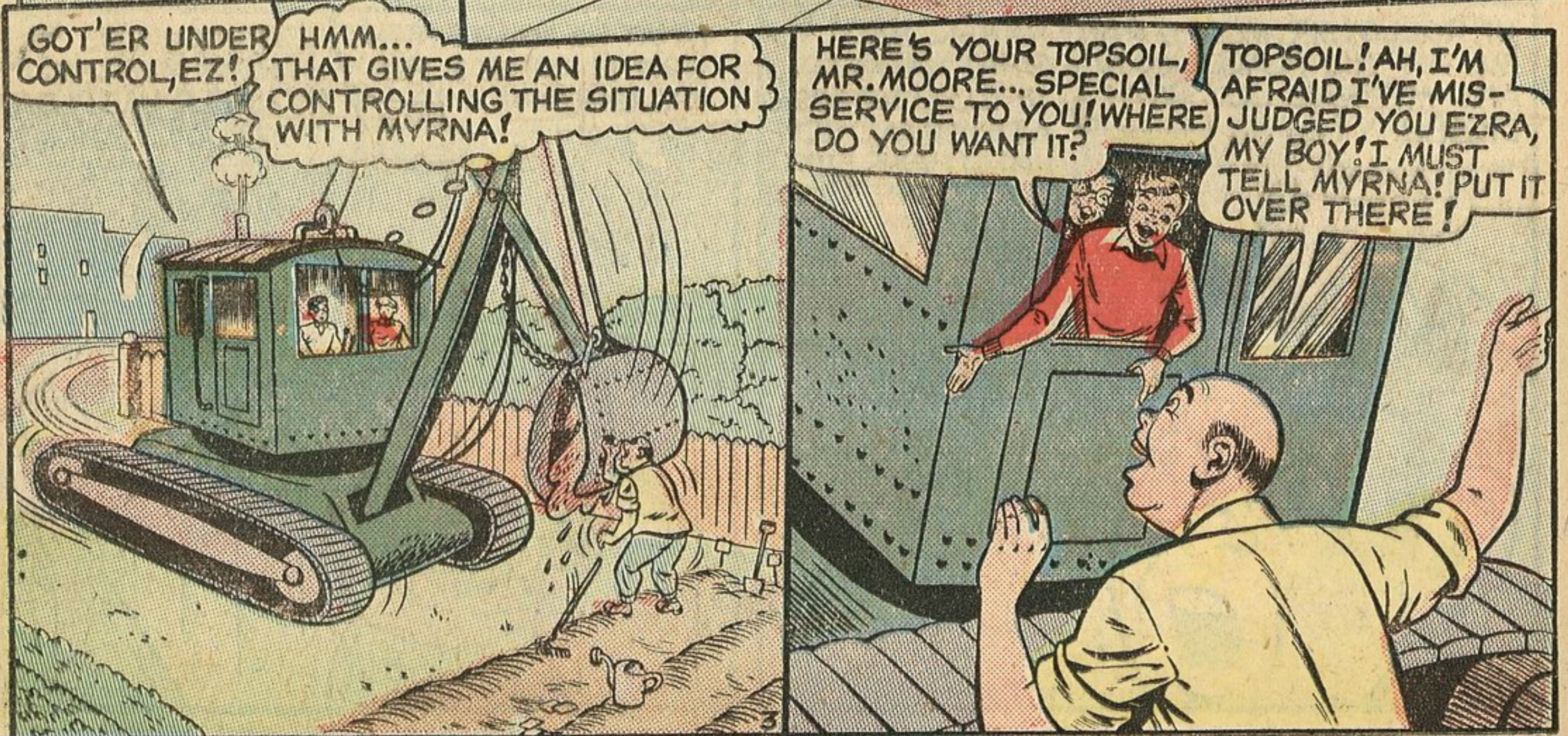
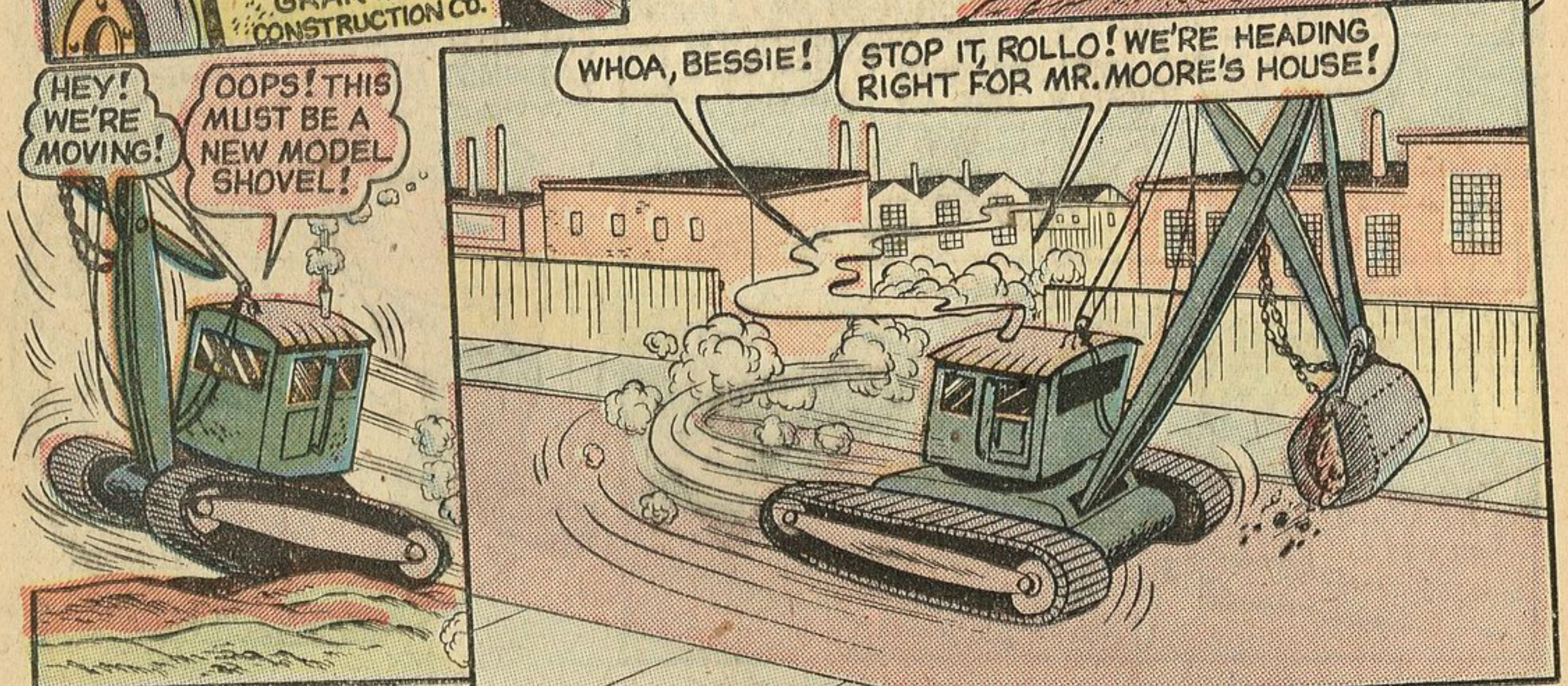
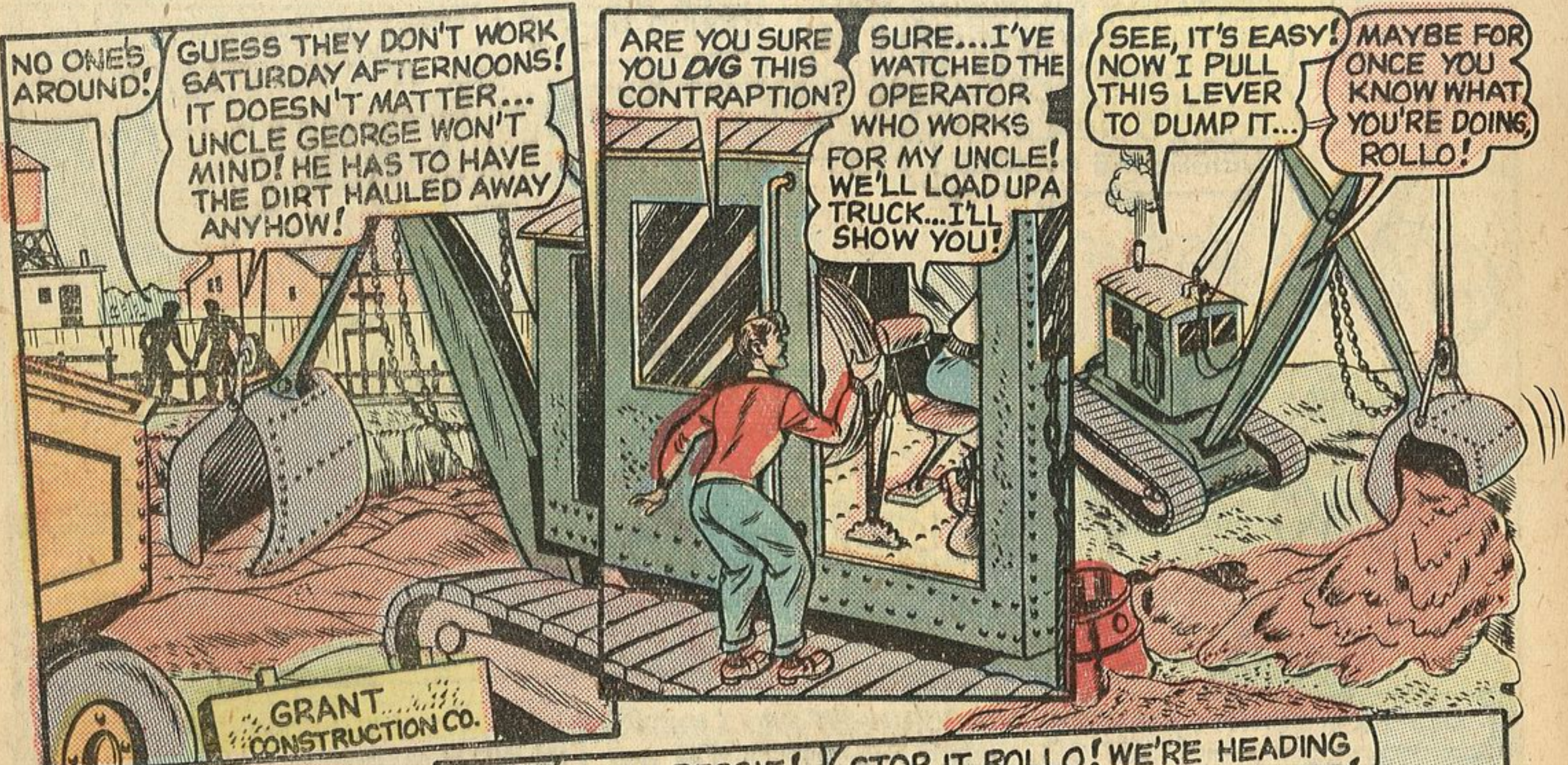
NO! FOR A CHANGE, MYRNA'S
OUT WITH THAT INTELLIGENT
YOUNG MAN, DEAN DILSBURY!

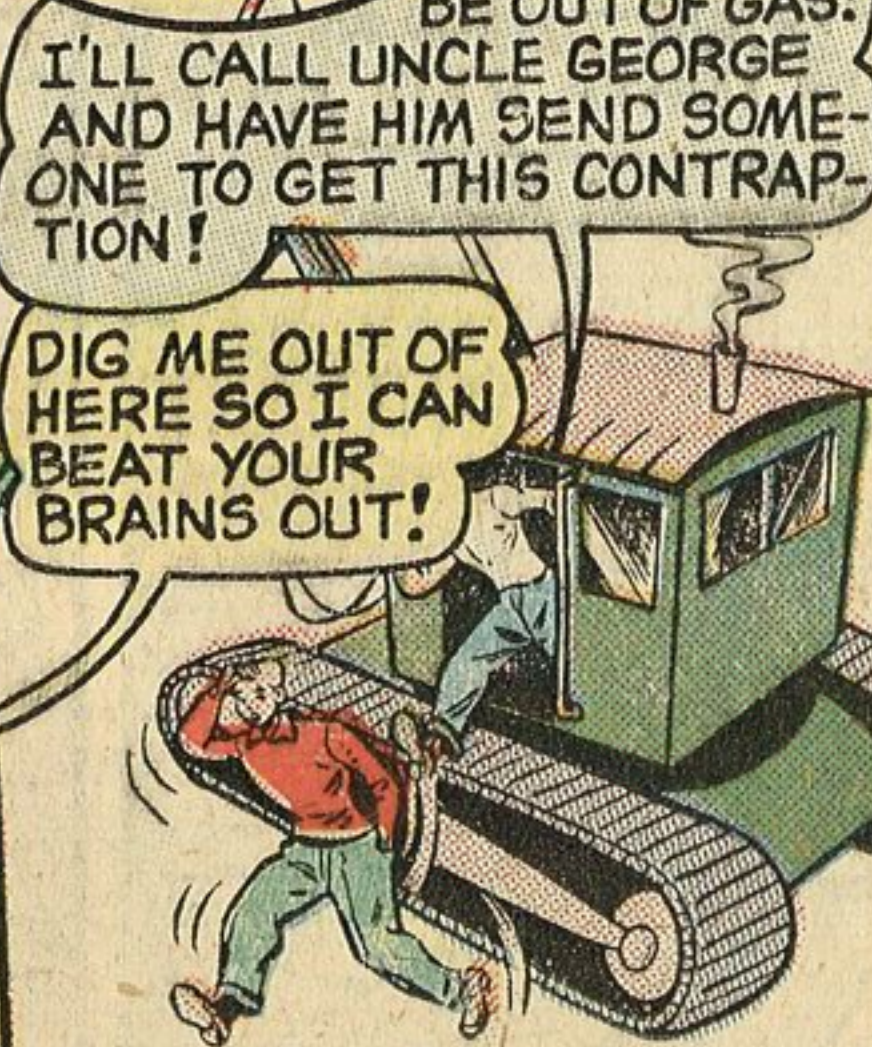
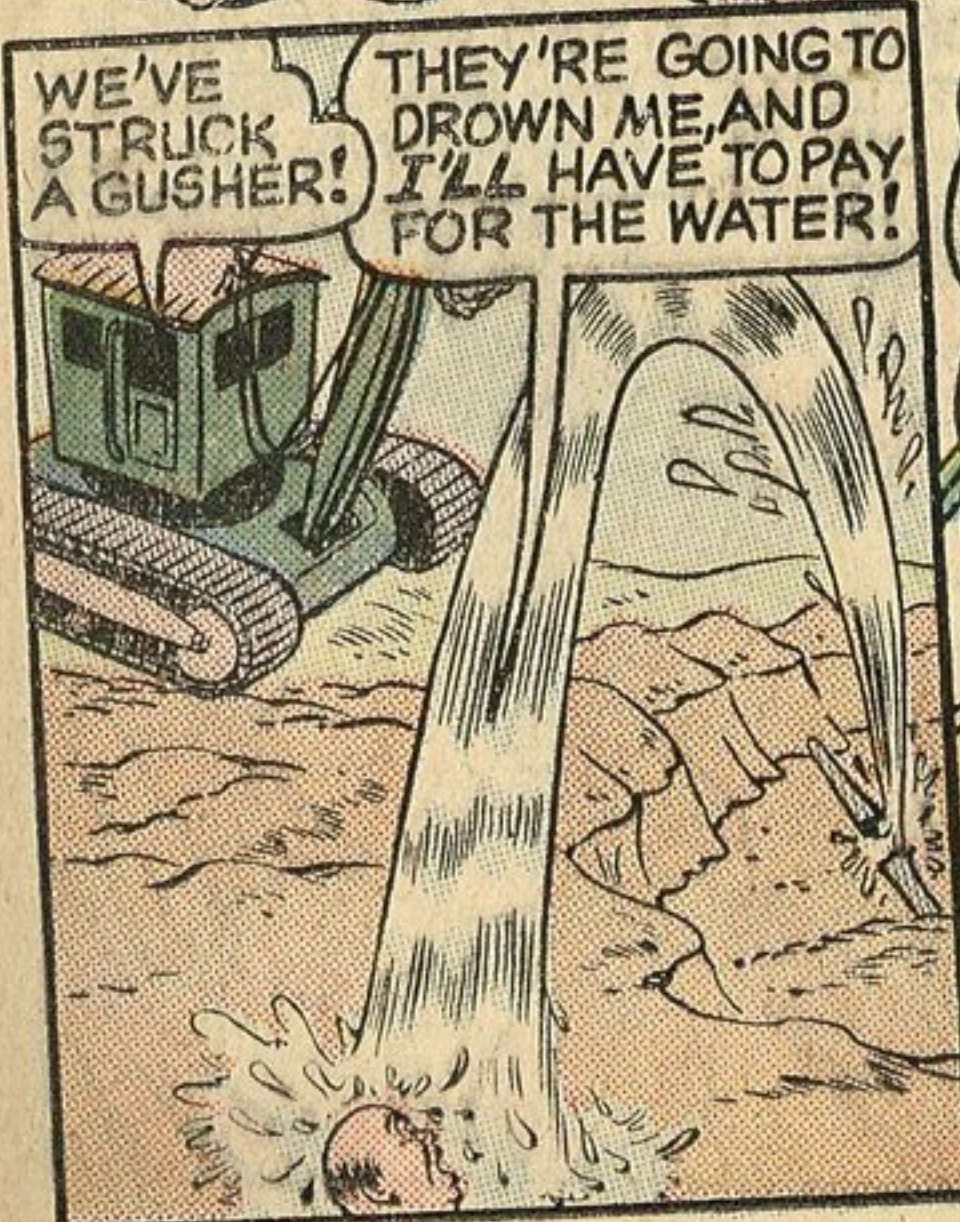
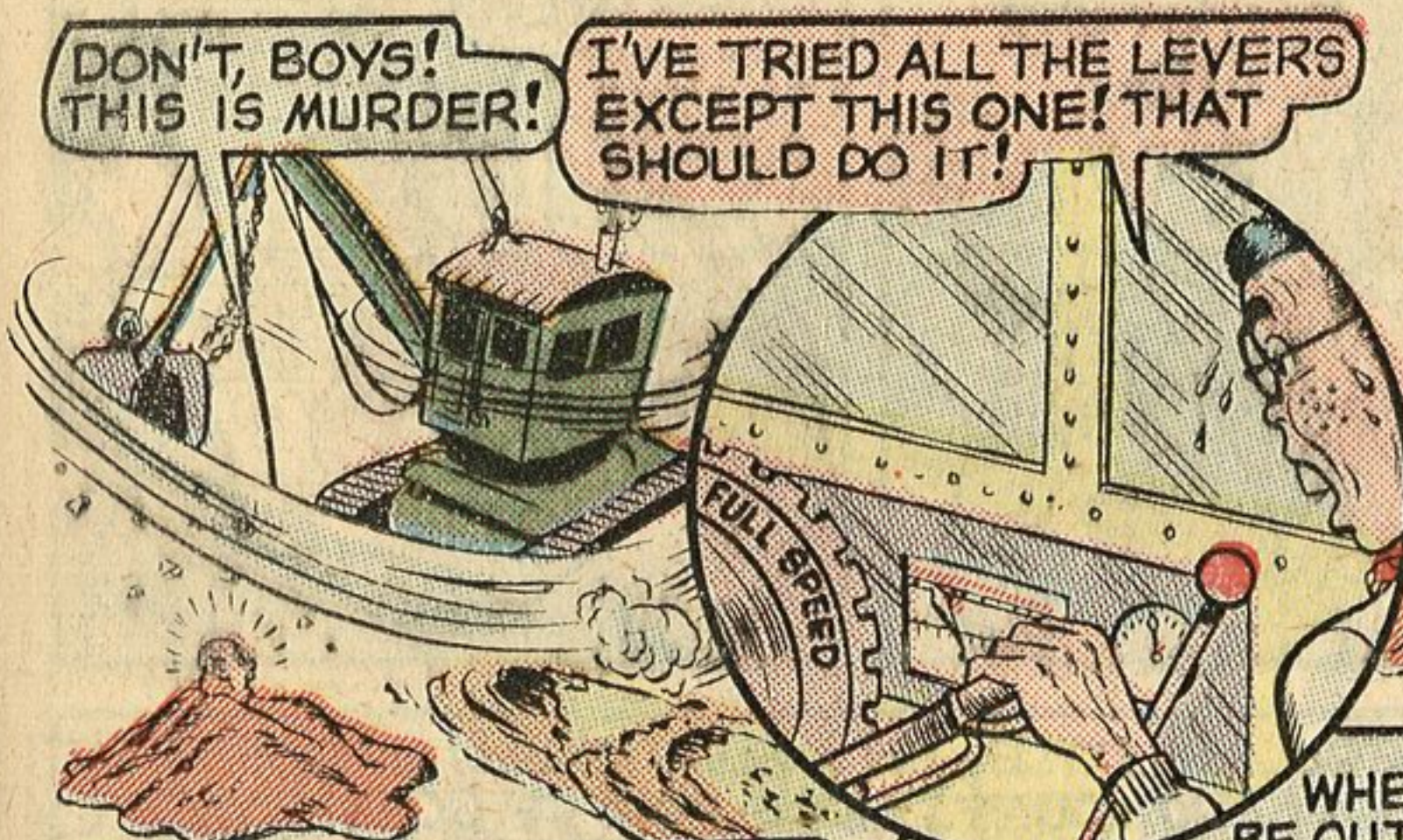
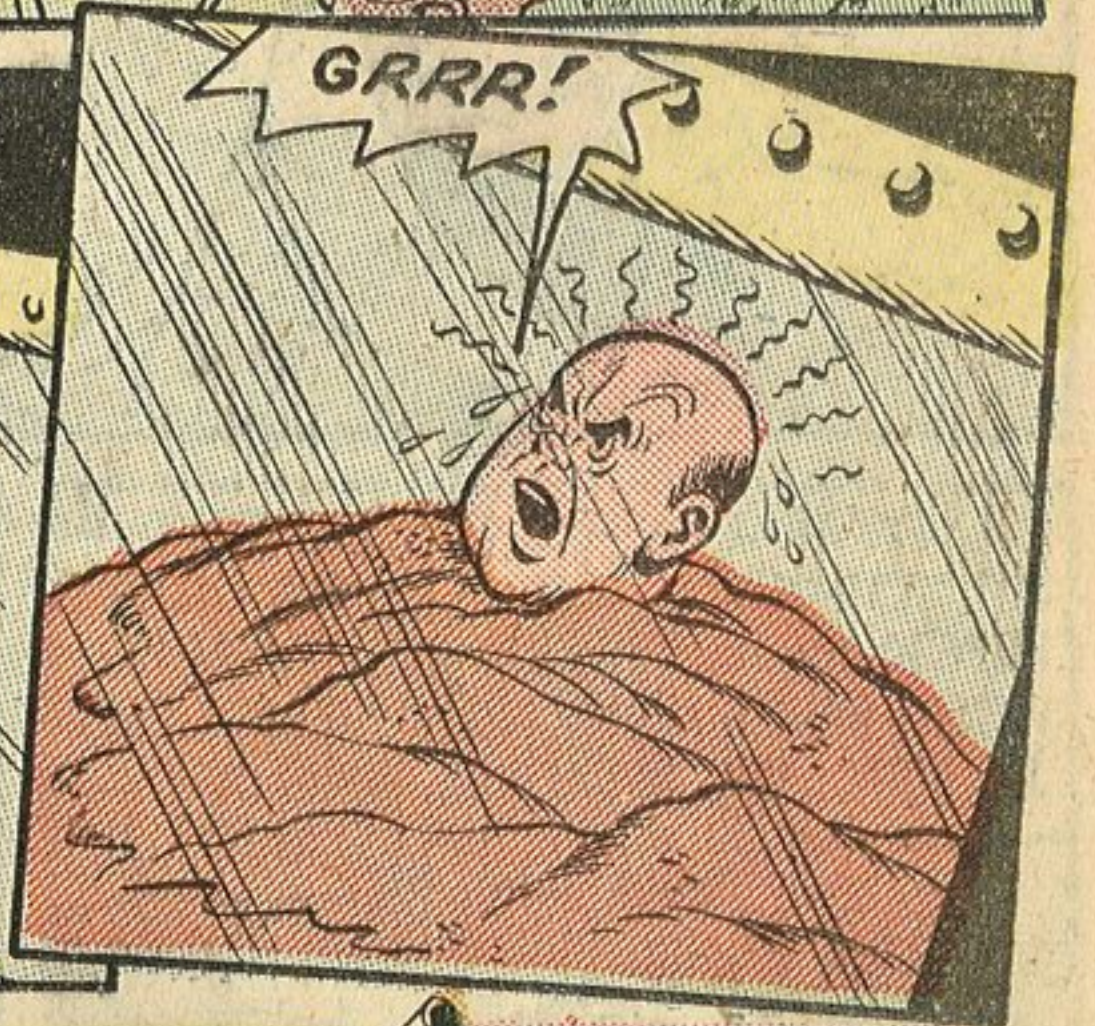
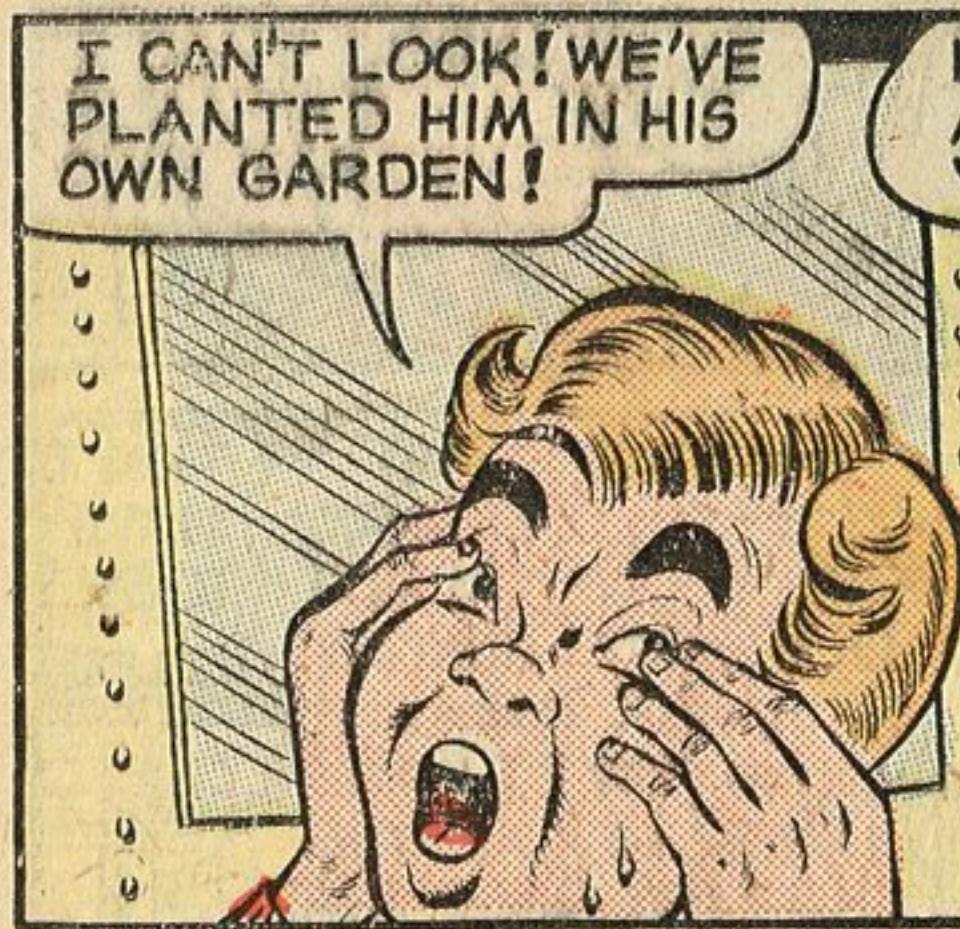


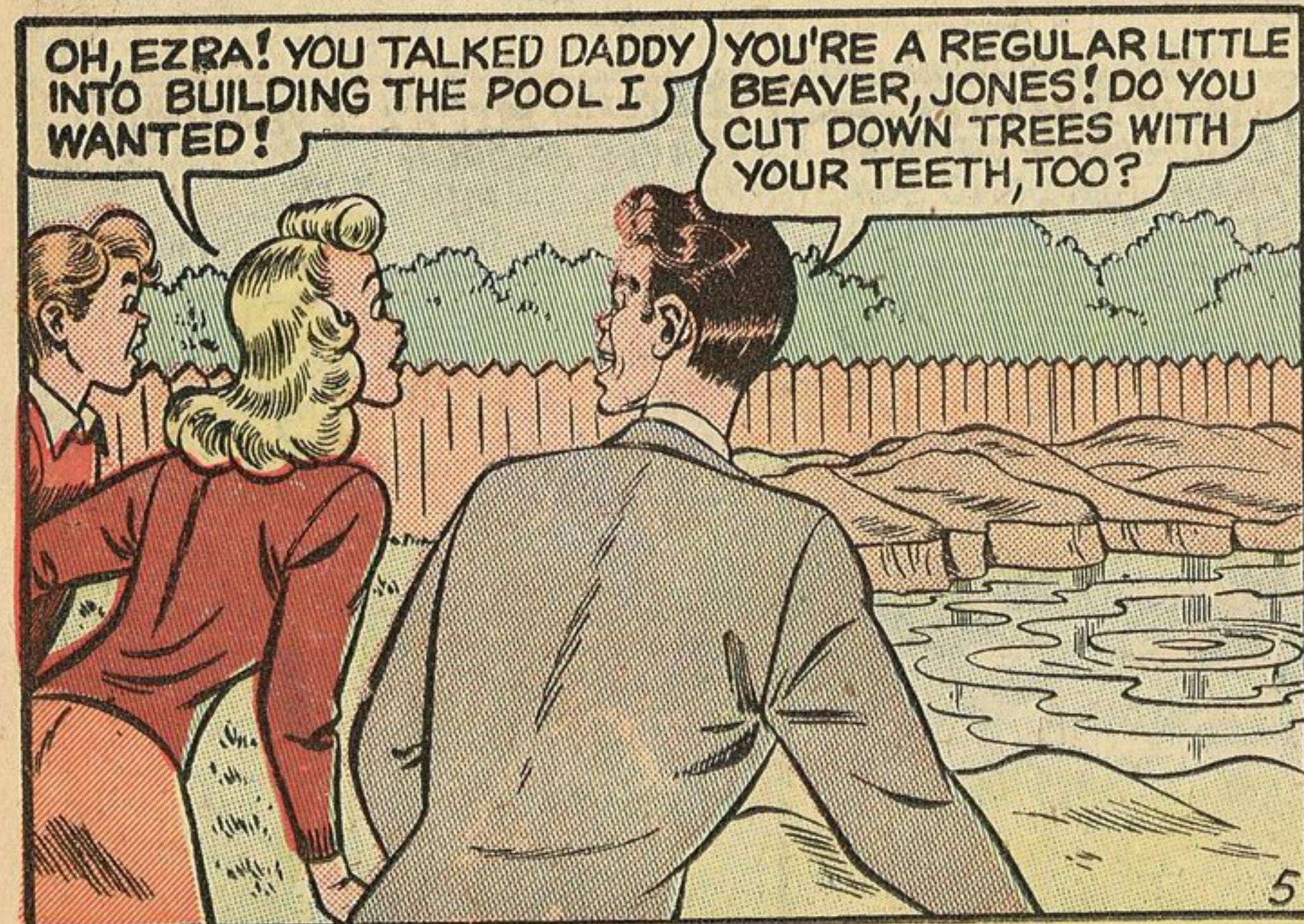
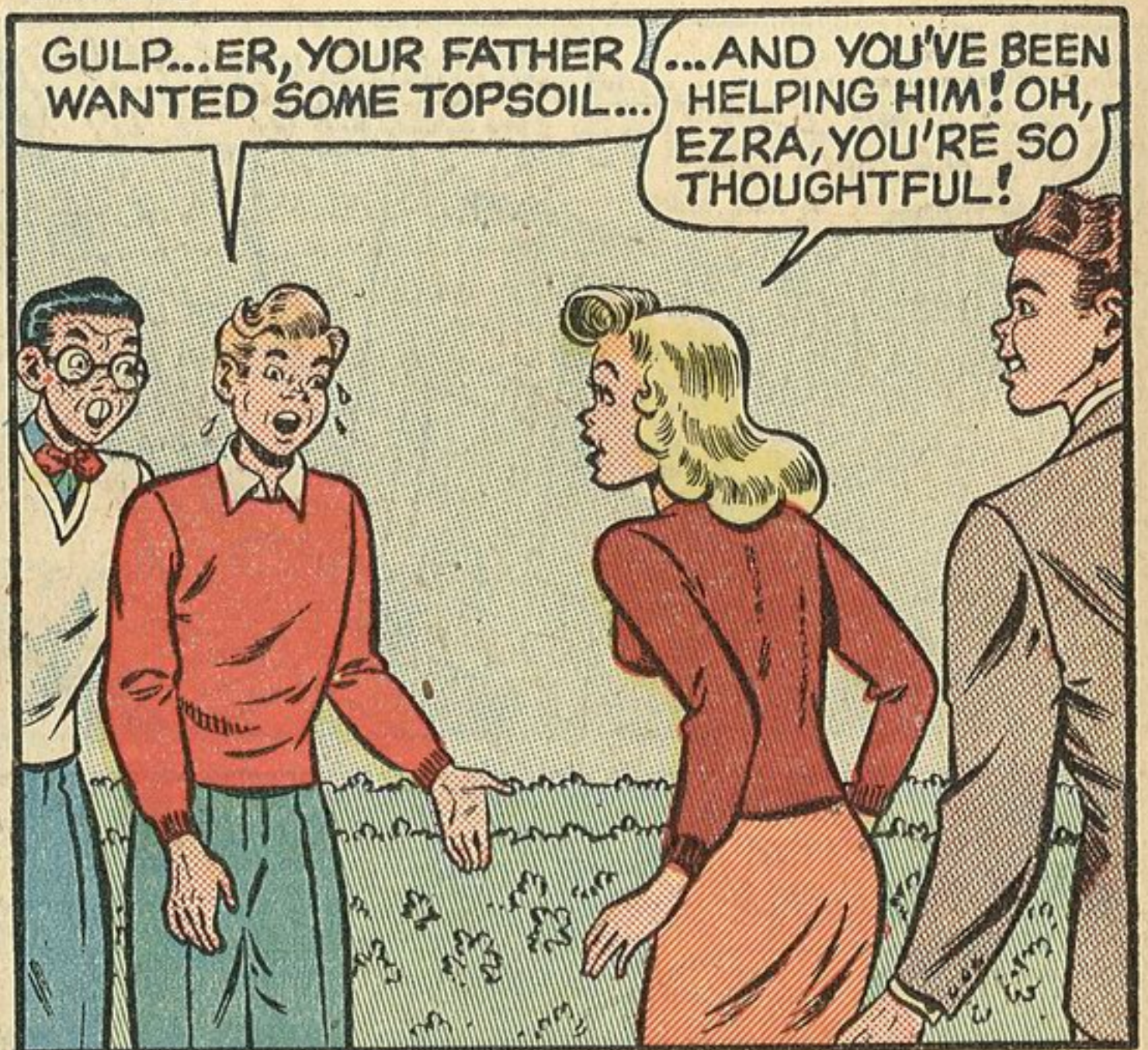
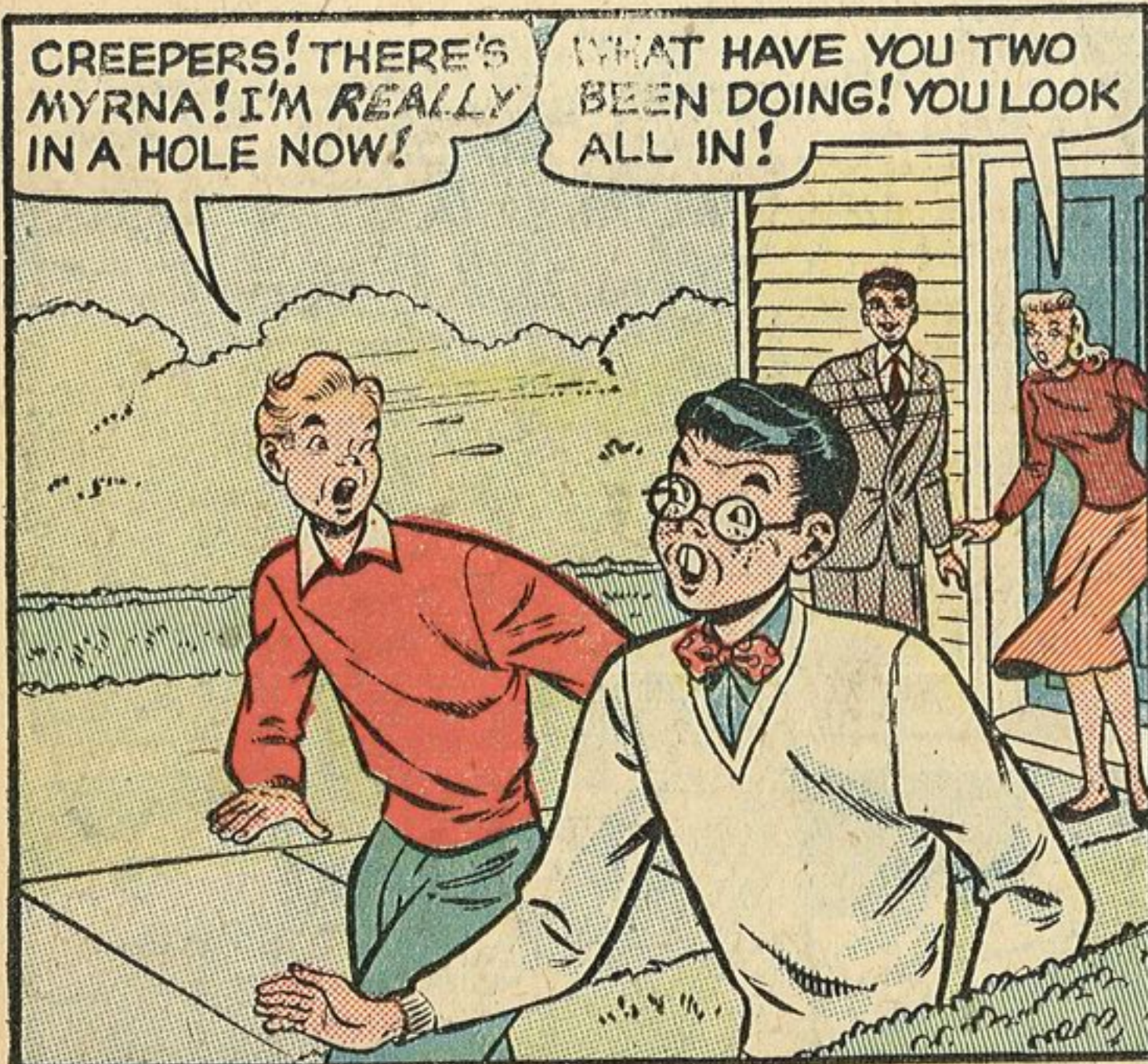
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE
DIGGING!

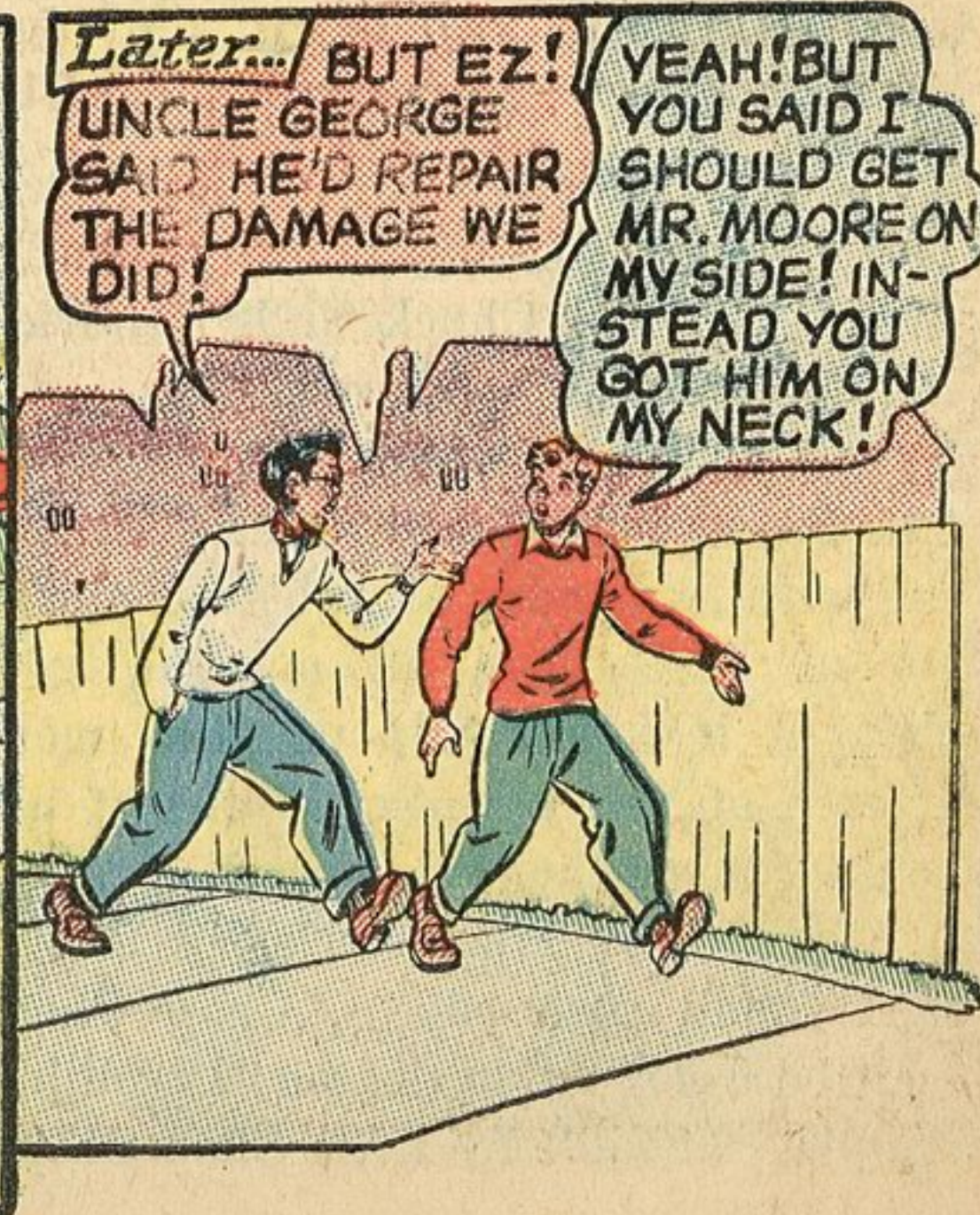
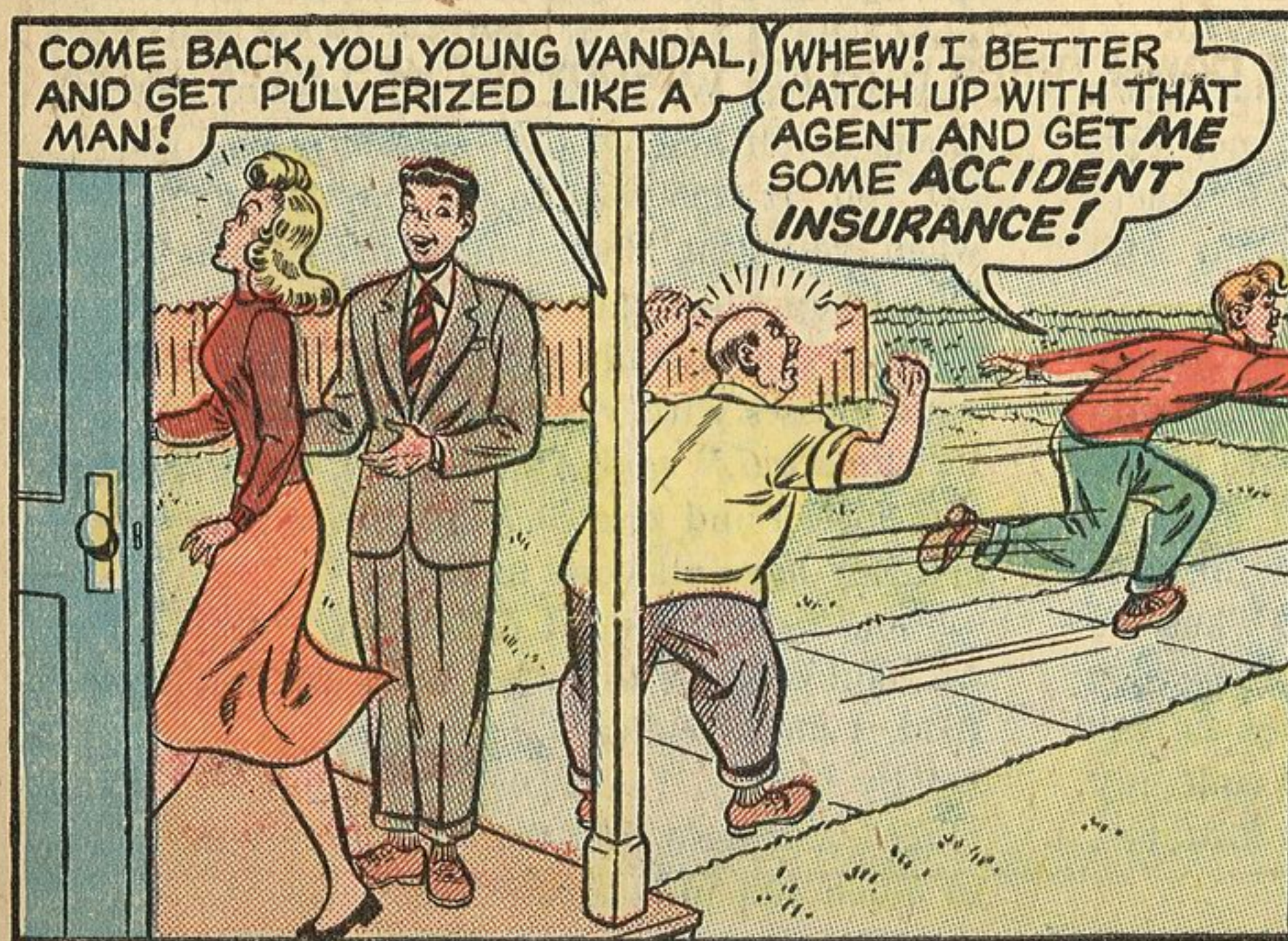
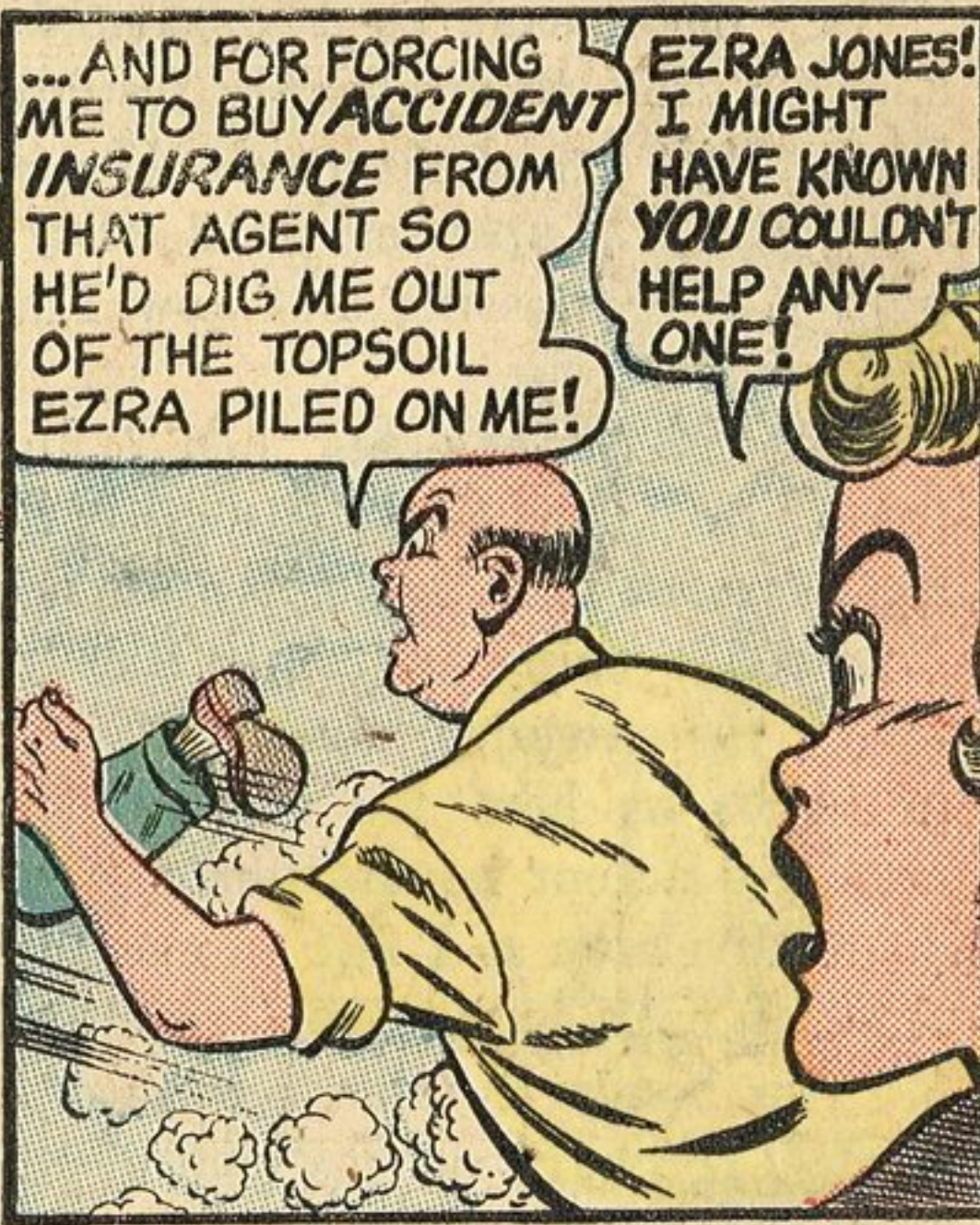
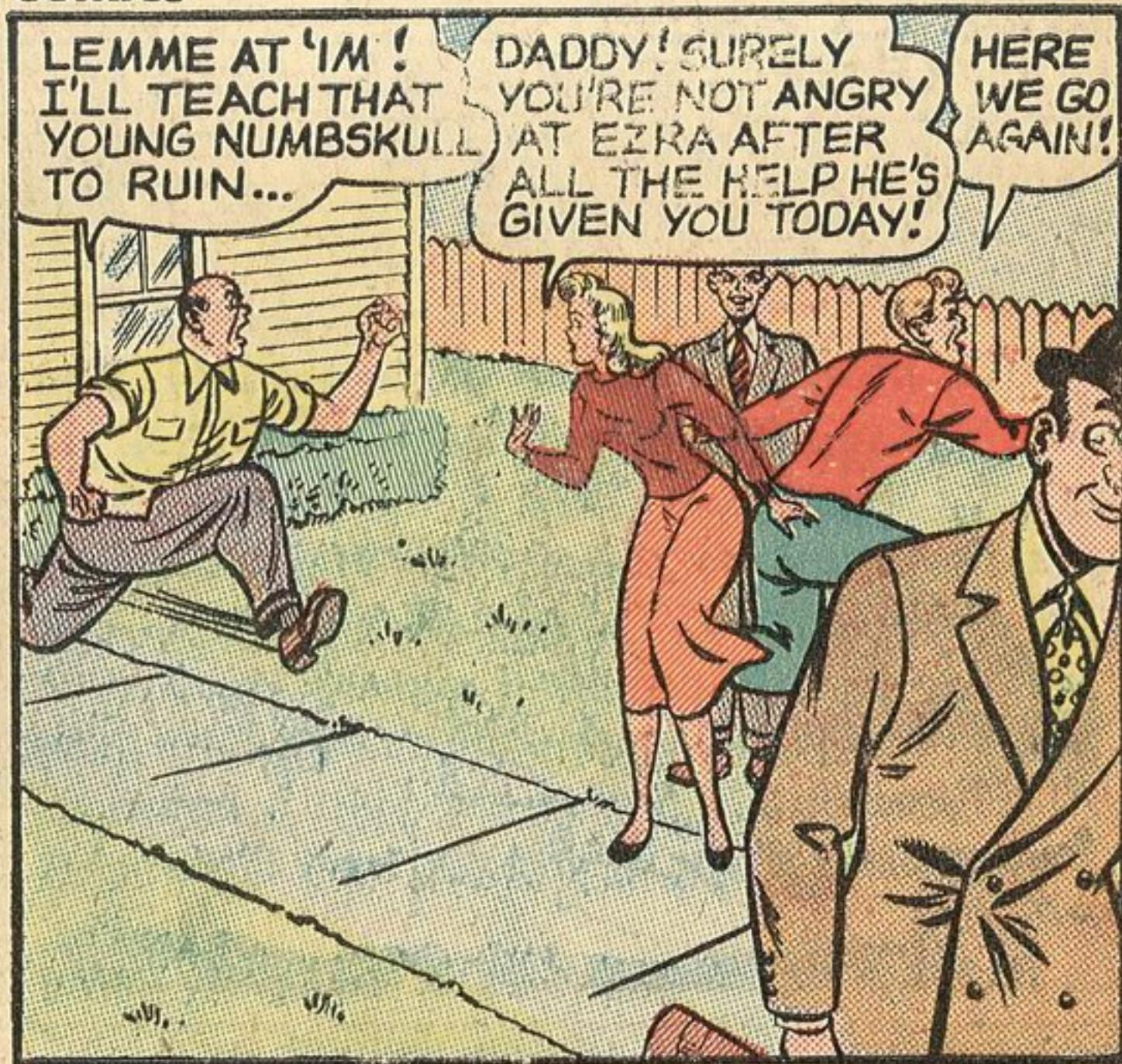
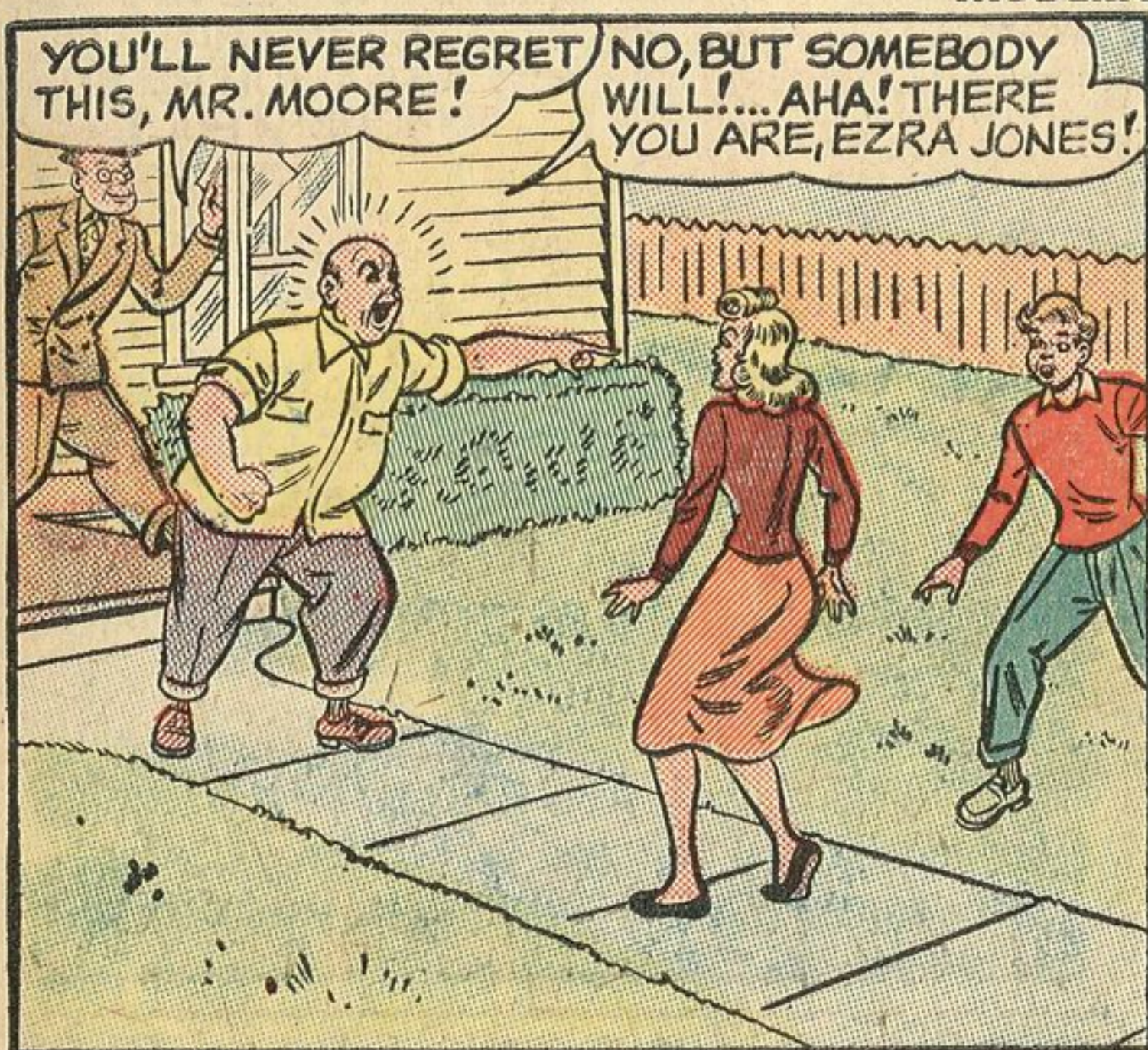
OF COURSE NOT! I'M
PLAYING GOLF!











Dinner

THE whisper of distant engines deepened to a full-throated roar and then, one after another, the powerful planes of the famous Blackhawks swept down out of the sunset and taxied up to the castle at the end of the airstrip. All around, the wild mountain country lay tangled and mysterious under the setting sun. Only here, where wealth and daring had built a luxurious headquarters in the wilderness, were there lights and life.

In the great baronial hall of the castle, Baron Wendorff turned from the window, grinning. "They have come as I predicted—Blackhawk and his crew to attend my testimonial dinner. They think I wish to honor them for smashing the San Goval uprising. Little they guess that I plotted that uprising and now, I have planned their destruction."

"Blackhawk and his men," announced the footman, and the blue-clad figures of the world's most famous fighting team strode into the hall.

"Good evening, Baron," Blackhawk smiled, taking the extended hand. "It was good of you to invite us here for this dinner. We don't normally accept honors but my men needed a bit of diversion so I felt an evening here would send us back to our job, refreshed."

"The honor is mine," gushed Baron Wendorff. "You have met my staff of advisors. Come right along. The table is set and dinner waits only your presence."

"My mouth waters already," Blackhawk smiled. "You know my men, I presume. This is Andre and the big fellow is Olaf. Over here are Stanislaus, Chuck and Hendrickson. And little Chop Chop, of course."

"Delighted," bowed the richly-clad group. The Baron led the way to the great table, groaning with its burden of rich food and rare wines. "Your places are all marked, gentlemen. I thought it would help us grow more intimate if each of you sat next to one of us. Thus we could converse more easily."

"Splendid," Blackhawk agreed. But as the men found their places, Chop Chop suddenly emitted a howl. "Is tleason! Is tellible mistakes. No place at table fo' little Chop Chop."

"I'm frightfully sorry," the Baron apologized. "I took it for granted your Chinese boy would eat with my servants. However . . ."

"Of course," Blackhawk said. He turned sharply. "Chop Chop, go to the kitchen at once. Let's hear no more of this."

"I won't!" Chop Chop yelled, dancing with rage and shaking his fists. "Chop Chop is legular Blackhawk, too. Not eat in kitchen . . ."

Still squawling and fighting, he vanished into the kitchen as Blackhawk sternly dragged him from sight.

Blackhawk came back in a moment, straightening his costume. "I apologize, gentlemen. Chop Chop is overly emotional."

"Forget it," beamed the Baron. He lifted his wine glass. "First, a toast to freedom, gentlemen. Drink it down."

All stood and drained their glasses. As they sat down, the Baron's smile twisted into a grimace of evil. "Now, my Blackhawk friends, how do you feel? That wine was heavily drugged. Even now your muscles refuse to respond to your will. In a moment you will be helpless. My seating arrangement makes it simple for my men to finish you off with their knives. The world will be rid of your stupid meddling and my plans will go on to complete triumph."

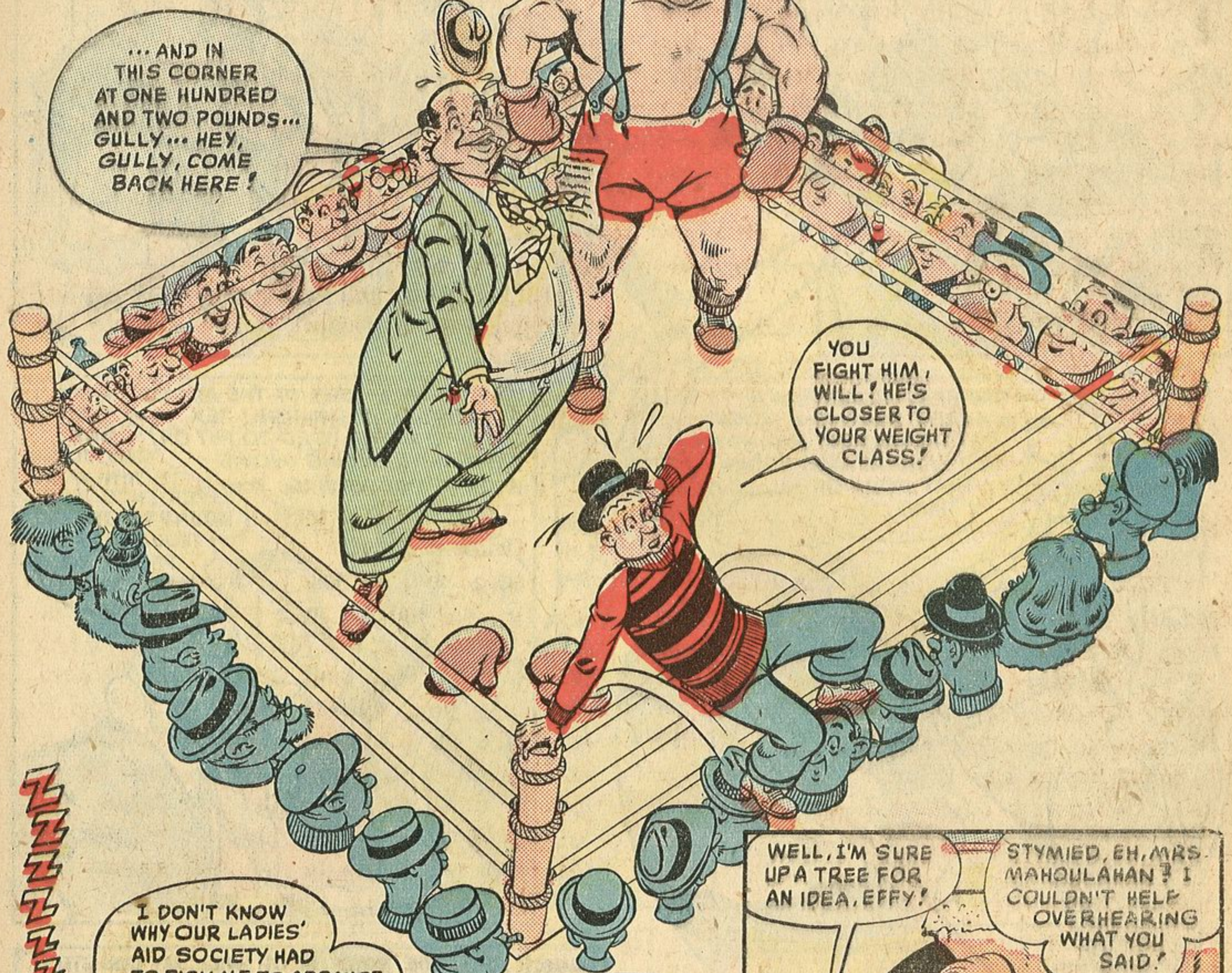
"Very interesting, Baron," Blackhawk said quietly. "But aren't you thinking of your own muscles? I see your head sagging and your eyes glazing. We knew you were behind that San Goval revolt and we have waited a long time to get you. It was easy to see through your trap when you sent that dinner invitation. That's why Chop Chop staged his little scene to divert your attention while my Blackhawks exchanged wine glasses with you and your men."

"*Mais oui*," said Andre sadly, then. "All ze fine speech and zese *cochons* can no longer hear eet. Zey have all gone to sleep."

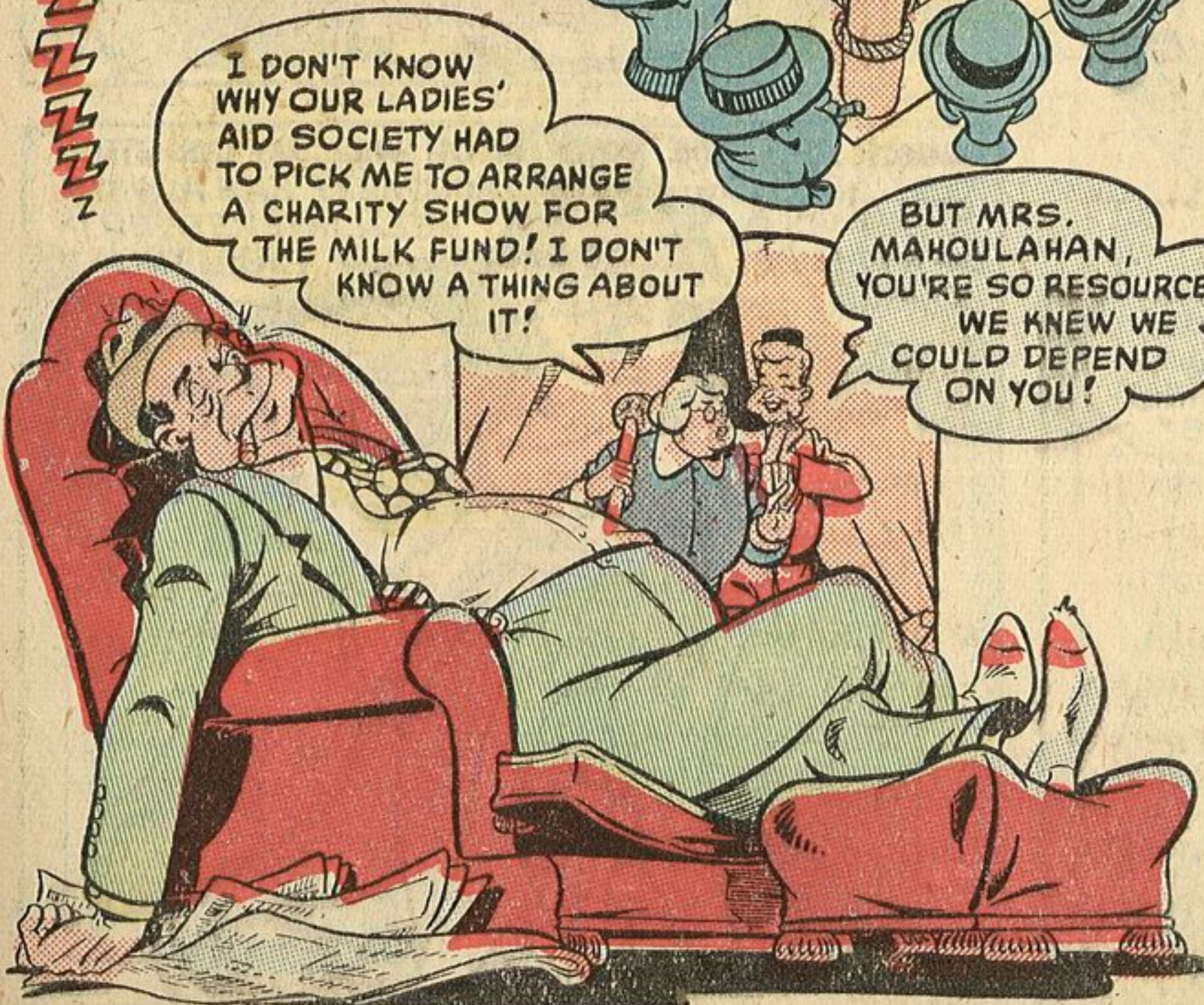
"Ja," grumbled Hendrickson. "But before we haul dem off to jail, I move we eat dis fine food. I am starving."

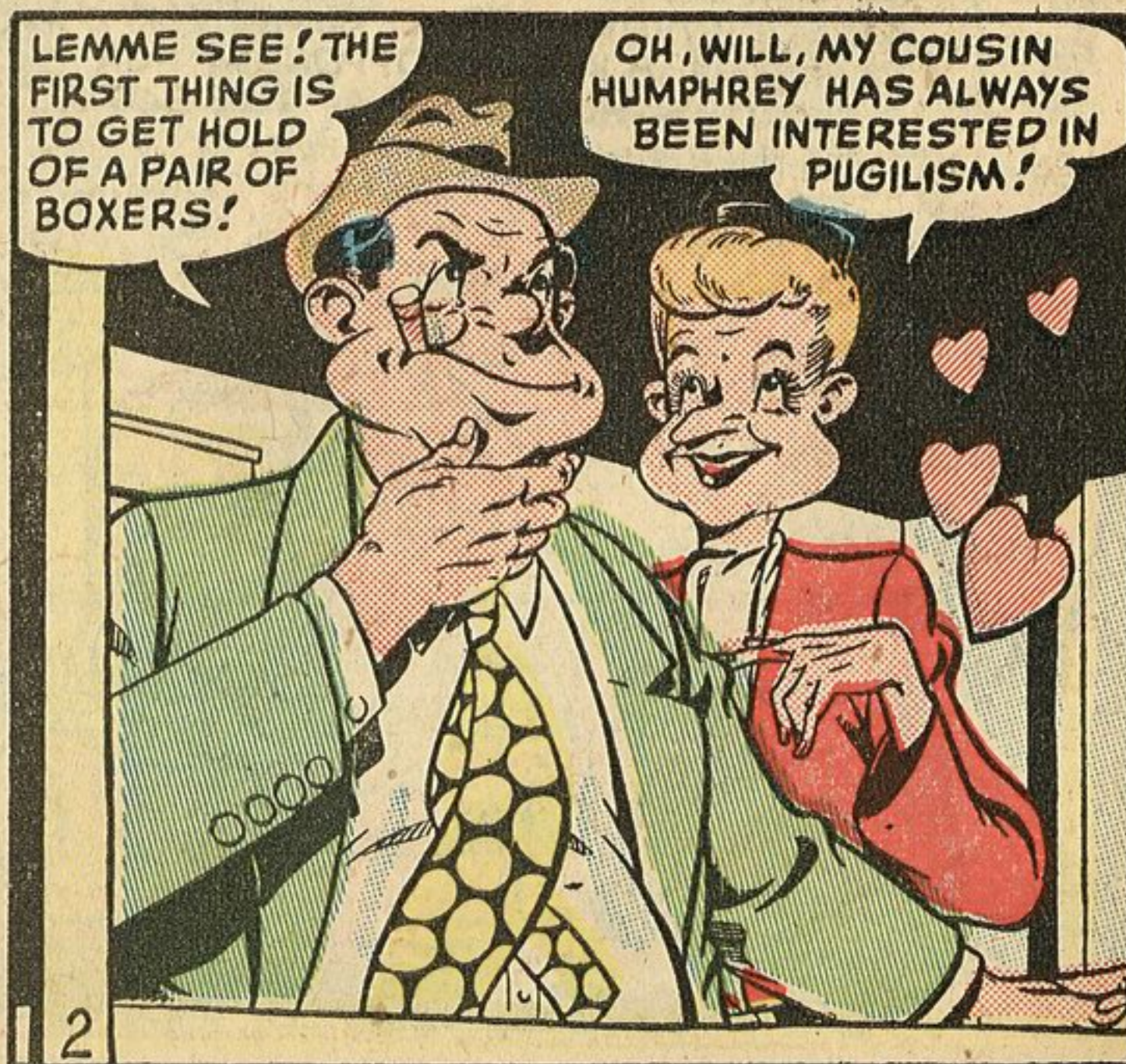
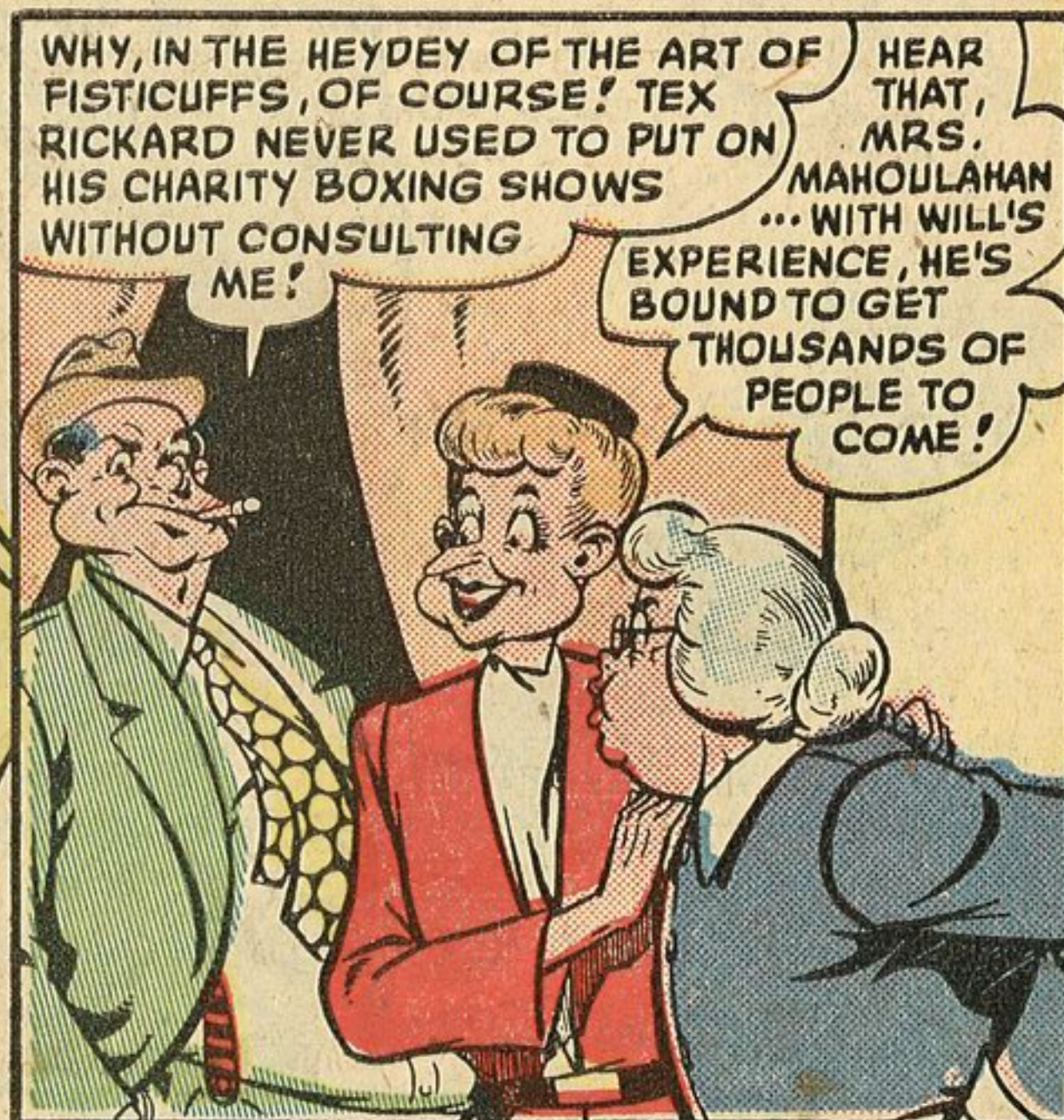
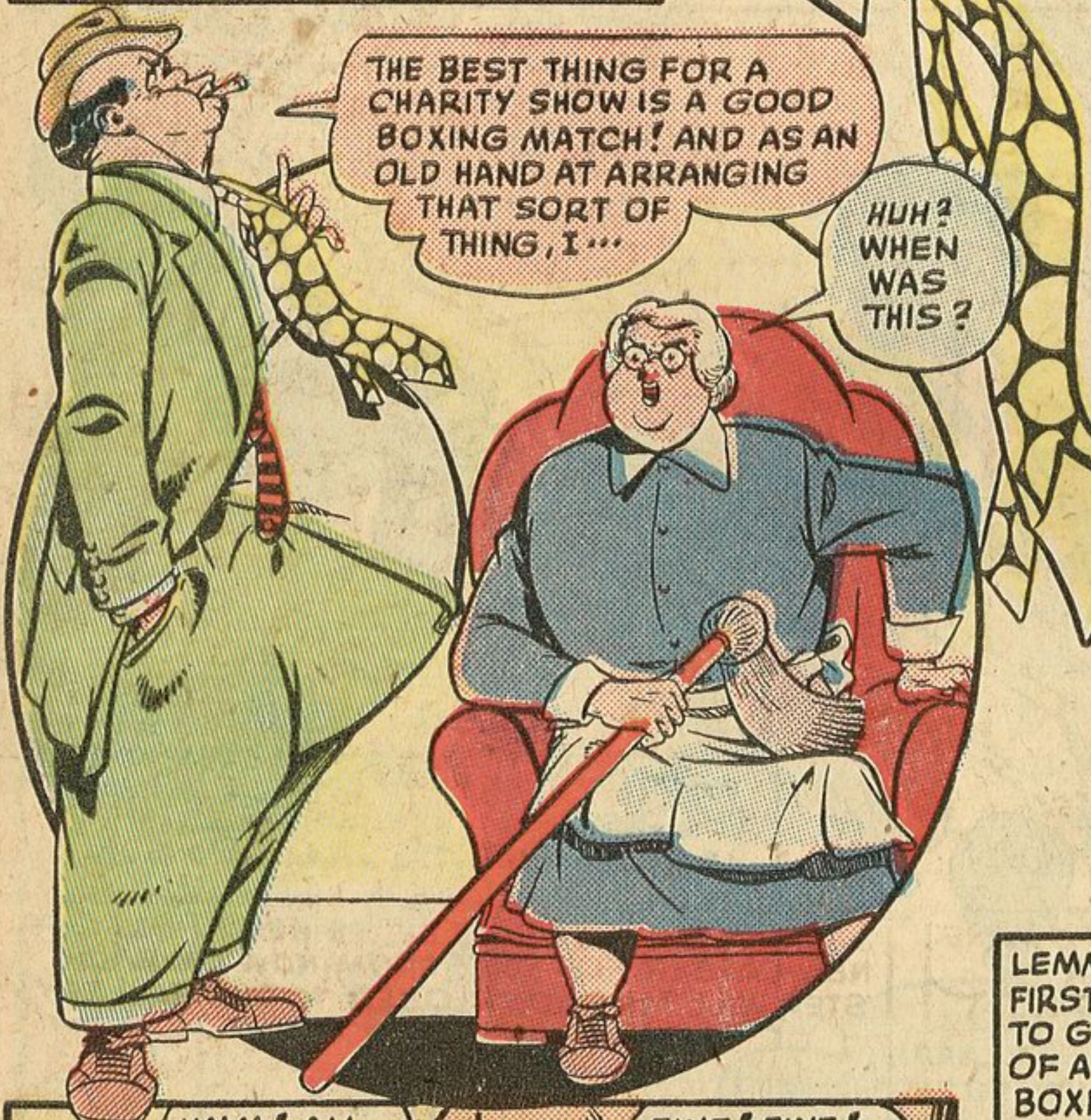
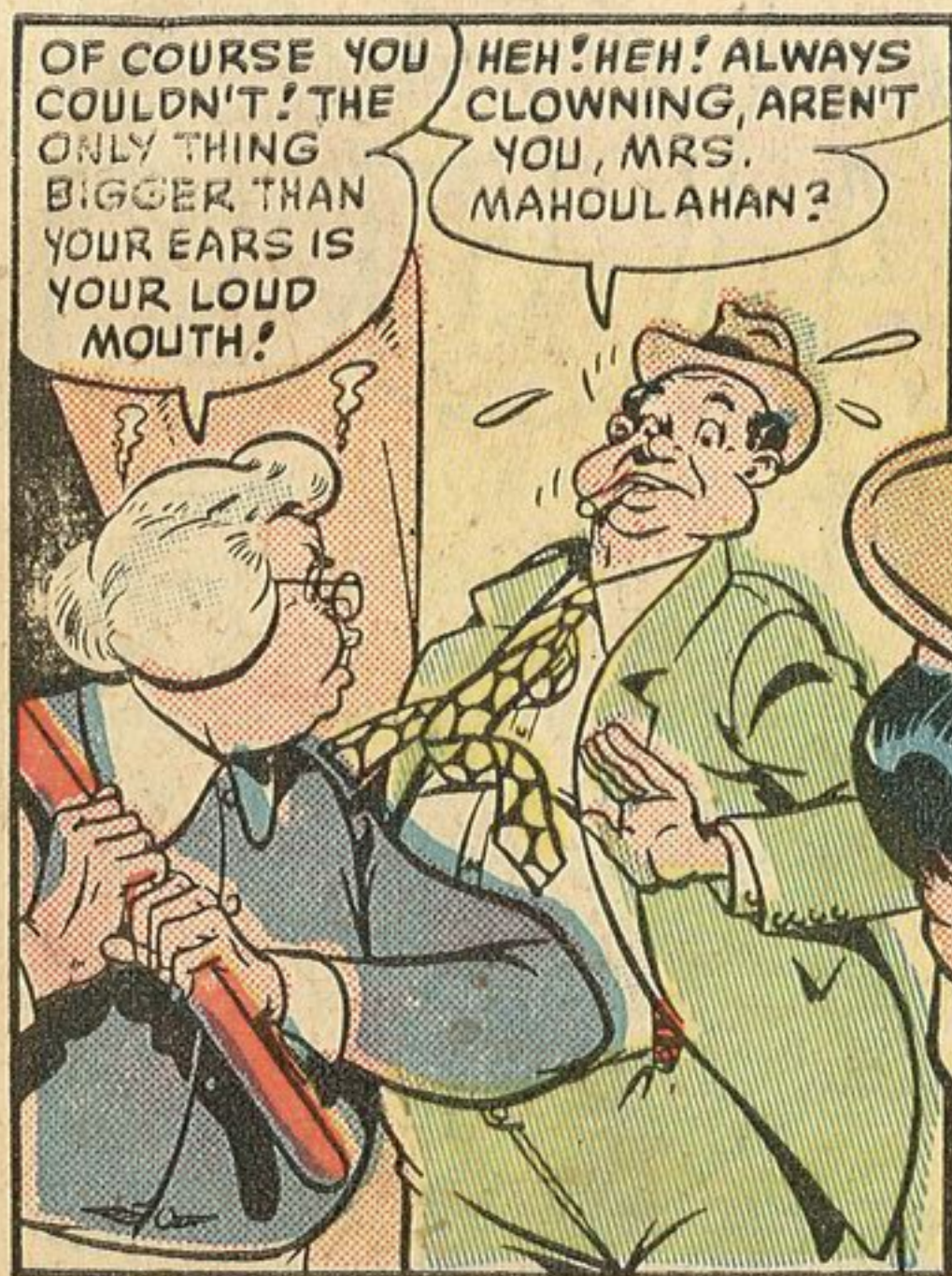
"Py yiminy," said Olaf happily. "Das is vun t'ing about dese silly traps de set for us—it iss so much fun to steal da bait."

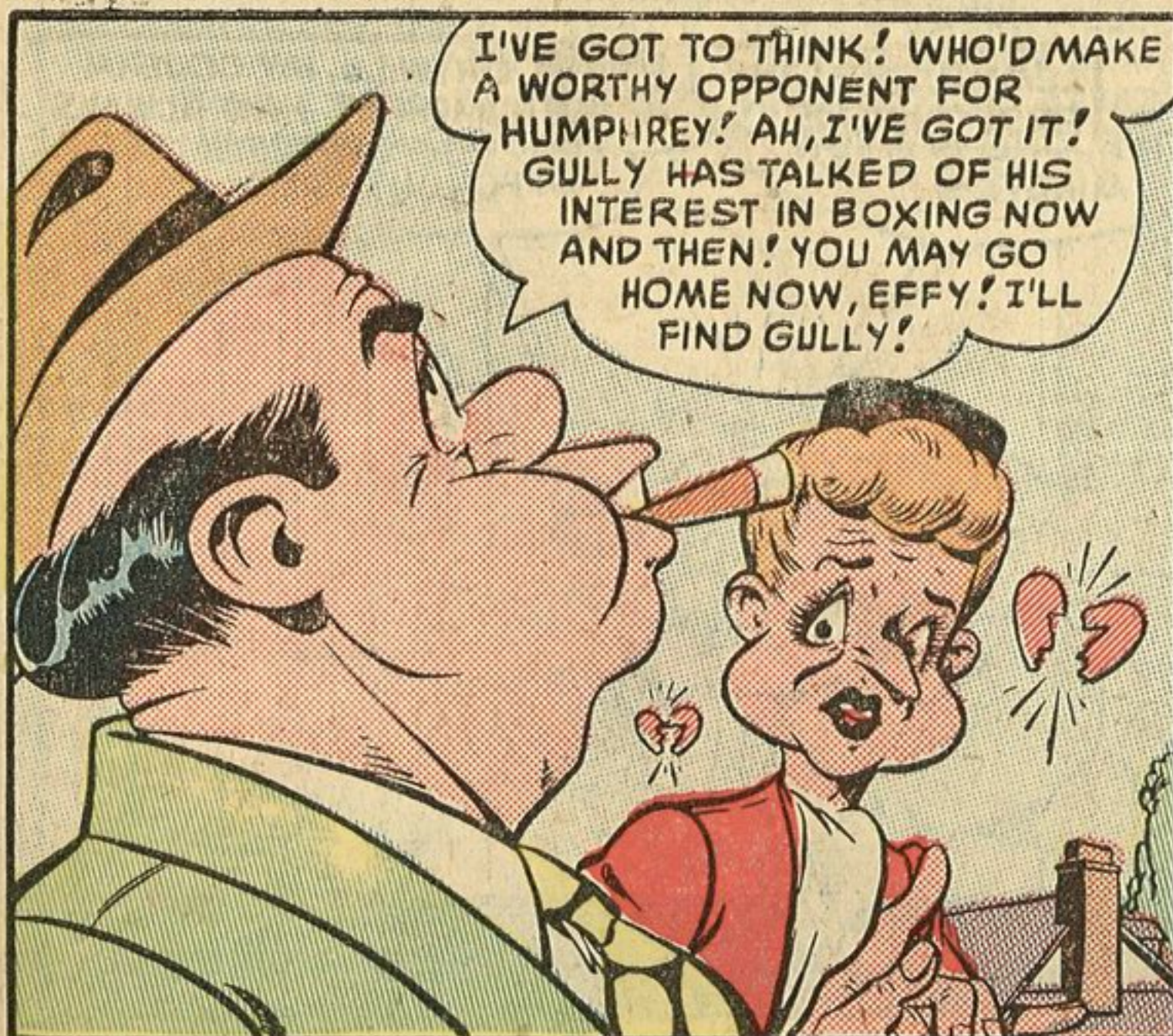
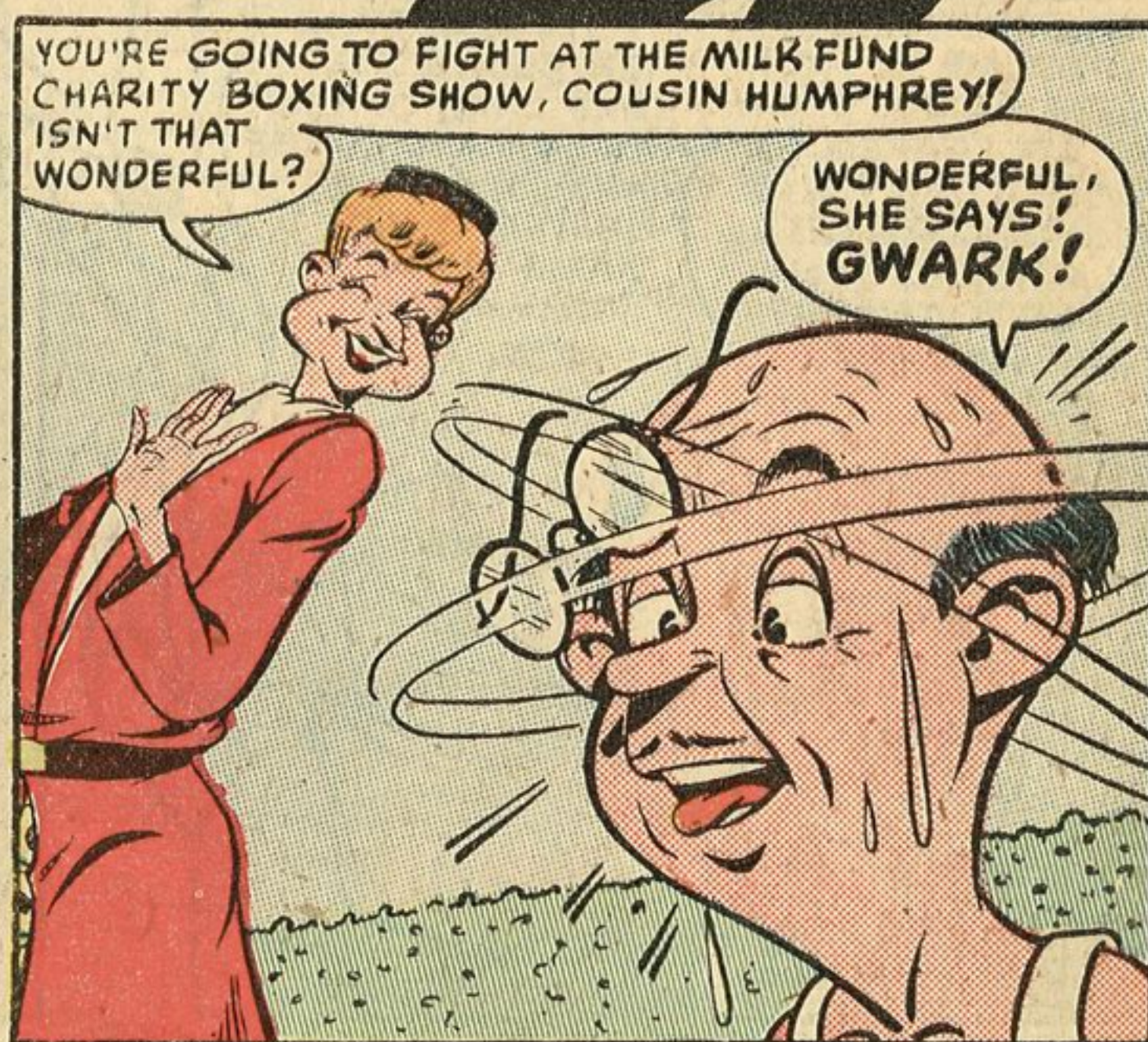
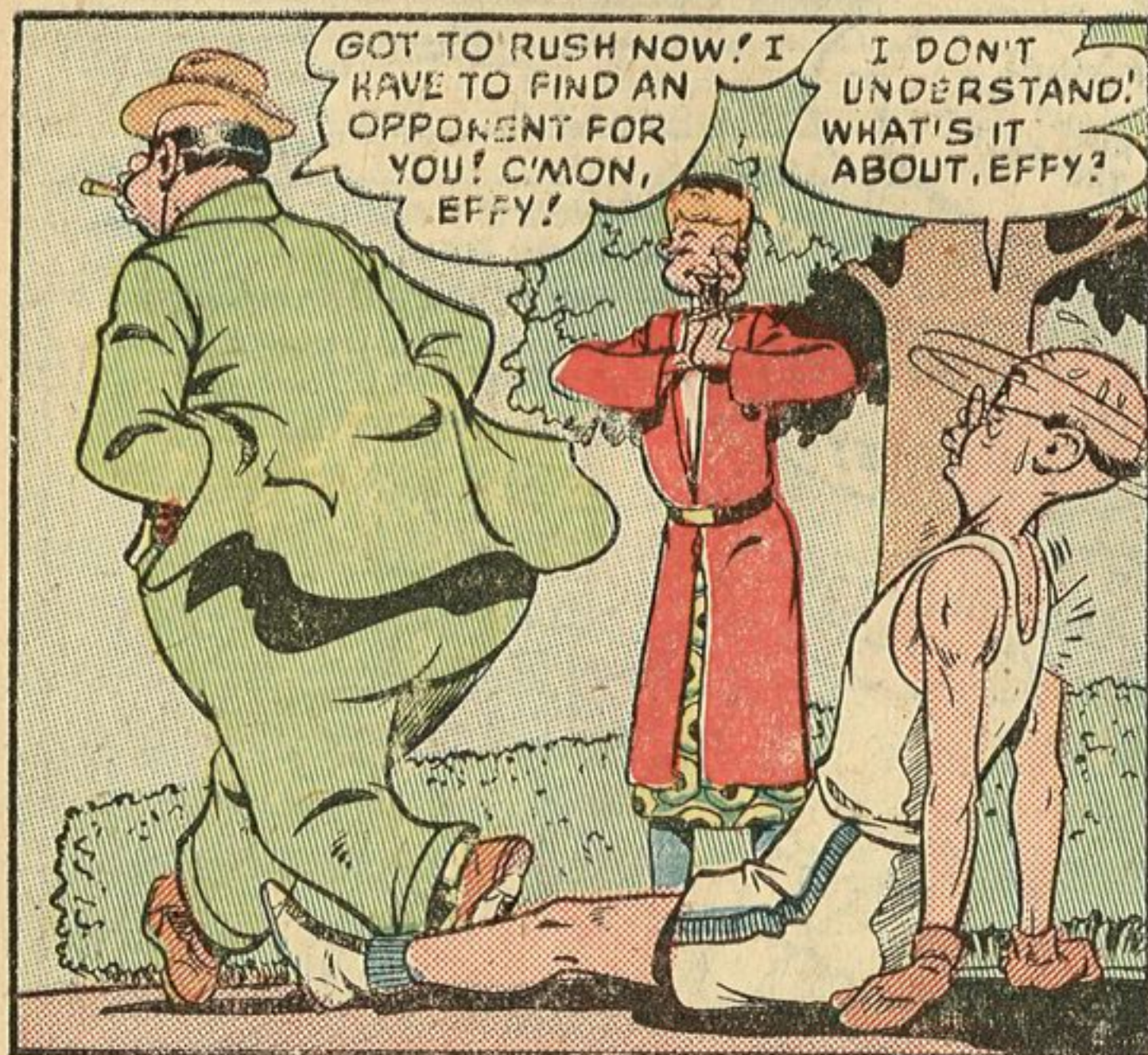
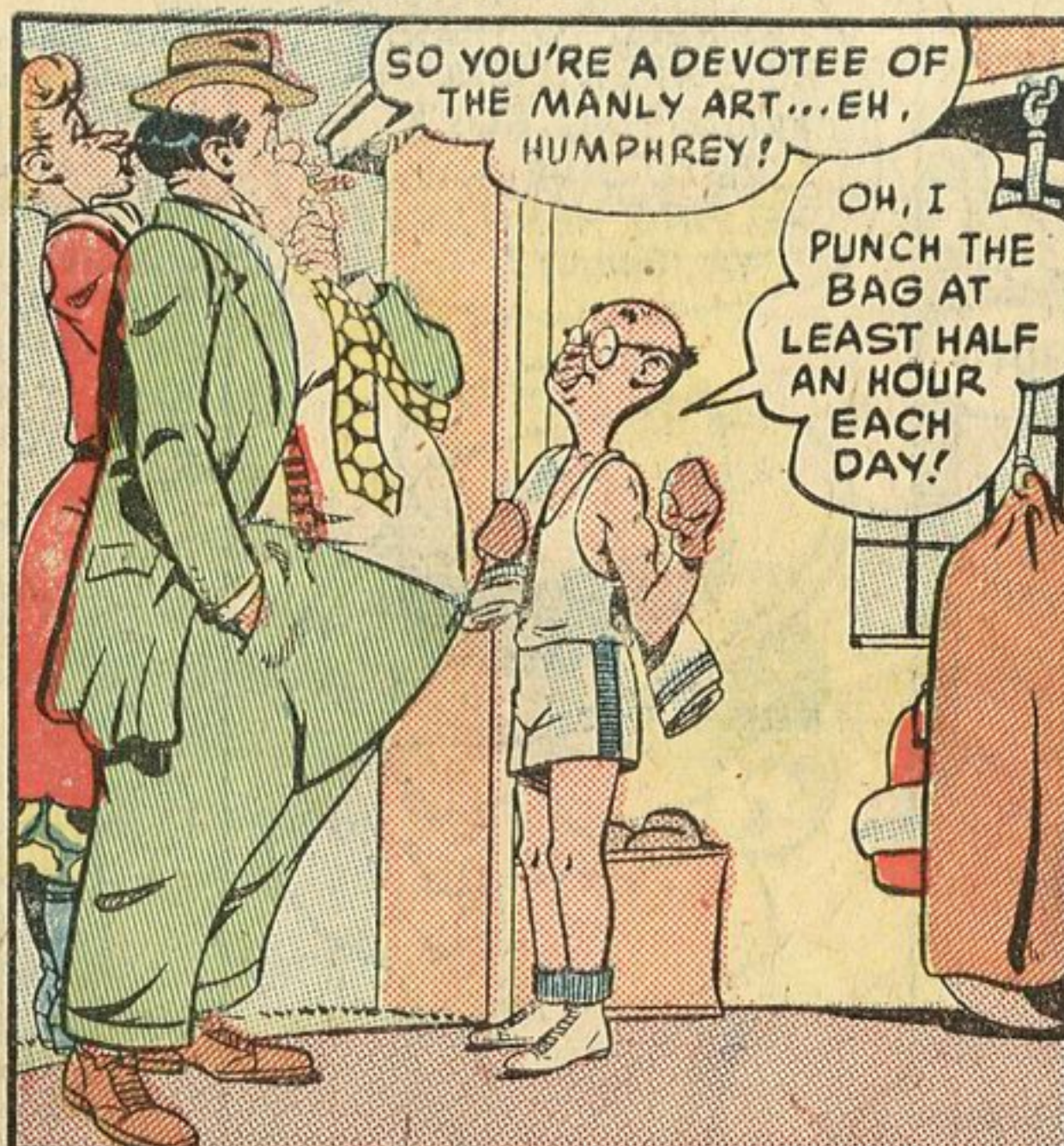
Will BRAGG

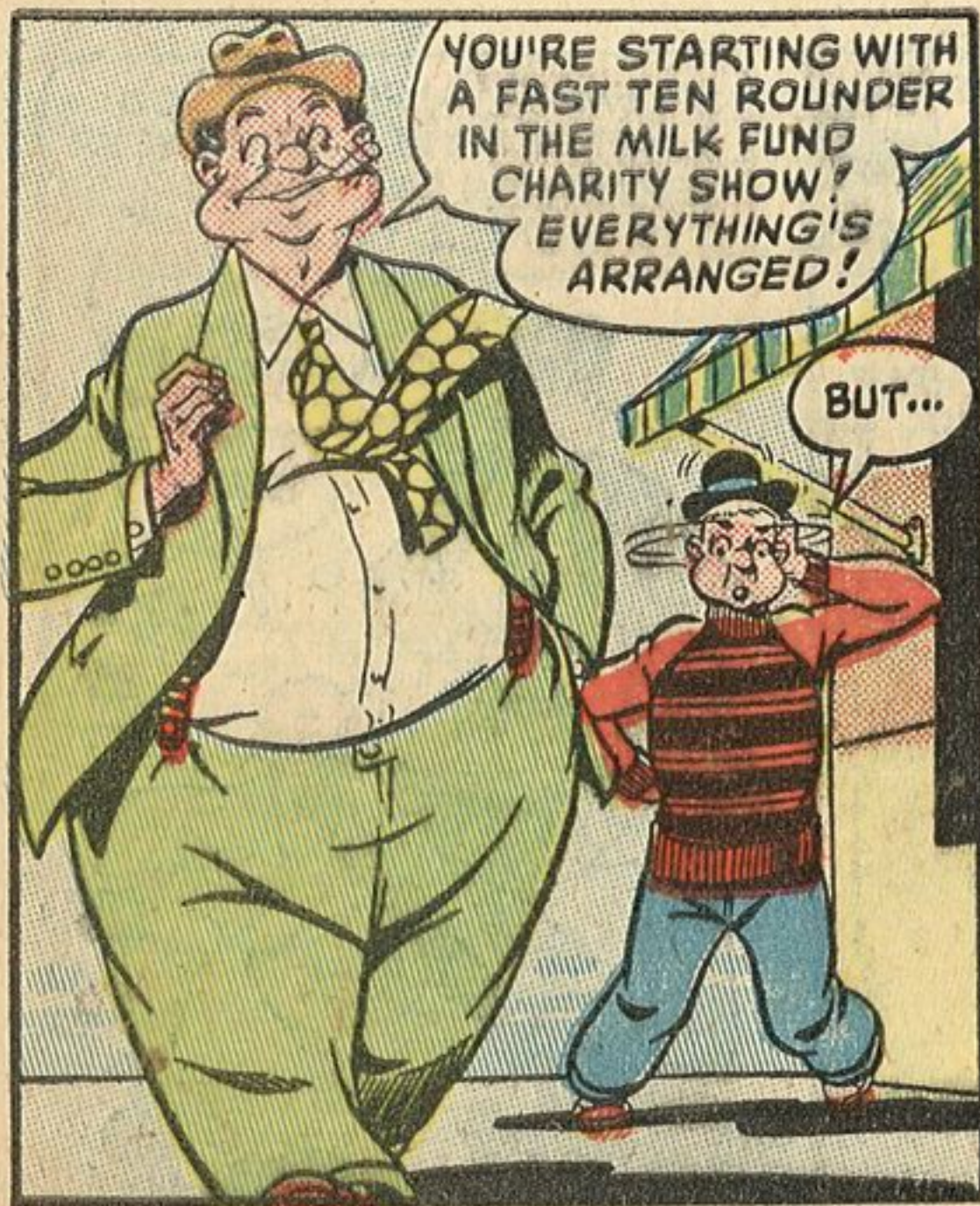


ZZZZZZZZ









YOU'RE STARTING WITH A FAST TEN ROUNDER IN THE MILK FUND CHARITY SHOW! EVERYTHING'S ARRANGED!

BUT...

NO NEED TO THANK ME! WHEN I SPOT A PROMISING BOY I LIKE TO GIVE HIM A HELPING HAND! SEE YA, GULLY!

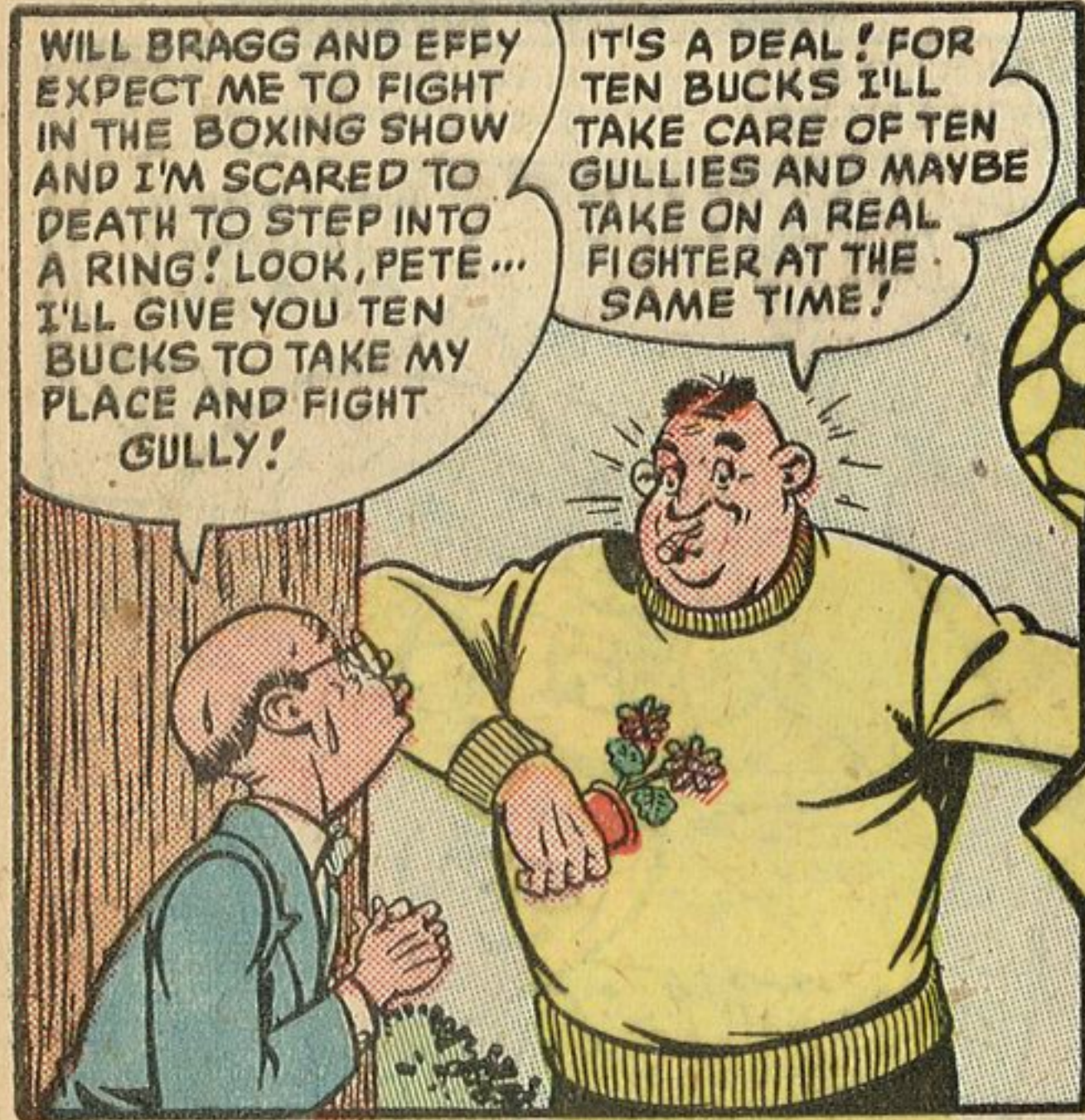


The DAY BEFORE THE BOXING SHOW...



WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. SMITH? YOU LOOK WORRIED SICK! I GUESS YOU DIDN'T HAVE YOUR WORKOUT ON THE PUNCHING BAG TODAY! THAT ALWAYS SETS YOU UP!

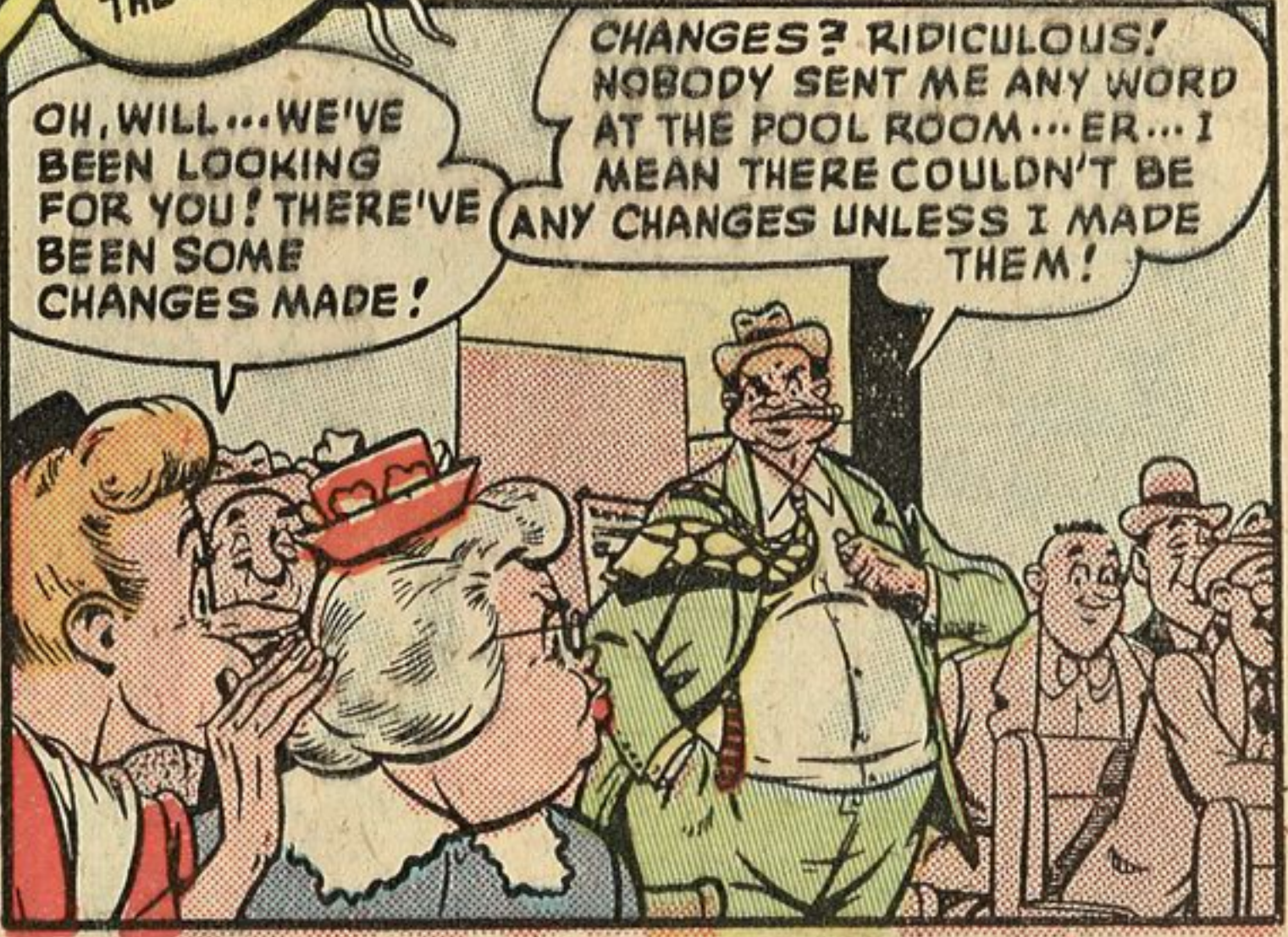
I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT IT! IT'S GOTTEN ME INTO NO END OF TROUBLE!



WILL BRAGG AND EFFY EXPECT ME TO FIGHT IN THE BOXING SHOW AND I'M SCARED TO DEATH TO STEP INTO A RING! LOOK, PETE... I'LL GIVE YOU TEN BUCKS TO TAKE MY PLACE AND FIGHT GULLY!

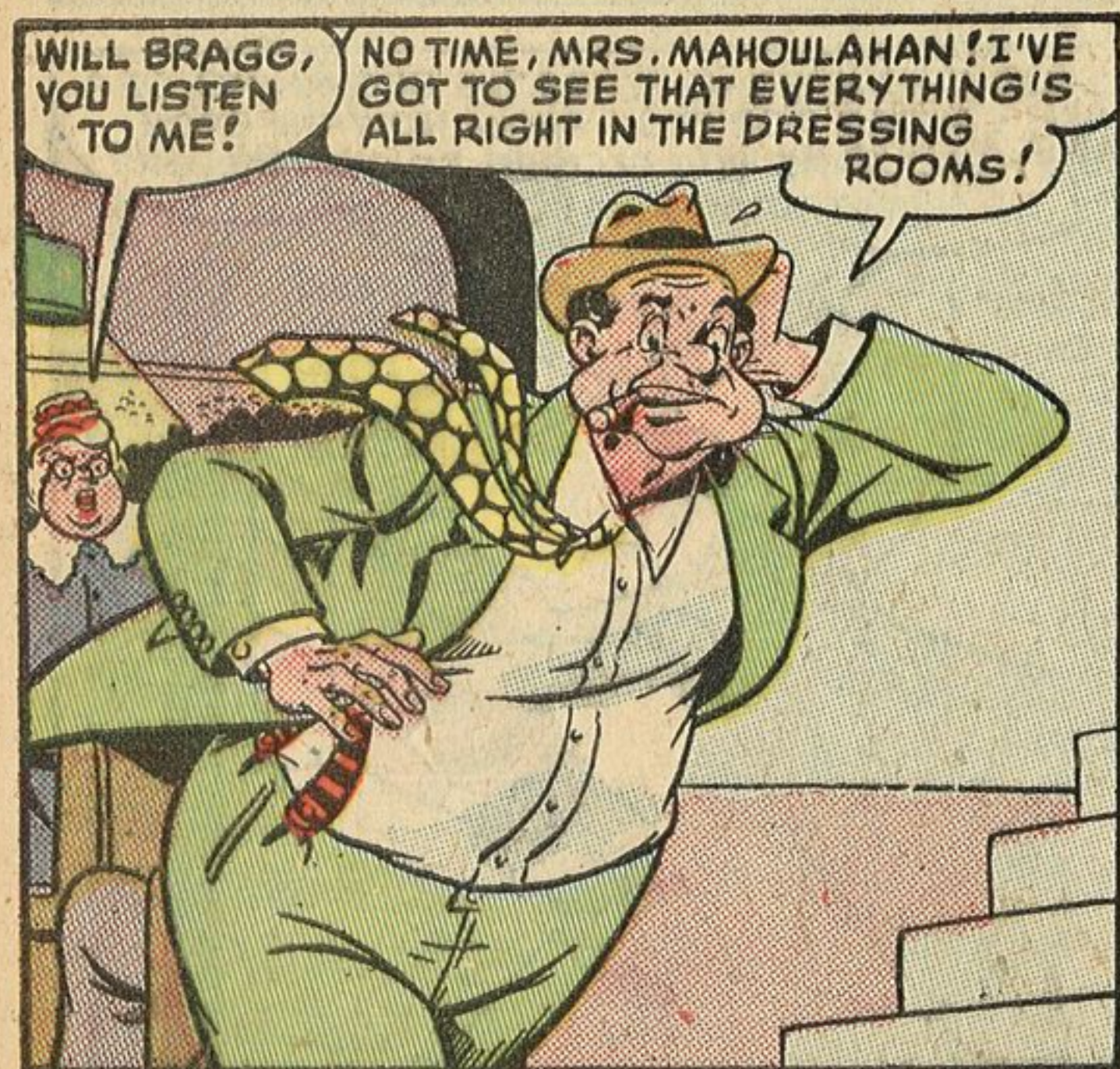
IT'S A DEAL! FOR TEN BUCKS I'LL TAKE CARE OF TEN GULLIES AND MAYBE TAKE ON A REAL FIGHTER AT THE SAME TIME!

The NIGHT OF THE FIGHT...



OH, WILL...WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! THERE'VE BEEN SOME CHANGES MADE!

CHANGES? RIDICULOUS! NOBODY SENT ME ANY WORD AT THE POOL ROOM...ER... I MEAN THERE COULDN'T BE ANY CHANGES UNLESS I MADE THEM!



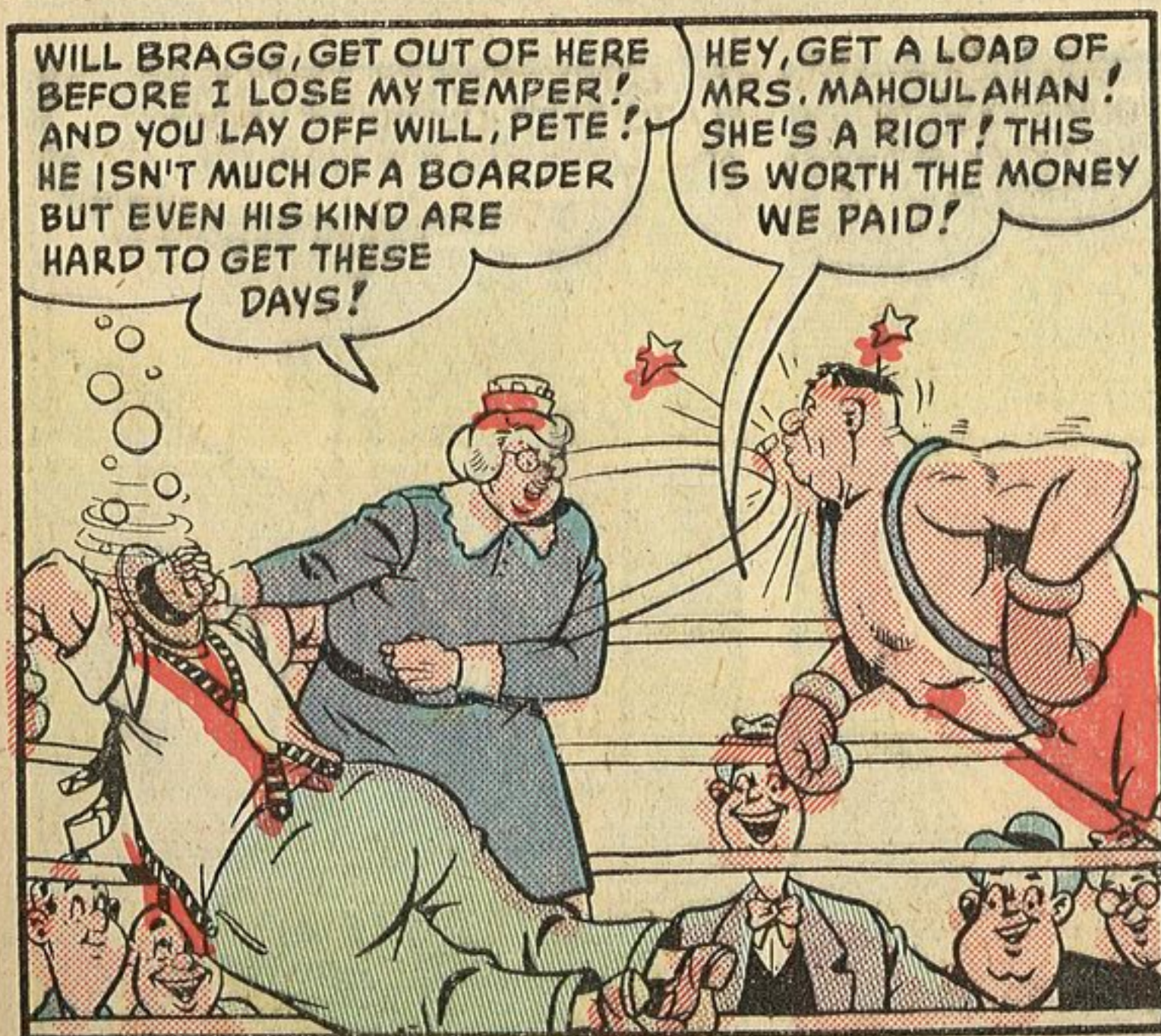
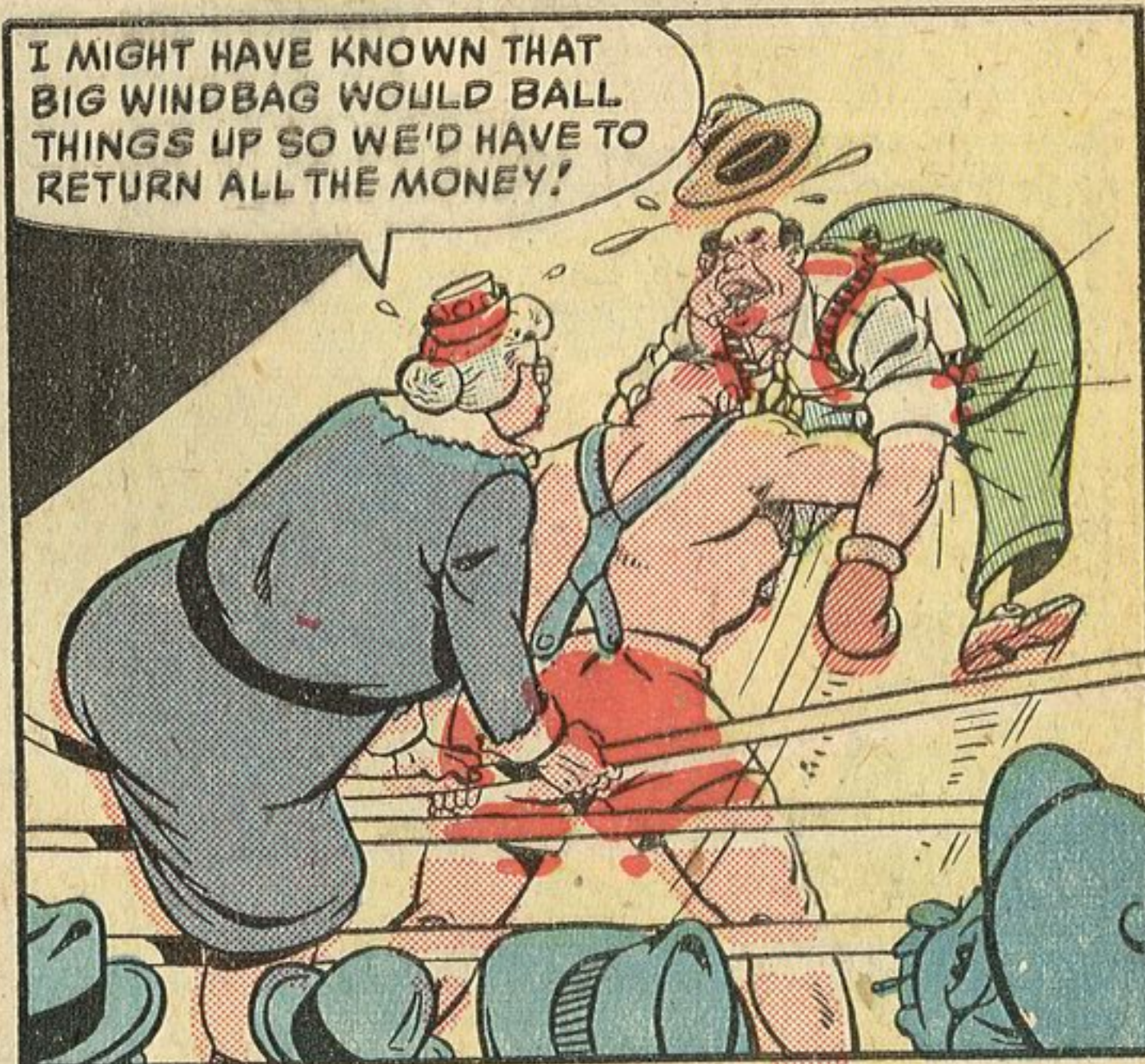
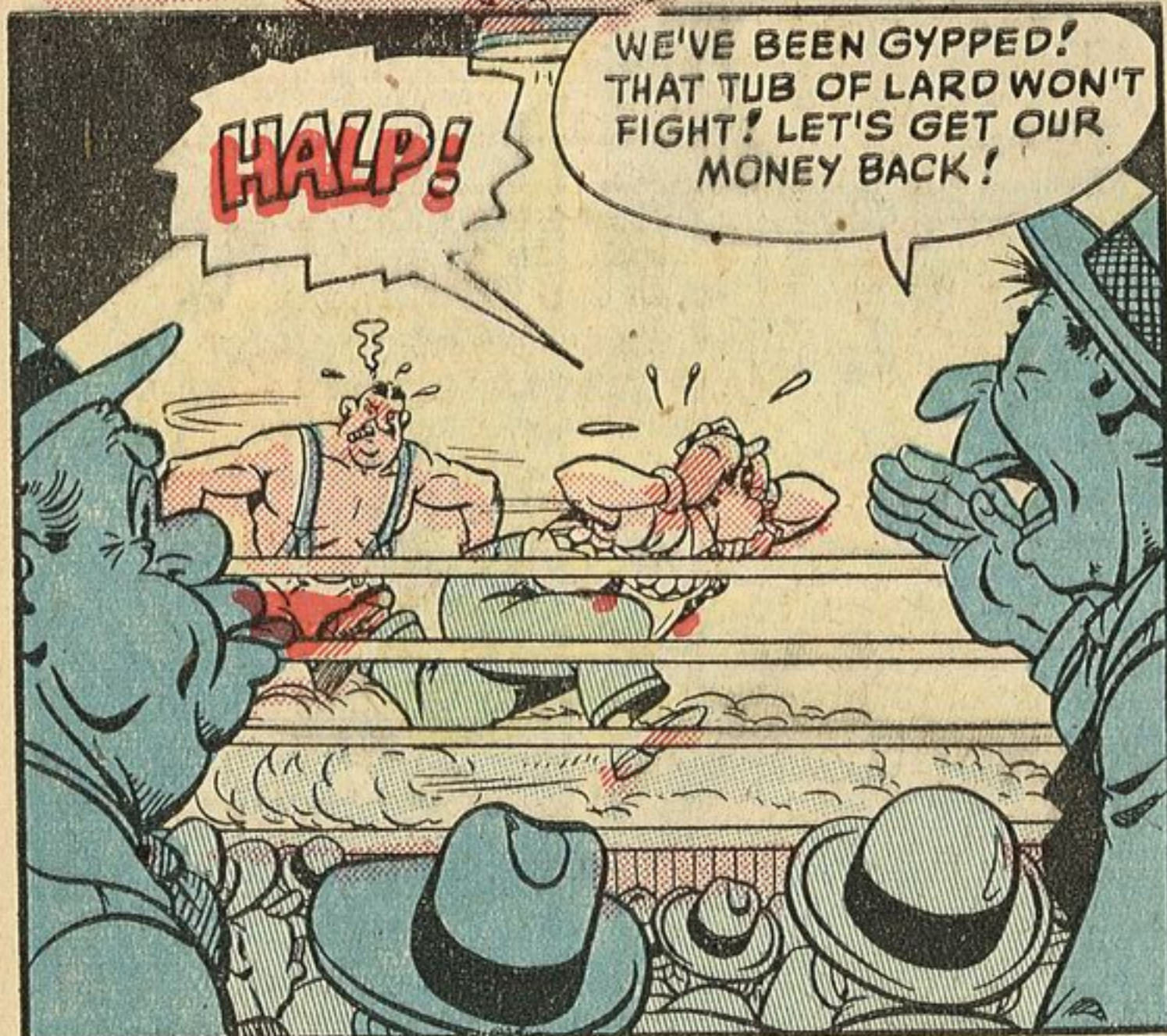
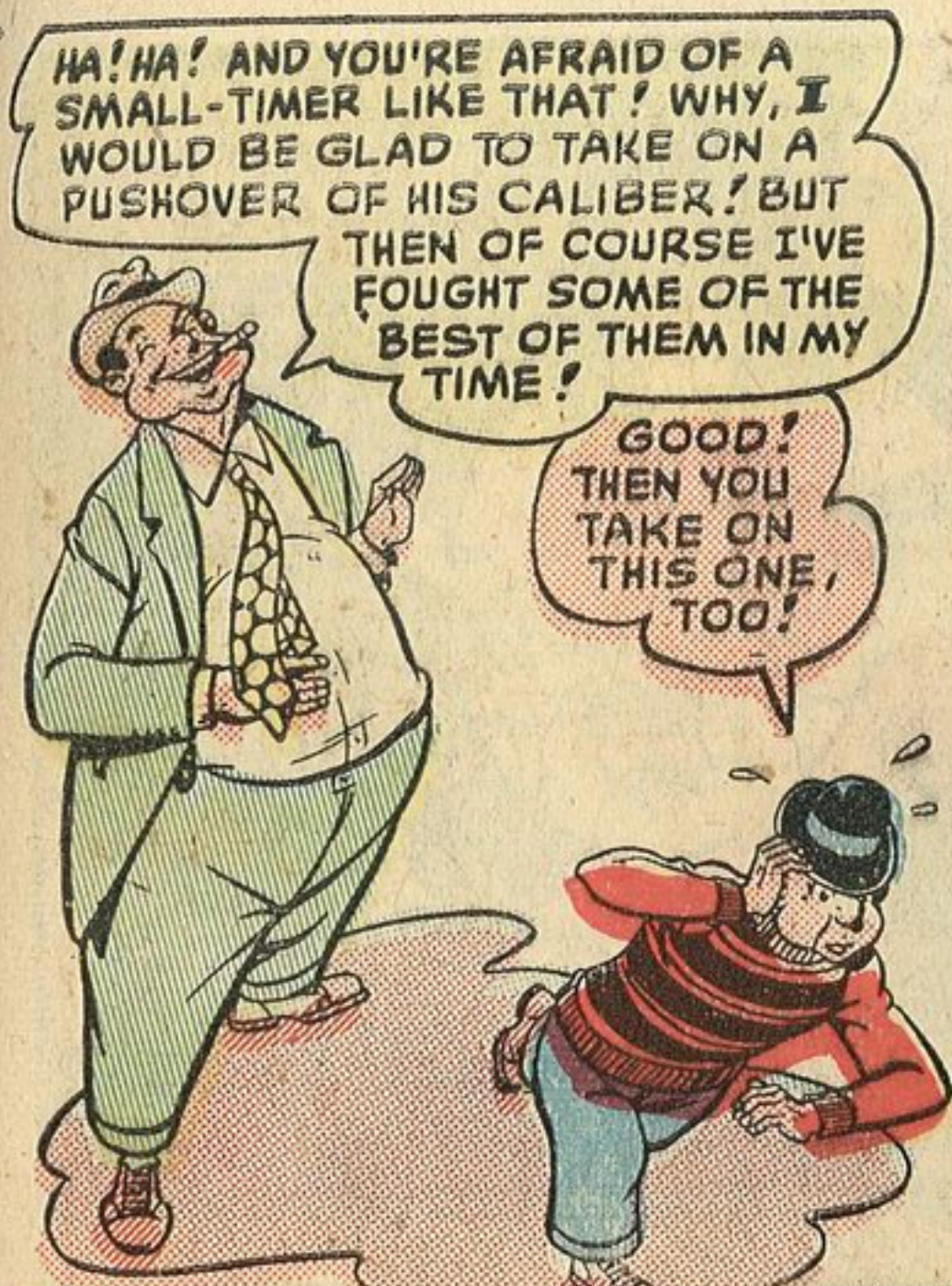
WILL BRAGG, YOU LISTEN TO ME!

NO TIME, MRS. MAHOULAHAN! I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT IN THE DRESSING ROOMS!



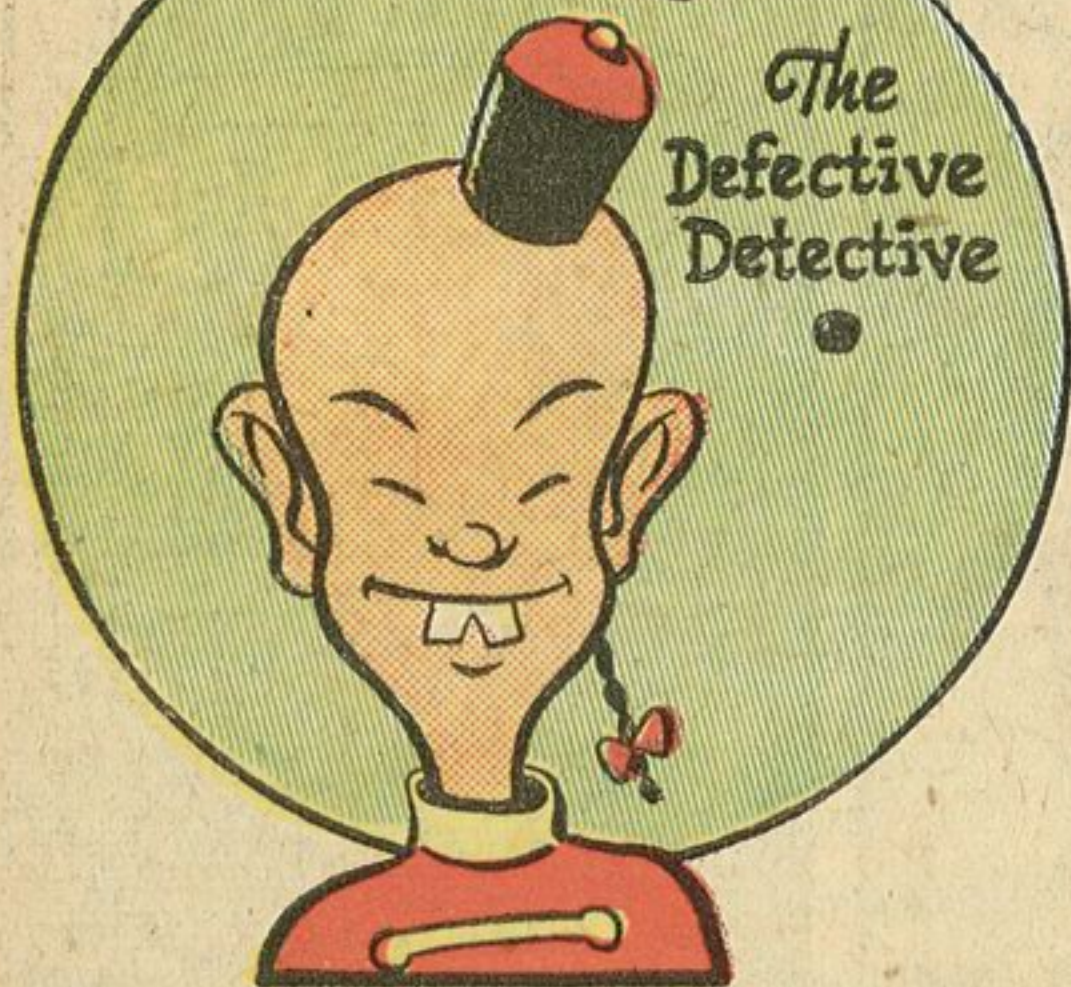
GULLY, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? YOU'VE GOT TO BE IN THE RING IN A FEW MINUTES!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'M GOING HOME! I DON'T WANT TO GET KILLED! I JUST FOUND OUT WHO MY OPPONENT IS!

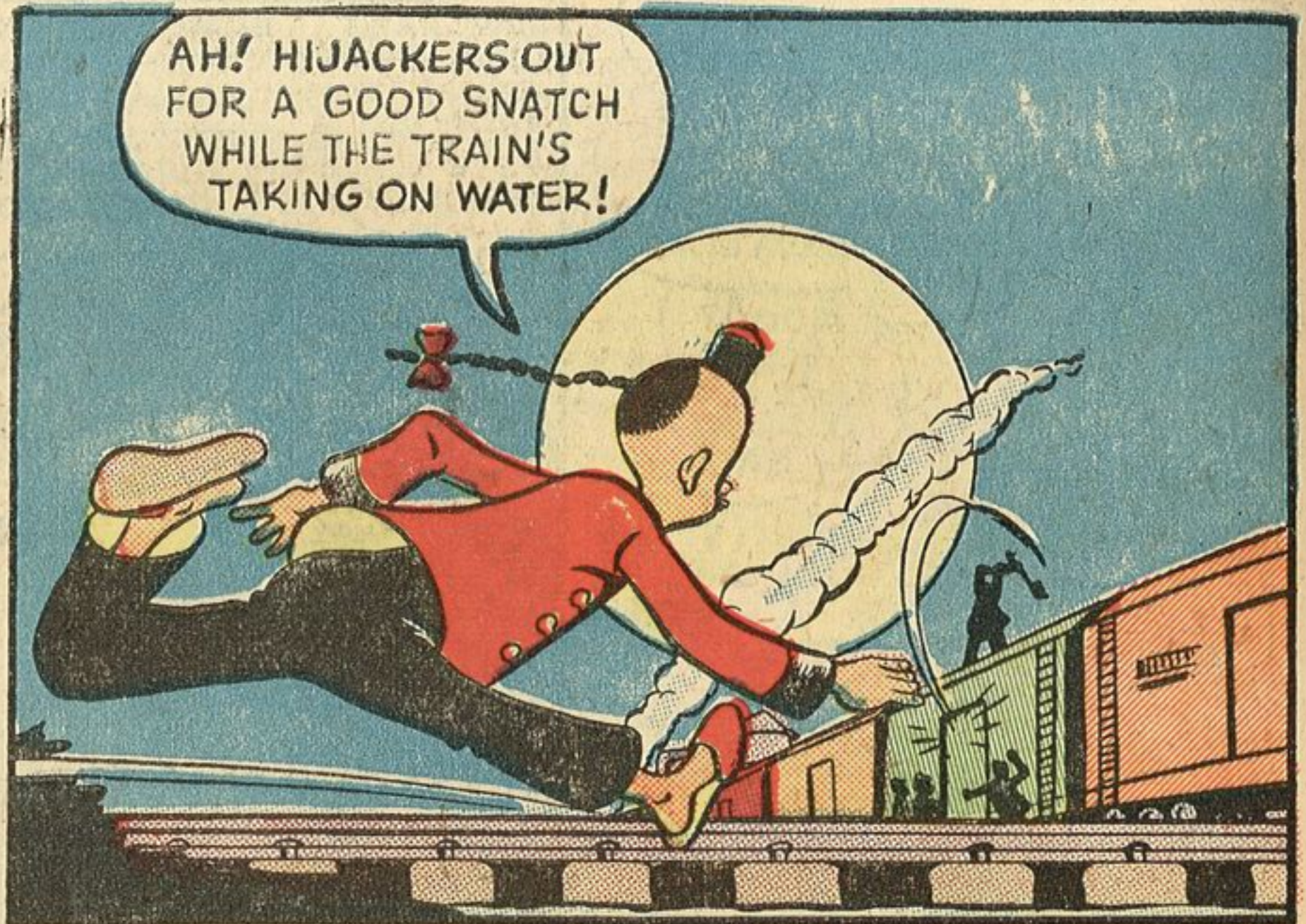


WUN LLOO

The
Defective
Detective



AH! HIJACKERS OUT
FOR A GOOD SNATCH
WHILE THE TRAIN'S
TAKING ON WATER!



PERFECT! THEY'RE GOING
INSIDE THE BOX CAR!

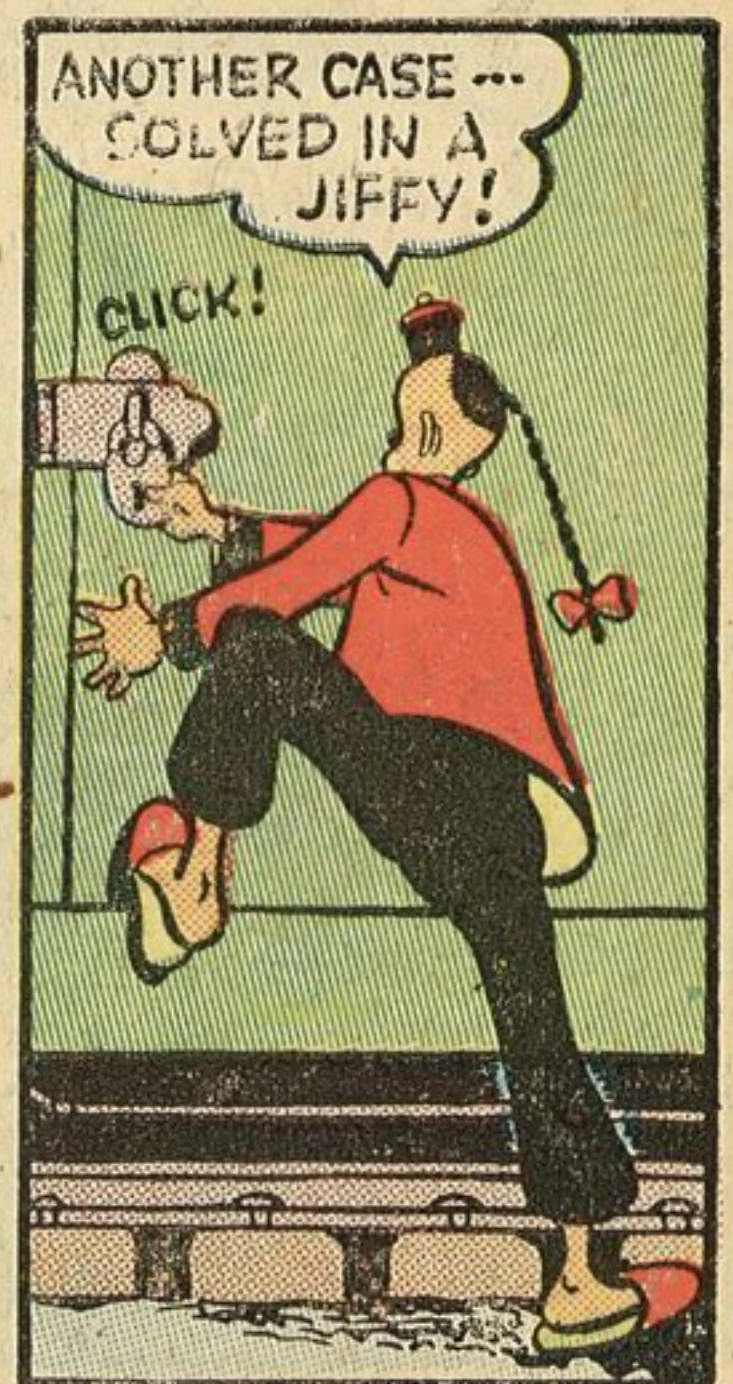


YOU TOO, PLEASE,
SO I CAN LOCK
YOU ALL IN!



ANOTHER CASE ---
SOLVED IN A
JIFFY!

CLICK!



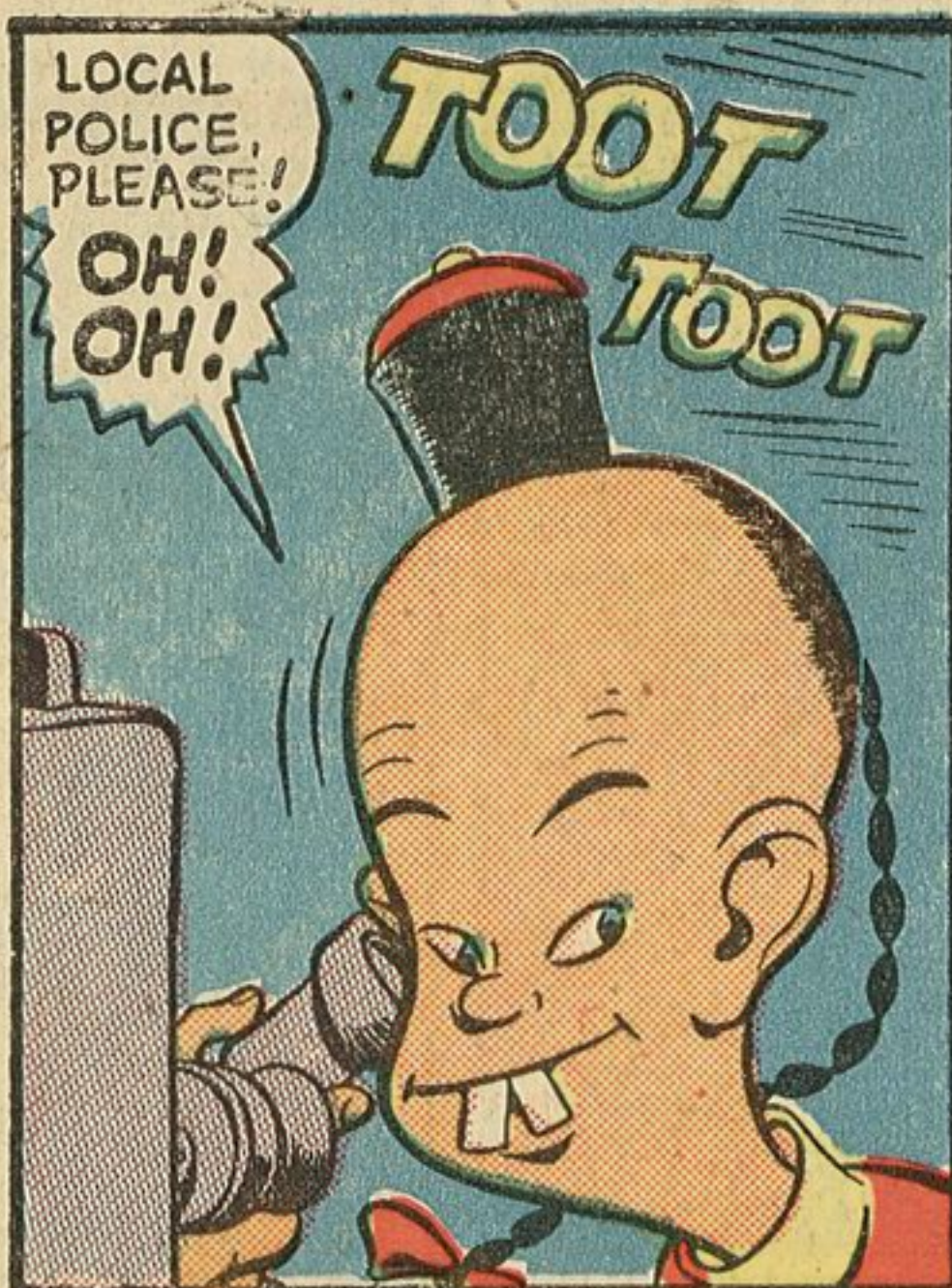
NOW A QUICK CALL
FOR THE LOCAL
WAGON!



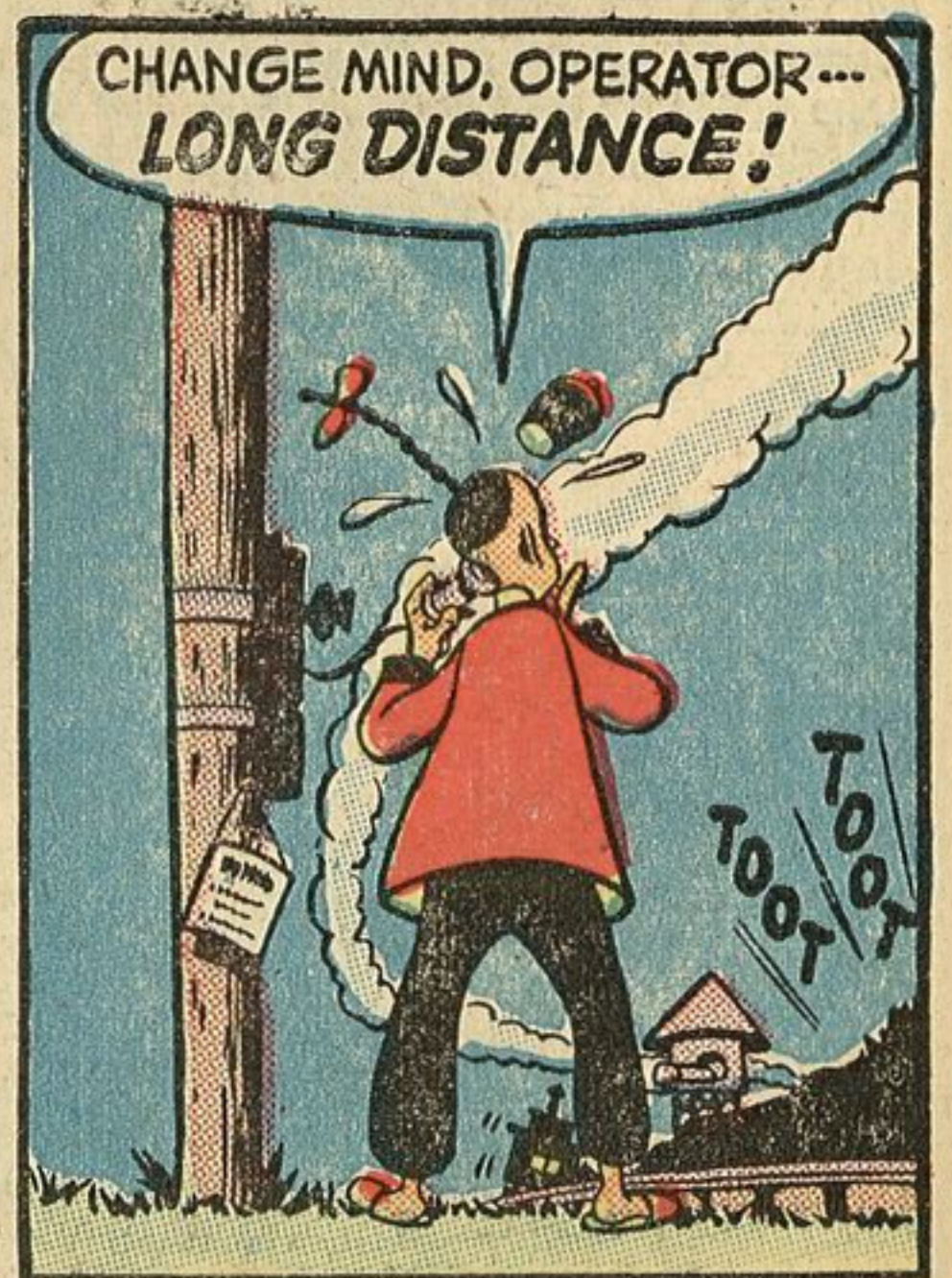
LOCAL
POLICE,
PLEASE!

OH!
OH!

TOOT
TOOT



CHANGE MIND, OPERATOR...
LONG DISTANCE!



BOYS!
Jim Prentice now brings you
THE AMAZING
NEW 1950

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

TRUE-TO-LIFE ACTION Big League Thrills... Right in Your Home!

Imagine uncartoning this big wonderful Electric Baseball Game. The greatest \$3 game value you ever saw. You get big game board, playing parts and recording dials. In addition you get the electric unit and standard battery. You also get the fast action electric bat that slams the pitched balls to the electric contacts. These are the extra amazing secrets that give you thrills and enjoyment. Speedy zooming fun you expect from a baseball game. This is a big game, size 16x14x1½". The electric unit and diamond are encased in a strong enameled wood frame. Only \$3. Our guarantee "You must be satisfied" Use the coupon. You take no chance.

IT'S ONE SWELL GAME!
 I PLAY IT WITH MY BOY...
 WE GET A GREAT KICK
 OUT OF IT!

IT'S A
 HIT!

NEVER BEFORE
 HAVE I SEEN A GAME
 THAT GIVES YOU THE FEEL
 OF ACTUAL BALL

STEEL BALL ZIPS
 THROUGH SLOT

ELECTRIC LIGHTS
 FLASH THE PLAYS

BATTER TRIES
 TO NAIL THE PITCH

DOUBLE LIGHT
 -HOME RUN

UMPIRE CALLS STRIKES,
 BALLS-DECIDES CLOSE PLAYS

Fellas!
Get up a League!

PLAY A SERIES OF GAMES

Each fellow represents his favorite team. Set up a schedule, with double headers. Keep the scores, figure percentages. Award a pennant for first place, just like the big leagues. Order a game for your club today. Send \$3. with the coupon. We'll rush the game complete with all parts and battery ready for your first game. Only \$3. postpaid. C.O.D. \$1. deposit. Postman collects balance plus fee.



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The Electric Game Co., Inc., 98 Front St., Holyoke, Mass. Amount Enclosed \$.

- | | | |
|---|------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Electric | \$3. | * Transformer plug-in models |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Electric | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Super El. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Basketball, Elec. | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Super El. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Flash Quiz, Elec. | \$3. | All Games Sent Postpaid |

C. O. D.
 Send \$1. deposit
 Postman collects
 balance and fee.

Name PLEASE PRINT

Street

City State

*Super Electric Games, size 22" x 14" x 2", wood frames with transformer and plug in cord for AC house current. Price \$10.00 postpaid.

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE.



FOCUSING ON
THE FIREBUG



LOOK! FIRE
IN THE WAREHOUSE!
AND THAT MAN...

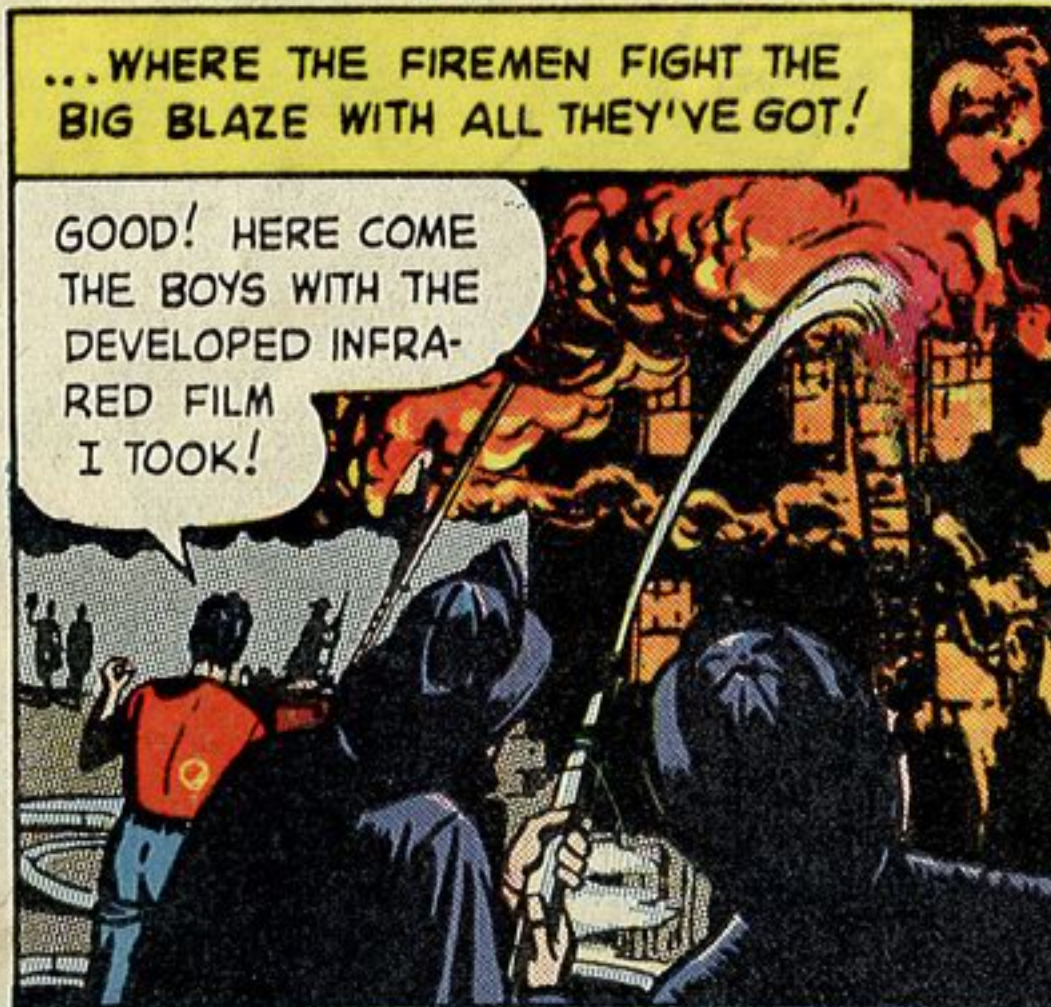
...MUST BE THE
MYSTERY FIREBUG
THE POLICE ARE
AFTER!



...MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK
WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE
MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED,
FELLAS, WHILE I JET OVER TO THE
FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!



WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S.
ROYAL-- LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK--
IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO
THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



...WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE
BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME
THE BOYS WITH THE
DEVELOPED INFRARED
FILM
I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT...
THE WAREHOUSE IS
SAVED... BUT WE
STILL DON'T KNOW
WHO THE
FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS
WILL SHOW US
WHAT HE LOOKS
LIKE... THE
REST OUGHT
TO BE EASY!



...IN APPRECIATION FOR A
LITTLE FAST LENSWORK...
PLUS A LOT OF FAST
FOOTWORK!

PLUS OUR
U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, WHEN THE SITUATION
CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU
CAN REALLY SPEED WITH
SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE
RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES-- WITH
THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN!



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ABOUT **BIKE COMICS**!
GET YOUR COPY TODAY--AT
YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE
TIRE DEALER'S. IT'S
FREE!

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Serving Through Science